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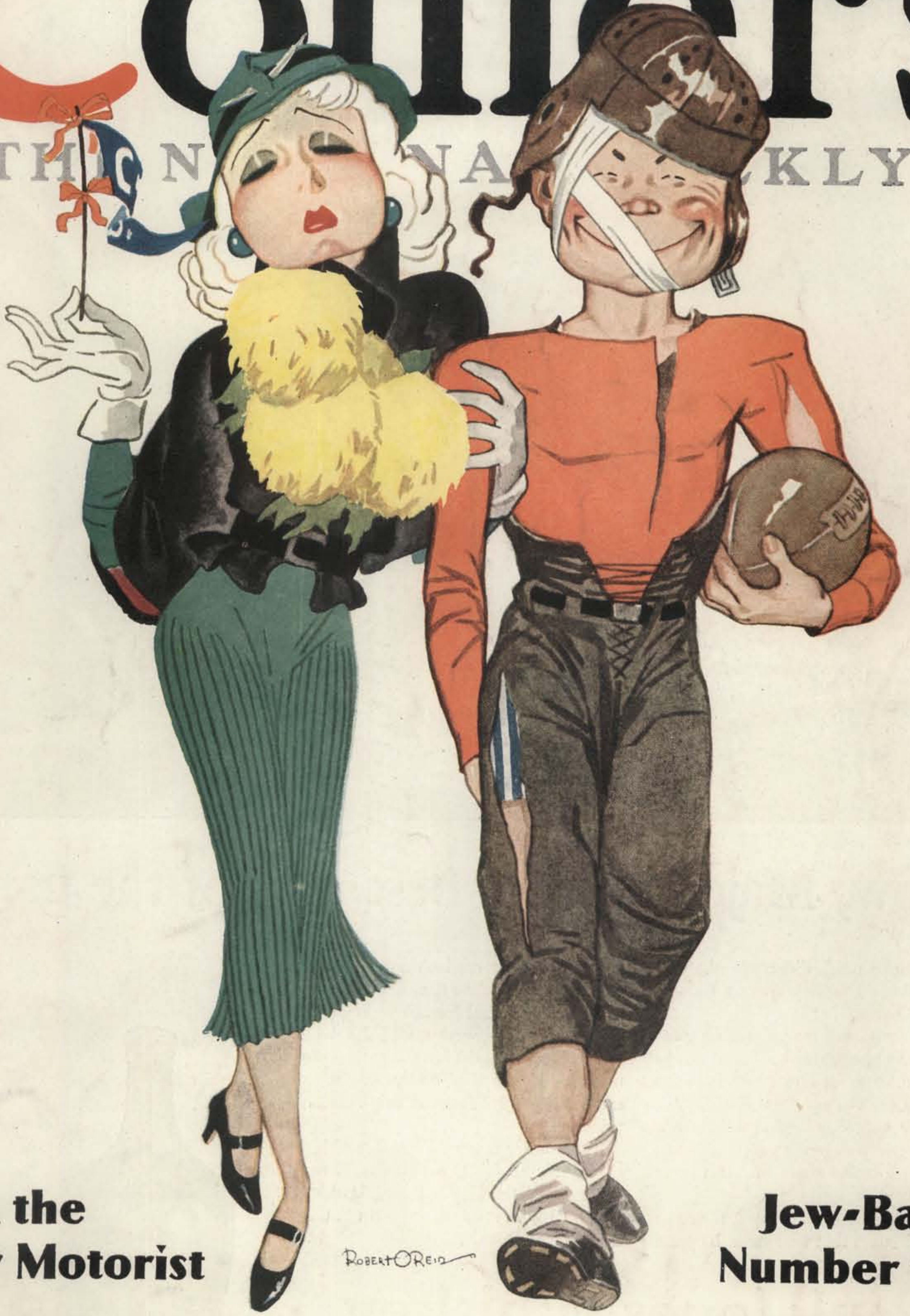

Soak the Poor Motorist

By John T. Flynn

Jew-Baiter Number One

By T. R. Ybarra

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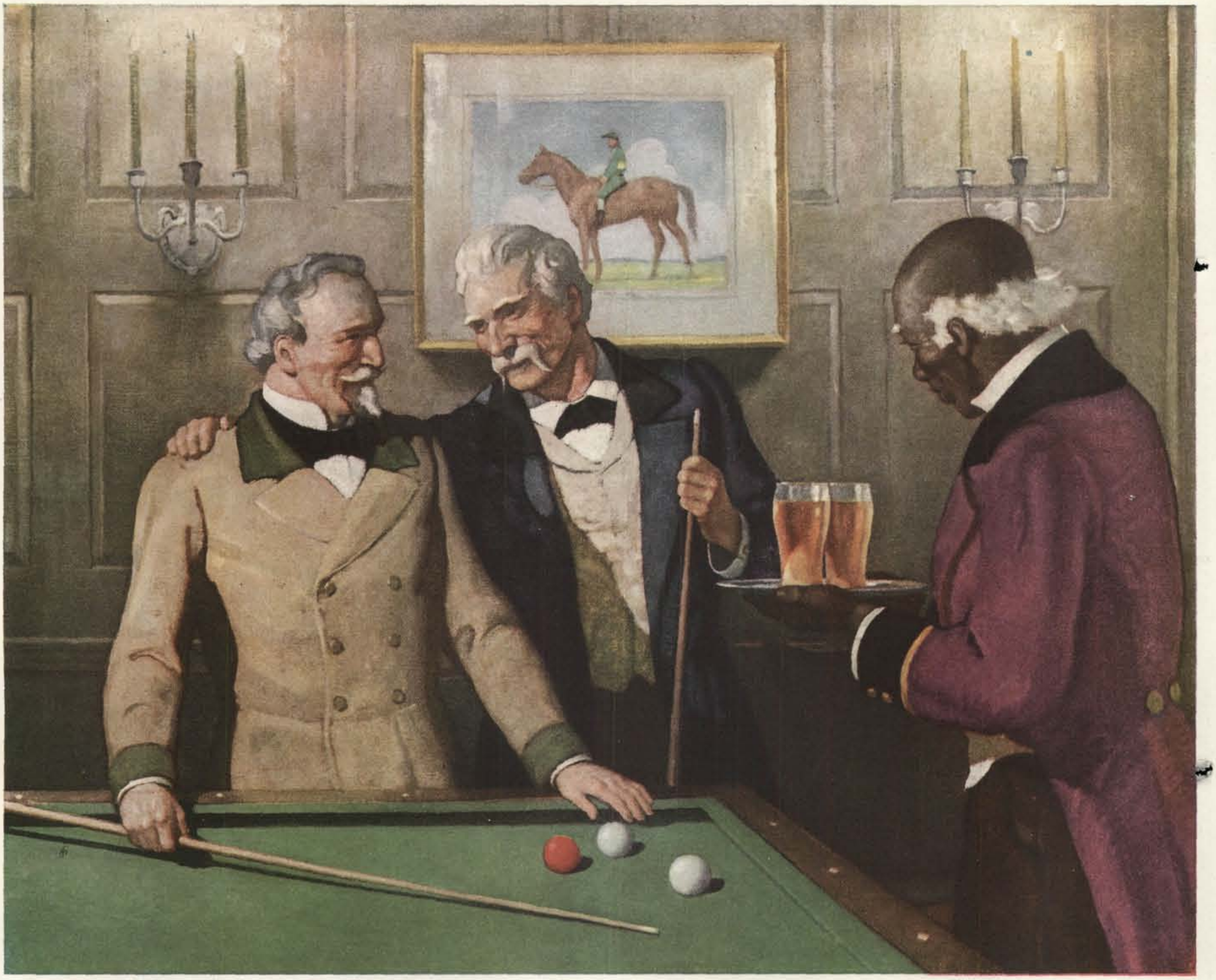
Nov. 9, 1935



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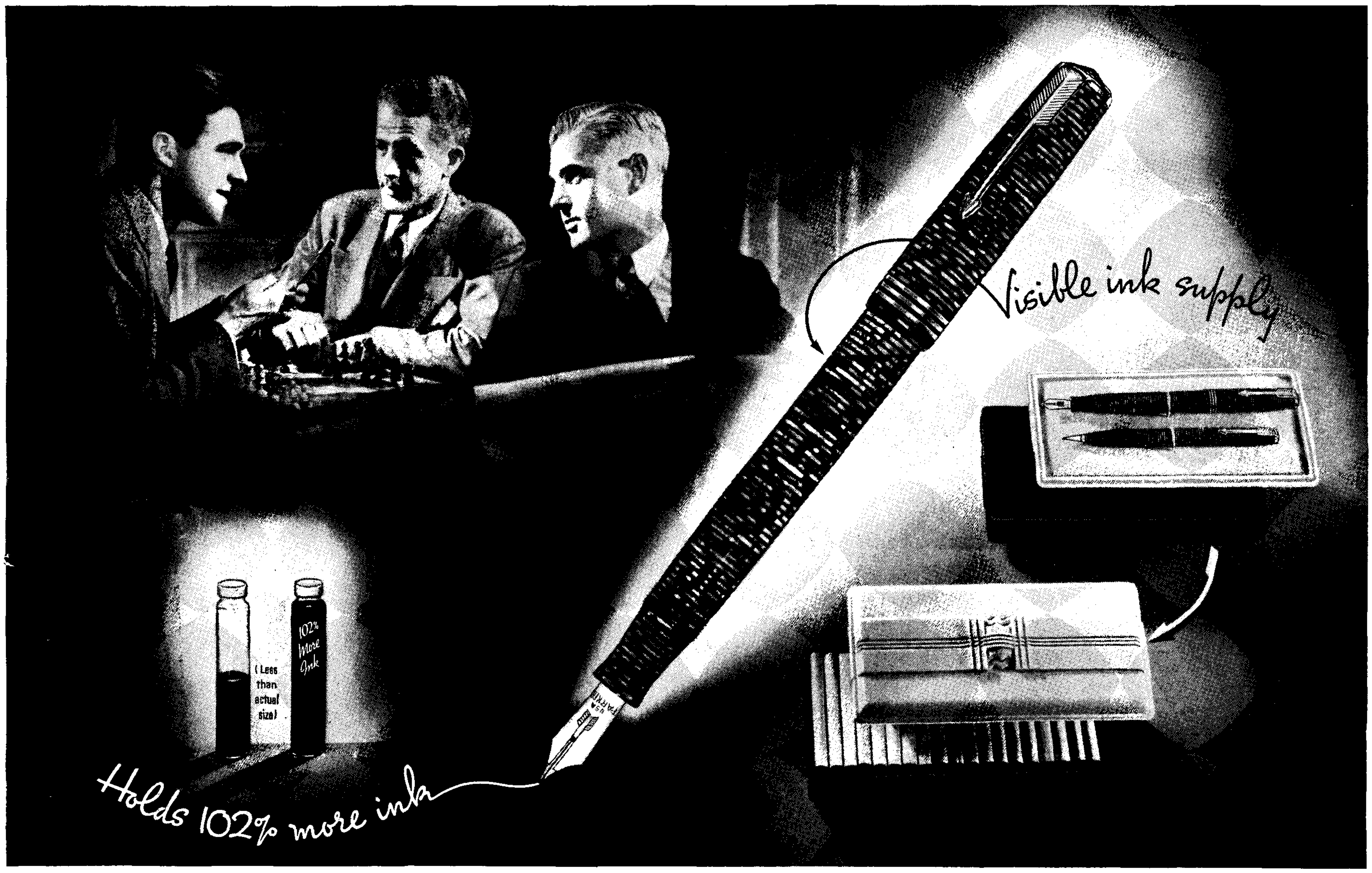

This Christmas Parker rewards the Early-Bird Shoppers by

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with the purchase of a Parker Laminated Pearl Vacumatic Pen and Pencil Set

The new Parker Vacumatic is the revolutionary pen that doesn't run dry—won't go empty, ever—unless you let it. For its ink level is ever-visible—shows you when to refill—and besides, it holds 102% more ink than old-style, *without increase in size!* That's why men call it the *miracle* pen.

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So let no one persuade you that other vacuum filler pens are like the Parker. They are not. This is the only genuine Vacumatic—such an utterly new and basic improvement that the U. S. and foreign countries have granted Parker patents.

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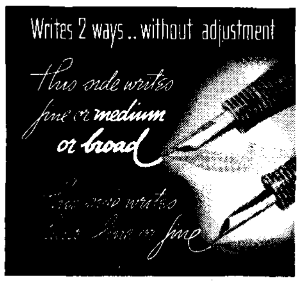
To encourage early Christmas shopping, Parker offers, absolutely without charge, this handsome, permanent Plaskon Utility Case with the purchase of the lovely Parker Laminated Pearl Vacumatic Pen and Pencil Set. On receiving this gift, the owner merely transfers the Pen and Pencil to pocket, handbag, or desk, and the smart Plaskon Case becomes a cigarette box or a jewel case. Made in Jet or African Brown with Ivory Plaskon lid, it's very strong, thoroughly durable and *so* good-looking.

Step into any good store where pens are sold, and see this revolutionary Parker Vacumatic with its lovely mate, the shimmering laminated pearl Pencil to match. And ask also to see this smart Plaskon Utility Case, now given out right with this fine pair as a pre-Christmas Special. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.


Writes 2 ways .. without adjustment
this side writes fine or medium or broad
fine

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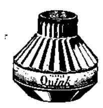
To Make a Pen Clean Itself As It Writes use Parker's remarkable new writing ink—called Qu*ink*. Qu*ink* dissolves sediment left by ordinary inks, thus ends pen-clogging. Get Parker Qu*ink* from any store selling ink.



Collier's
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Associate Editors

Next Week

EL TALLARIN was a fat young man with brilliant black mustaches and a hat heavily embroidered in gold. He wore his shirttail out in the best tradition of the region. But you would have made a grave mistake if you had laughed at him. He held sudden death in his hand. It was really Howard Gissing's fault that he and Sally Pogue fell into El Tallarin's clutches. Howard was "The Where-to-go Man" and he went in the wrong direction. He wound up with a rope around his neck and with Miss Pogue quoting him phrases about the charm of Old Mexico. That's a moment when you need a strong sense of humor. In a colorful romance Marion Lay fills in the picture.

THE United States government appropriated $4,880,000,000 for the specific purpose of putting an end to direct relief. Immediately the critics wanted to know why. Direct relief is cheaper—cheaper by fifty per cent. Why not continue it? Harry L. Hopkins, head of the Works Progress Administration, gives a direct and vigorous answer: "They'd Rather Work." In a brilliant article he explains just what is being done with the four billions and what has prompted each move.

MADAME ELEANOR DE BETHUNE was a concert singer possessed of great and pleasant gifts. But she was lonely. She had been lonely ever since, as Nellie Bradley, she had left her home in Rockford, Illinois, and her childhood sweetheart, Peter Abbott. In "Song of Love" Edward L. McKenna tells you what happened when they met.

IT ISN'T often that you meet a man who has worked hard and played hard, who has spent nights in the jails of mining towns, who has boxed with the greatest fighters in the world and who can talk Arabic. Quentin Reynolds met a man like that, who has found "Luck in Strange Places." His name is Victor McLaglen.

WHEN Chad Colpitt rode west from New Hope he carried with him the troth of Judith Grand and the good wishes of the town. The news of his death began a story full of human dignity and grace and wistful longing of the frontier. It is told by Ernest Haycox.

CAPTAIN E. V. RICKENBACKER recounts a dramatic experience of November 11, 1918, in "Sudden Silence." Jacland Marmur, Lou Little, Rud Rennie, Kyle Crichton, Francis Wallace, Alan LeMay and others round out the issue. Very nobly.

This Week

●

November 9, 1935

Cover by Robert O. Reid

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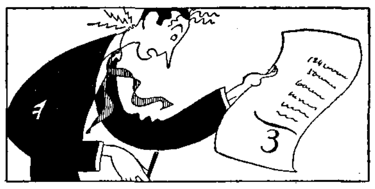
Any Week

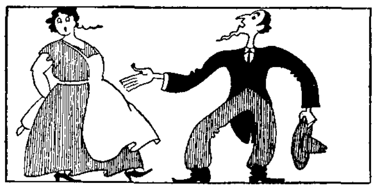
MR. LEMUEL J. MERTONS of Lynn, Massachusetts, asks us to imagine his surprise "when, attending a red, white and blue meeting to ballyhoo our new Teachers' Oath Law, which requires that all teachers swear to support every word and intent of the Constitution and renounce every other form of government, I beheld my old bootlegger sitting on the platform. Of course, he wasn't an ordinary bootlegger but just a corner druggist who used to sell me a quart of rye every Saturday for ten dollars. But he didn't make a speech. He was just lending the Constitution his moral support. And maybe he isn't sore on the Brain Trust. He accuses it of playing fast and loose with our laws. Imagine my feelings."

AND Mr. Theodore S. Watson of New York City got a shock, too, after he'd done a bit of figuring the other day. Someone sent Mr. Watson a volume of vital social and economic statistics of the New Deal. Mr. Watson attacked them with his pencil and this is what he got: Population of the United States, 124,000,000. Eligible for pension, 50,000,000. Add to the pensioners the 60,000,000 prohibited from working under the Child Labor Act plus those who are working for the government and you have 110,000,000. This, you see, leaves 14,000,000 persons. But if you deduct from these 14,000,000 the 13,999,997 who are unemployed you have exactly three persons left "to produce the nation's goods." Mr. Watson reports that this leaves him with a nasty numbness in the back of his neck.



THAT would make us one of the working three. So we feel something like Mr. Joe Dormer of Houston, Texas. Says Mr. Dormer: "When I got married my wife's folks thought she should have done better than marry a poor guy like me. Even my own folks sort of felt I did them dirt when I became the proprietor of a filling station. But since then most of my wife's folks as well as mine have lost their jobs. The filling station has been doing good and for three years they've been getting stronger for me and the filling station. It may be that good business at the filling station has something to do with their change of heart but I don't want to be mean. What do you think?"

WELL, when Mr. Frank Mathews of Galax, Virginia, is President it's all going to be settled forthwith. No more nonsense, no more temporizing. "When I'm President," says he, "the government will at once print one hundred million dollars in greenbacks, thus rendering the currency worthless at one fell swoop instead of prolonging the agony. With this money we shall pay the soldiers' bonus, make two-dollar loans on wheat, twenty-five-cent loans on cotton, pay everyone over thirty a five-hundred-dollar-a-month pension. What can I lose?"



THAT would take care of the fellow who tried to sell himself to Mrs. Jennie D. Delamater of St. Joseph, Missouri. Mrs. Delamater says he came to her front door and described himself as a "retired farmer." He was about forty years old and pretty husky, says she. "He wanted a hundred dollars," says Mrs. Delamater. "If I gave him a hundred dollars, he said, he would start farming again and, by pledging himself to the AAA not to raise anything, would be able to draw about a thousand dollars from the United States Treasury. Anybody giving him the hundred dollars to set up farming could have half of what the government gave him for not farming. I chased him off the porch. He said he was going to see a lawyer."

BUT that might not be satisfactory, either. Mr. Conrad MacSween of Cold Spring, Texas, says he met a busted gentleman whose low financial state was due, he said, to too much legal advice. "Friend," said the unhappy man to Mr. MacSween, "don't bother about those lawyers. I've spent a world of money on lawyers in my life." Mr. MacSween asked for details. "Well," said the bankrupt, "I've had two divorces that cost me all of twenty dollars apiece."

AND Miss Dora Reddigan of Louisville, Kentucky, says she got to talking to a gentleman whose name had been stricken off the relief rolls. He had been on relief for fifteen months and had got used to it. And now he was thoroughly aroused. "He wanted to sue the government but had been unable thus far to decide what to sue for."

THAT'S easy. Alimony.

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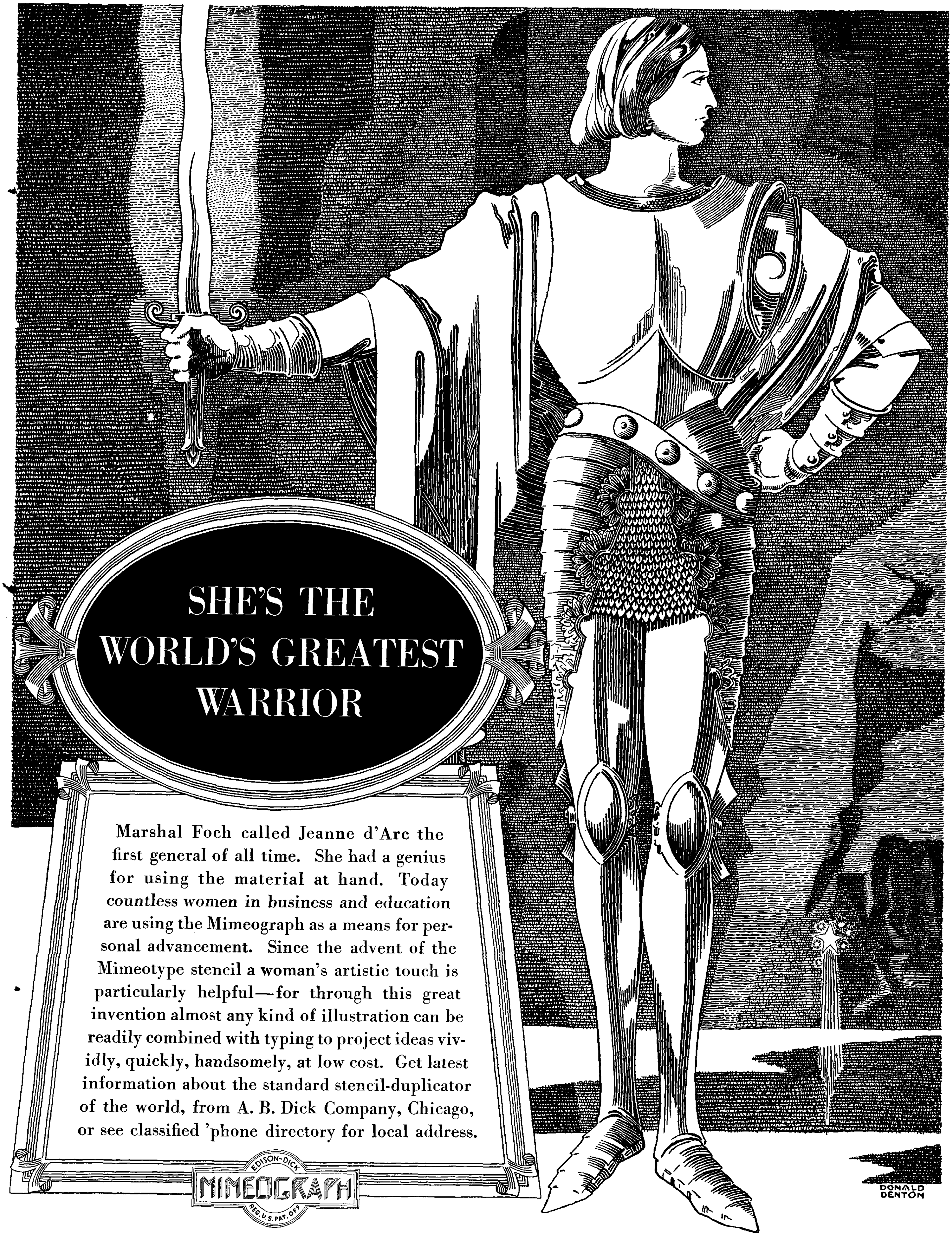

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You can shave closer and without risk of scuffs. You can't irritate your skin, no matter how tender, because the design of the razor *compels* you to contact your stubble at the *one* proper angle.

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Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

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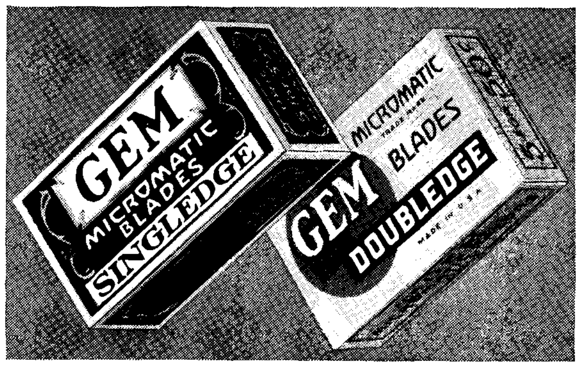
Gem handles the toughest, blackest, twisty bristle as easily as the beginner's light beard. It doesn't skip a hair, a wrinkle, a cleft or a nostril curve. Its 50% thicker surgical steel blades—stropped 4840 separate times, last *so* long that they cost *less* than any lower priced substitute.



Dealers everywhere are offering Gem outfits in the new Marbelite, stain-proof, washable case, with full chrome plated holders (*exact* duplicates of Gems recently sold in $6 sets) and are instructed by us to *guarantee* them for a *lifetime*.

This magnificent razor, made in one piece, can't get out of order and no part of it can rust or corrode.

You get the full chrome razor, the washable Marbelite case and *five* indefinitely keen Gem Blades—*all* for one dollar—*anywhere*. Or a test set consisting of a standard gold plated Gem Razor and 2 blades for 25c and our coupon.

GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR and BLADES

ALL ONE PIECE — *Twist—it opens! Twist—it closes!*

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The Last Fan

Hollywood surprise story, featuring Charlie Baron's whiskers—and a lady

By Frank Condon

THE one sure thing in the movies that you can be dead sure about is that you can't be sure about anything. You don't know and you can't say whether they will or they won't and when, how, who, where, which or what. I ought to know, having staggered along with them for sixteen years, come Micklemas.

So it might truly be that Charlie Baron is coming back to the films. He's still fairly young and his name may be up there again in the white lights. Stranger things have happened and you'd better not lay eight to five against, as you might lose. He's been away, too, no mistake — boy, has he been away! He's been so far out of the movies that the studio cops on the front gate don't even know him by sight any more.

It was the talkies that sank Charlie with all on board, including me. Anyhow, they said it was the talkies. The general public said so, and the reviewers agreed and the Hollywood wise boys chimed in, so maybe it was the talkies. They said the same thing about every film star who went over the side during the last ten years. And it may have been, too, that Charlie was on the greased chute anyhow, and would have faded, talkies or no talkies. He had a nice run at the top of the heap and the pleased customers knew him all the way from Vine Street to Zanzibar. His fan mail kept an extra clerk stepping. Charlie Baron in his heyday on the screen was the clean-cut, manly boy the mothers out in front wanted their sons to be.

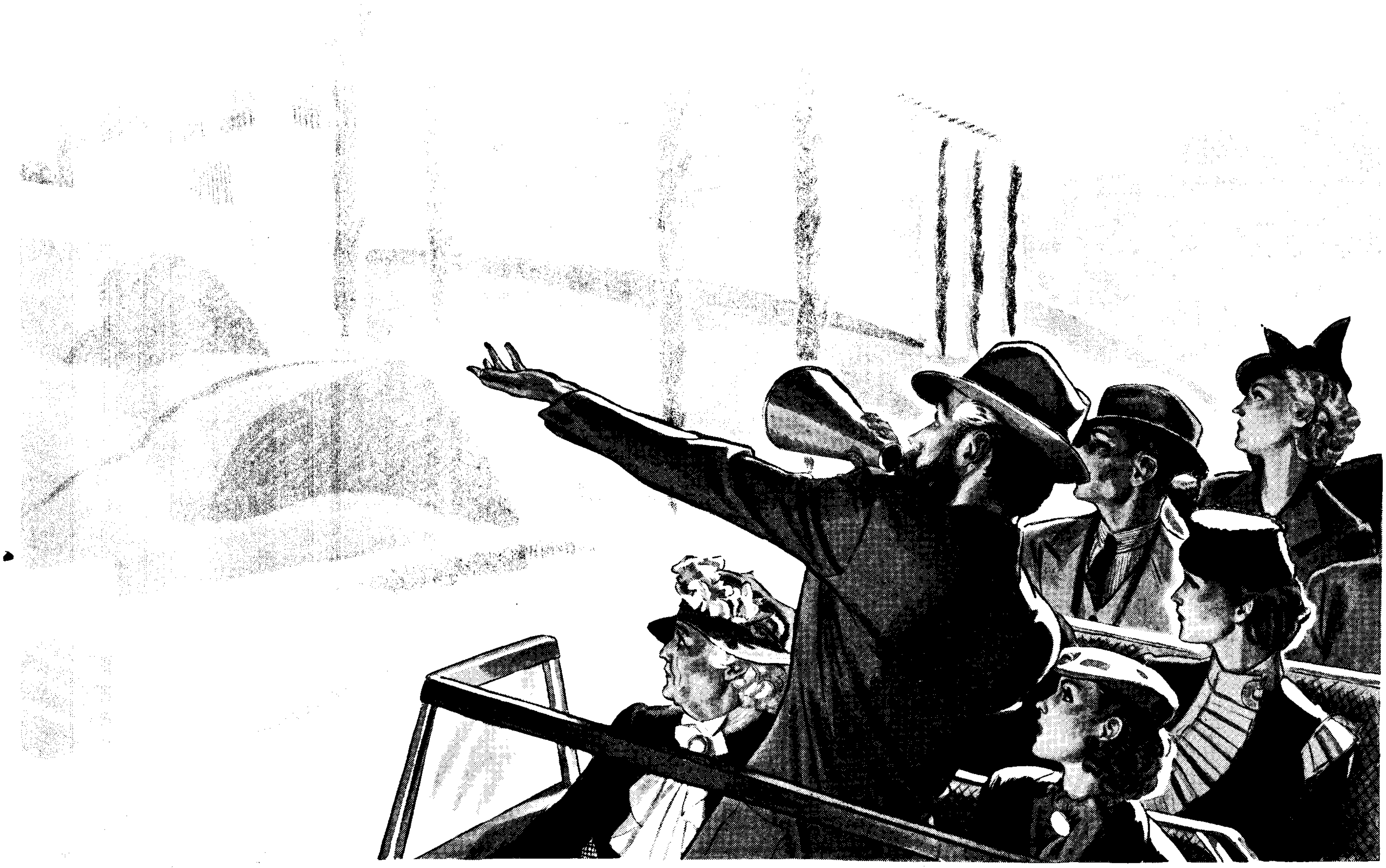
HE WENT off the pay roll so far astern that I hate to count back, and the parade rolled by. In the first years—after he was out—it was his pride that held him idle, for he once drew a whale of an income and refused to see himself playing second fiddle to some baby star at three hundred a week. Later on, his pride had nothing to do with it. Movie moguls wouldn't have him in any capacity, the theory being that he was a definite has-been.

Time certainly bounces along in our trade. You step off the screen and stay off a year or two and see what happens to your beloved public. You have no more public than a movie stand-in and you must know what a stand-in is. It's the humble drudge, about the same height as the star, who stands for hours, usually on the very spots where the star will later perform, thus enabling the cameramen to focus their machines, and saving the star plenty of backache.

At any rate, Charlie had his home. I'll say he had a home: one of those baronial castles, bungalow style, in the center of Beverly Hills, which is the natural habitat of the movie star. It cost him a hundred thousand iron men in the days when dollars fell off every tree and the studios were angling for him. He had his wife, too, Emma, formerly Beulah Rhodes, a one-time budding comedienne. She never got past the budding stage, and was out of the business long before he was — a fine woman and loyal as gold when they hit the bumps.

You'd be surprised how fast five years can lope over the hills, and with Charlie Baron the money disappeared with the years. He had the investments most movie stars usually have when the bell rings—South American Seaweed Common and Russian Caviar Mines. His stocks didn't even wait for the depression. He and Emma stuck to the big Beverly Hills estate, with room enough for two juries and a circus, rattling around inside the tiled palace and doing the best they could. Charlie liked to sit in the patio, hard by the long silent swimming pool, and in recent years he took to reading books, thick books and the thicker the better. He had plenty of time.

THEY owned a Sealyham that sprawled in the sunshine beside Charlie's chair and a gray cat that had moved in informally. Never very strong for the social racket, Charlie and Emma stopped going out, or having people in, for it meant needless expense. The home became their castle and they hid quietly



Each day he passed his own residence with Emma inside, and his grin broadened away behind the walls, glad that they were high walls.

They didn't have to shut off their telephone against those jolly pests who call up movie stars. The telephone company shut it off for non-payment of dues and they discovered it was no hardship. Next came the electric lights and Charlie found to his surprise that anybody can get along with candles. They managed to hang onto the gas and, therefore, Emma cooked their simple meals in a kitchen large enough for a giraffe to swing his mother in.

They ate off the kitchen table to save walking and Charlie lost his old indigestion, lived simply, wore his old clothes, loafed beneath his patio tree, read his book and let the world go by.

About once in three months he seemed to cave in to a longing, wandered down to Hollywood and lunched in some rococo restaurant favored by the stars and starlets, and nobody bothered to ask him how things were, for it was obvious. He still owned one car and sometimes took Emma for a run. The garage, which would hold five cars and a couple of trucks, now housed some old screen doors and a broken icebox.

FINALLY a small gleam of daylight opened up. Joe Shendel of Amashend Pictures bumped into Charlie and offered him a job, probably out of simple kindness. Amashend Pictures have their being down on Poverty Row, where a dollar is still the same large, round, impressive cartwheel it always was and pictures are produced with a minimum of expense. Joe makes the kind of movies you reluctantly go to see in Broken Foot, Utah, while waiting for a train. Joe's heroes always struggle to look like Ronald Colman, without any frightful success. Anyhow, Joe encountered Charlie—they live four blocks apart in Beverly—out walking the dog.

"You doing anything?" Joe asked.

"Nope. Still at liberty and lots of it."

"If it's of any interest, I can put you in at ten dollars a day," Joe said brutally. "You'll have to grow a mustache and beard. Maybe three or four weeks' work."

"Extra?" Charlie asked, with a grin.

"Yes. I know just how it sounds. I realize you ought to sock me in the puss for even speaking of it. But that's what I can do, and that's all I can do."

"I'll take it," replied Charlie Baron, the same who once rejected a two-year contract at three thousand dollars a week. "And glad to get it. When?"

"Oh, pretty soon. We're waiting for the script."

So now Charlie had a job again, only like many an acting chore on Poverty Row, it hung fire. The ten-a-day didn't begin, simply because they couldn't start shooting, and meantime, Charlie grew his mustache. He telephoned Joe several times, for Emma needed money in the food department.

"Keep your shirt on," Joe counselled. "There's a little delay. We'll get going soon. You got your mustache?"

Sure, Charlie had his mustache, and likewise his beard. Both were speckled with gray, but Joe Shendel didn't care about that. All he required was a seedy-looking customer for some background shots and he was only tossing Charlie ten a day, knowing about Emma and the candles in the large house.

Emma finally said: "When does this job begin? Do you know?"

"I do not. I already asked Joe twice. You can't hurry it up."

"It might be a long time. We need a little money in the house. We're behind with the grocer and butcher and, while they're both old friends, they have to be paid. Couldn't you get some kind of work?"

"I suppose I could."

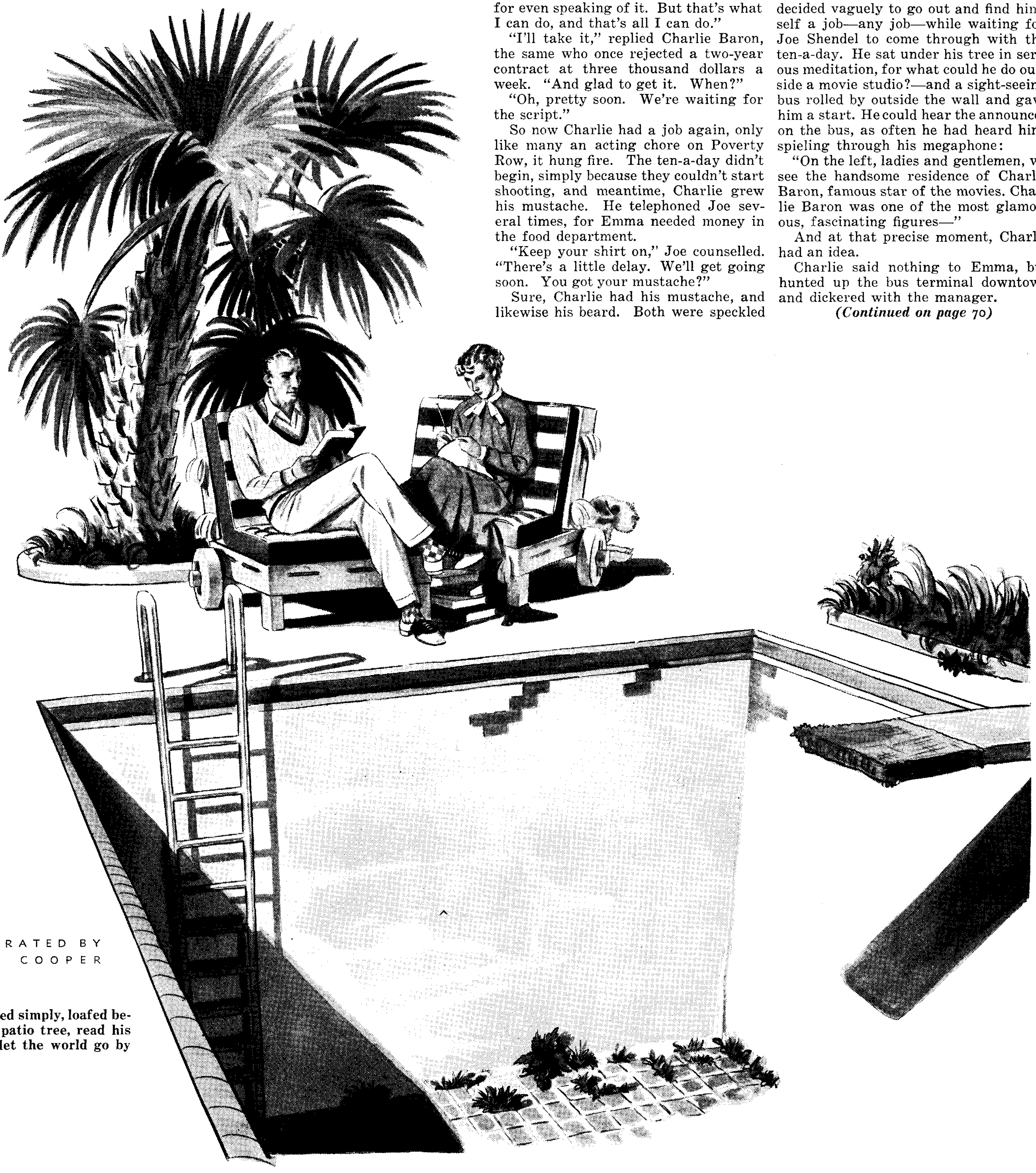
BEING fond of his wife and hating to see her fret over the house bills, he decided vaguely to go out and find himself a job—any job—while waiting for Joe Shendel to come through with the ten-a-day. He sat under his tree in serious meditation, for what could he do outside a movie studio?—and a sight-seeing bus rolled by outside the wall and gave him a start. He could hear the announcer on the bus, as often he had heard him, spieling through his megaphone:

"On the left, ladies and gentlemen, we see the handsome residence of Charlie Baron, famous star of the movies. Charlie Baron was one of the most glamorous, fascinating figures—"

And at that precise moment, Charlie had an idea.

Charlie said nothing to Emma, but hunted up the bus terminal downtown and dickered with the manager.

(Continued on page 70)



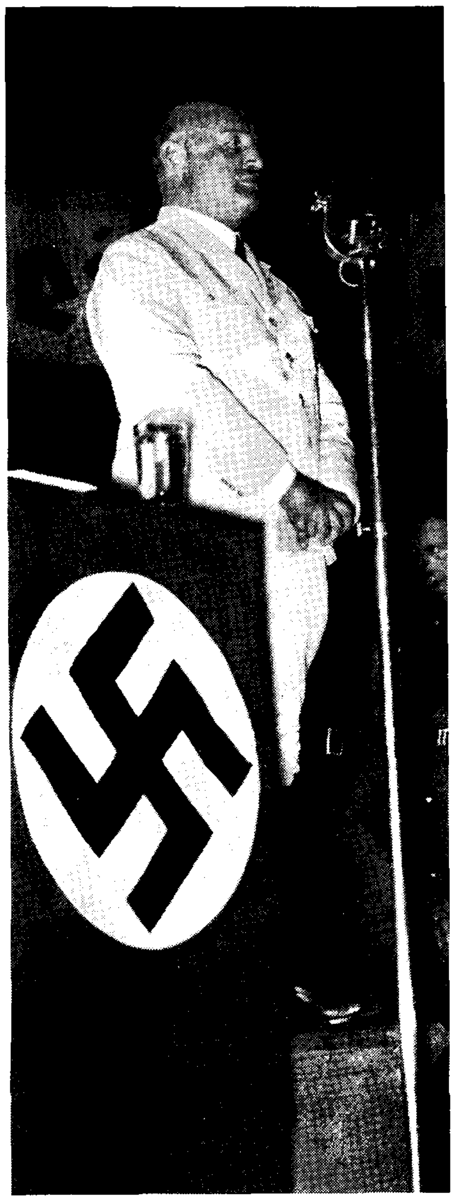
ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Charlie lived simply, loafed beneath his patio tree, read his book and let the world go by

Jew-Baiter Number One

By T. R. Ybarra

Up from Franconia, blazing with hatred and stuttering with rage, comes Julius Streicher, archenemy of the Jews. At his disposal now is the whole streamlined propaganda machinery of the German government, and he's making full use of it. The solemn voice of Hjalmar Schacht is raised in protest. There are others who realize that Streicher's policies are expensive for the Reich. But Streicher is a friend of Adolf Hitler and as such is above reproach—at least up to a certain point


EUROPEAN

Julius Streicher, leader of German anti-Semitism, addressing a Berlin crowd from the Sportpalast platform

A MAN of thick, muscular build, with broad shoulders and bald head, holding a riding whip in his hand, strode onto the speakers' platform of Berlin's great Sportpalast one evening a few weeks ago, to the accompaniment of thunderous cheers from an immense audience. For a moment he stood in silence, with hands propped aggressively on his hips, on that platform from which had come so often the frenzied eloquence of Adolf Hitler and Joseph Goebbels and the rest of Nazidom's big chieftains.

Then he spoke.

It was his first speech in Berlin. Until that evening the ruthless violence of his methods as a Nazi, the unsavory notoriety which they had brought to him all over the world, had barred him from being heard in the German capital. Not even the most extreme of Hitler's adherents had been able to get him permission to speak in the Sportpalast.

Now, however—there he was! There he stood! From his lips poured one of his typically violent speeches, a speech which had been announced for weeks, in huge letters on huge posters, throughout Berlin. Inside the hall, thirty thousand people listened in breathless absorption; outside, many thousands more, pushing and milling against the lines of policemen fighting hard to keep them under control, heard the speech.

The seal of official Nazi approval, placed that night on that speaker, has made him feel, ever since, that, now that Berlin has been thrown open to his oratory, he is free to bring his campaign of Nazi extremism to an unprecedented pitch of violence. If that is true (it certainly looks true enough at this writing) it is bad news for all, inside and outside Germany, who hoped that the Nazi regime was developing in the direction of moderation. No such development seems possible if the last barrier has indeed been removed from the path of the man who incarnates all that is most ruthless and brutal in Nazi policy.

That man, he who spoke so aggressively on that evening a few weeks ago at the Berlin Sportpalast, is Julius Streicher, founder and editor of the bitterly anti-Semitic weekly "Der Stuermer." He is known all over the world as Jew-Baiter Number One. As Nazi leader in Franconia, he has made the Franconian metropolis, Nuremberg, the most notorious center of ruthless anti-Semitism in all Germany. And, conscious of still being a prime favorite with Adolf Hitler, as he has been ever since he started working for the Nazi cause fifteen years ago, he is putting new venom into his utterances, in the firm belief that the day is near when the Jews in Germany, deprived of the little protection which they still enjoy there, will be definitely crushed by the Nazi campaign against them.

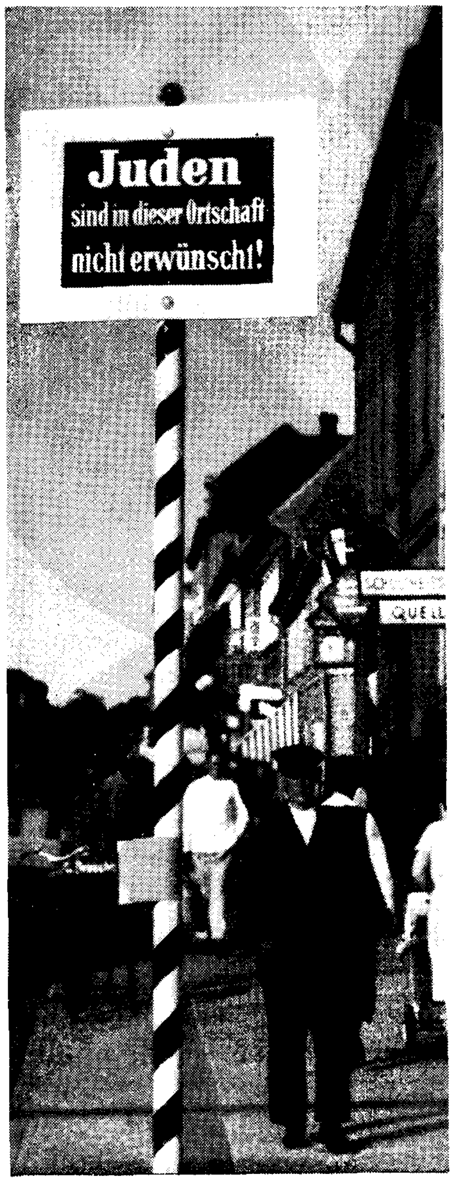
The Banner of Anti-Semitism

Since his speech in Berlin the circulation of Streicher's anti-Jewish newspaper has increased enormously. A short time ago it was little seen in the German metropolis; now it may be bought at any newsstand there as readily as in Nuremberg. A year and a half ago its most notorious issue—the one which devoted a dozen pages to the old accusation that Jews committed "ritual murders" of Christians as part of their religion and asserting that German Jews were plotting such a murder against Adolf Hitler—was confiscated, soon after its appearance, by the Nazi government. But now, though Streicher makes similar charges in his paper and prints others equally fantastic, "Der Stuermer" remains unmolested. And its editor, who many thought would be squelched completely or at least restricted to his Franconian domain, is allowed to stride triumphantly into the Sportpalast, after flying in a special airplane to Berlin from Nuremberg and being received on the Tempelhof air field with honors reserved hitherto for

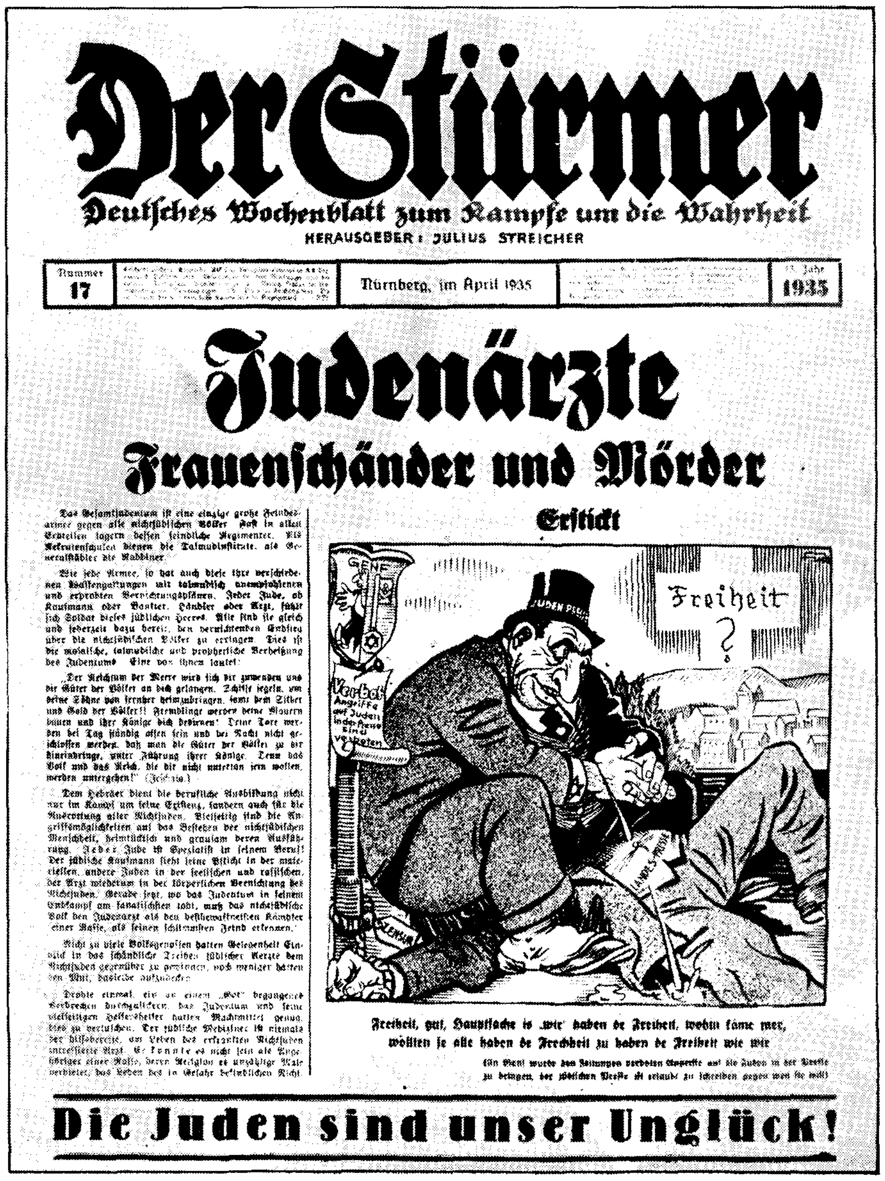
(Continued on page 46)

"Jews not welcome here" signs are commonplaces in German towns

KEYSTONE



The first page of Streicher's weekly newspaper, with a characteristically violent attack on Jewish physicians


Der Stürmer

Deutſches Wochenblatt zum Kampfe um die Wahrheit

HERAUSGEBER: JULIUS STREICHER

Nummer 17 | Nürnberg, im April 1935 | 13. Jahr 1935

Judenärzte

Frauenſchänder und Mörder

Freiheit, gut, Hauptſache is „wir" haben de Freiheit, wohin käme mer, wöllten ſe alle haben de Freiheit zu haben de Freiheit wie wir

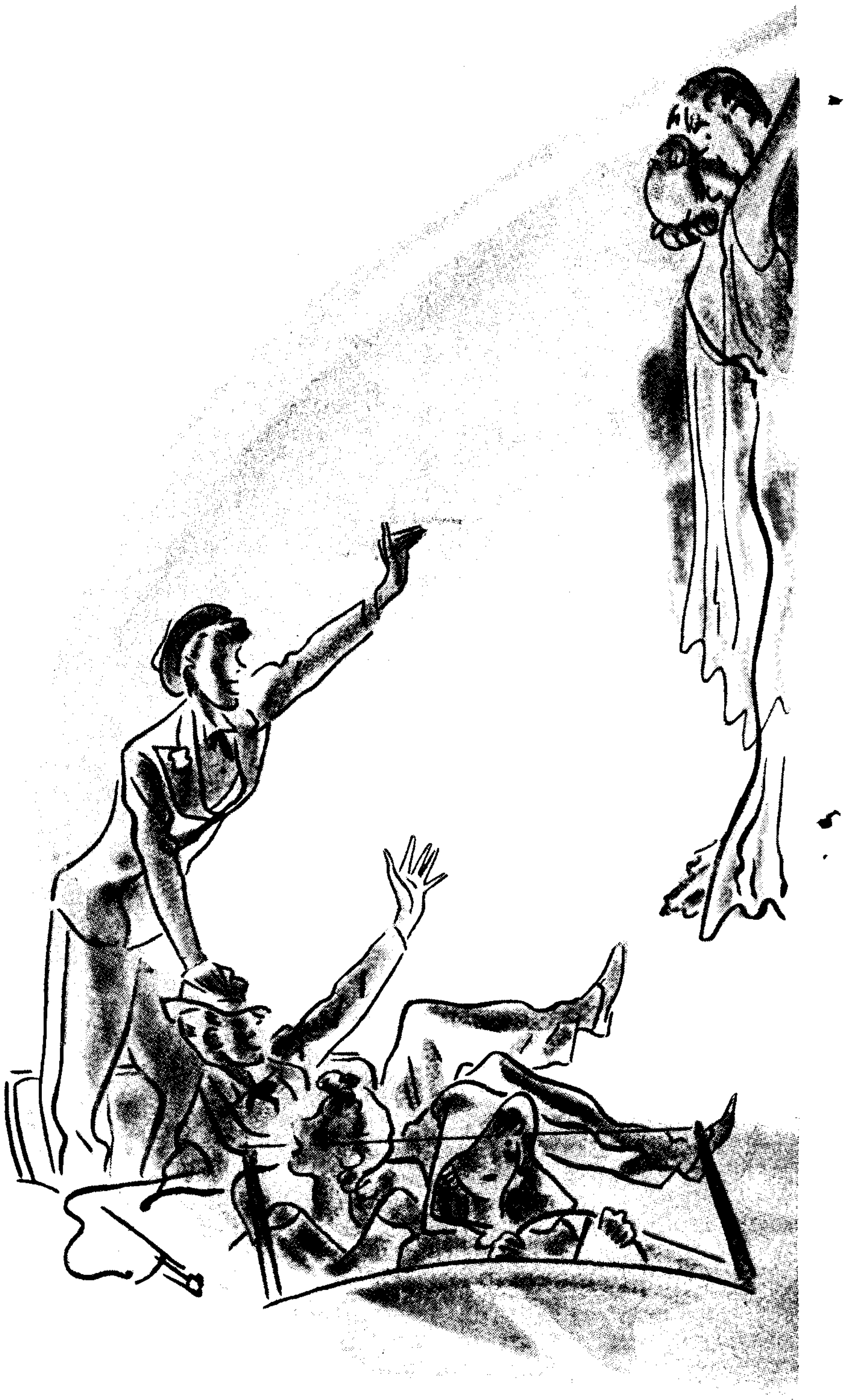
(In Wien wurde den Zeitungen verboten Angriffe auf die Juden in der Preſſe zu bringen, der jüdiſchen Preſſe iſt erlaubt zu ſchreiben gegen wen ſie will)

Die Juden sind unser Unglück!

Don't Worry About That

This is a "morning after" story which the callous may find amusing. But anguish is nothing to laugh at, and this would make a better temperance tract than those old pictures of the hobnailed liver

By E. B. Weir



SHE knew he was up. She could hear him in the bathroom brushing his teeth. He always made a lot of noise when he brushed his teeth. She was glad it hadn't been necessary to awaken him. He wouldn't have that to snort about. As things were now, he wouldn't, she thought triumphantly, have a leg to stand on. The coffee was keeping hot in a pot on the stove. A pleasant aroma drifted across the kitchen to the open windows and on through the screens into the hot summer air outside.

They always ate Sunday breakfast in the kitchen; Hilda, the maid, didn't appear Sundays. It was a green and white kitchen. Before her wedding she had decided on green and white and here you were. It was rather a pretty little kitchen and she was pretty. She was blond and shingle-bobbed and had blue eyes and a cute snub nose. She was the right height and she still watched her diet. She was Farmington and the Junior League and the young married set.

There were two places fixed at the table now, and she had pulled up the two plain white chairs. Bathed and dressed for the day, she sat there waiting. Over her dress she wore a green smock. After breakfast she would stack the few dishes in the sink and slip off the smock and be ready to go out. There was nothing to do till then. She sat there, sipping her coffee and smoking a cigarette and waiting. Pretty soon he came out.

"Well, hello there," she said. "Well."

"Ugh," he said. His voice was thick.

"Well," she said. "Well, how do you feel?"

"Not so hot." There was a pause while he thought about it. "I feel pretty terrible," he announced.

"I don't wonder," she said smugly. "And you *look* it. You look *simp*-ly awful."

HE DID. He was tall, with broad shoulders and slim hips. He had a well-shaped head, and dark hair, cropped short. And his face was rather a handsome face, masculine, with a square jaw; women liked his face. But you didn't notice any of that this morning. You only noticed that his hair was scraggly and that his face was pasty and puffy. You noticed the two bloodshot eyes, sunk back in dark hollows; and that he needed a shave badly. He looked, this morning, like the forgotten man. Not that he was; many people remembered him this particular morning. But that's how he looked. He looked fogbound. He was wearing a camel's-hair bathrobe over rumpled purple pajamas; and patent-leather evening shoes, unlaced.

"What would you like for breakfast?" she asked him.

"Just orange juice and coffee, I guess; black coffee." He scuffled slowly over to the table and leaned down to kiss her. He meant to kiss her on the lips but found himself kissing a cheek instead. "Whatsa matter?" he inquired.

"Nothing's the matter. Not a thing. Not a thing in the world."

"Nuts," he said. A large glass of orange juice was there at his place. He sat down wearily. "Quite a party," he said. "Quite a large evening, in fact."

"*Some* people seemed to have a good time."

He decided to take the bull by the horns. "To tell the truth," he said, "I was a little crocked last night." He hoped this maneuver would place the matter on a friendly just-between-you-and-me basis. He glanced at her. He couldn't tell. She sat there quietly, smoking her cigarette. "I think Phil spiked that last round," he continued sociably. "They seemed stronger than the others. Didn't you think they did?"

Her voice wasn't reassuring. "I can't say," she said. "I really can't. I had two cocktails out of the first shaker and that was all."

"WELL, anyway," he went on, "I know the last batch was spiked. Bill Lavery thought so too. I remember he said to me: 'Watch out for these; they're dynamite.' We were standing by the piano."

"Bill Lavery's in Chicago and Helen hasn't any piano."

"Oh," he said. He took out a handkerchief and blew his nose. Then he said: "Well, I guess it was Charlie Bowman then. Yeah, it was Charlie Bowman. I remember now."

"It's too bad he didn't look after himself," she observed dryly. "He ended up on the floor. They had to put him to bed in Helen's guest-room."

He remembered now. "That's right, he did, didn't he," he said. There was a pause. "Maybe I won't drink this orange juice," he said slowly.

She didn't say anything. She put her cigarette down carefully on the edge of the table. She got up and took his cup and saucer and went over to the stove.

"I noticed when we left Phil's I had a little edge," he confided. "I drove all right though, didn't I? I took it slow, I mean."

"You didn't drive; I drove."

"The hell you say!"

She poured his coffee. Then she set the pot down on the stove again and came back to the table. "Helen and Phil drove out with us," she said. "Helen sat up front with me. You and Phil sat in the rumble and sang Boola Boola all the way to the club—if you call it singing. Every time you came to the 'boola' part you both simply *bellowed*." She put his coffee down and picked up her cigarette.

"Now listen," he protested. "I remember all that perfectly. The way you talk you seem to think I was tight as a drum and couldn't possibly remember anything. We didn't bellow. We may have been a little high—nothing wrong in that—and singing a little. But we didn't bellow."

She sat down. "Very well, you didn't bellow. Have it your own way," she said.

"Which way did we go out?"

"Lakeview Avenue. Don't think we *wanted* to—with you and Phil simply bellowing—but we were an hour late as it was."

"Did anybody see us?"

She glared at him. "Just the people who live on Lakeview Avenue," she said. "And a few others. About half the populace, I should say." She paused to let him digest this cheer. "Aunt Carrie saw us," she went on. "I had to stop at the Boulevard for a red light and she was on the porch. To make matters worse, Mrs. Abbot and Miss Snell were with her. When we stopped, you got up and yelled: 'Yoo hoo, Auntie! How'm I doin'?' Then Phil stood up and the two of you boola boola'd at the top of your lungs. When I started up again, Phil nearly fell out of the car. We almost died, Helen and I."

"Oh, for the love— Wha' did they do?"

"Your aunt and Mrs. Abbot waved. What else could they do? Miss Snell just sat there."

"Are you sure it was Miss Snell?"

"Positive!" she said emphatically. "Don't you remember? Wanting to go back, I mean. You kept insisting. Wanted to go back and have a drink with 'old Snelly.' You were quite a nuisance about it."

"I guess I was a little tight all right," he said grimly.

"I think I can safely say that that was the impression you gave— Well, don't look so depressed," she added.

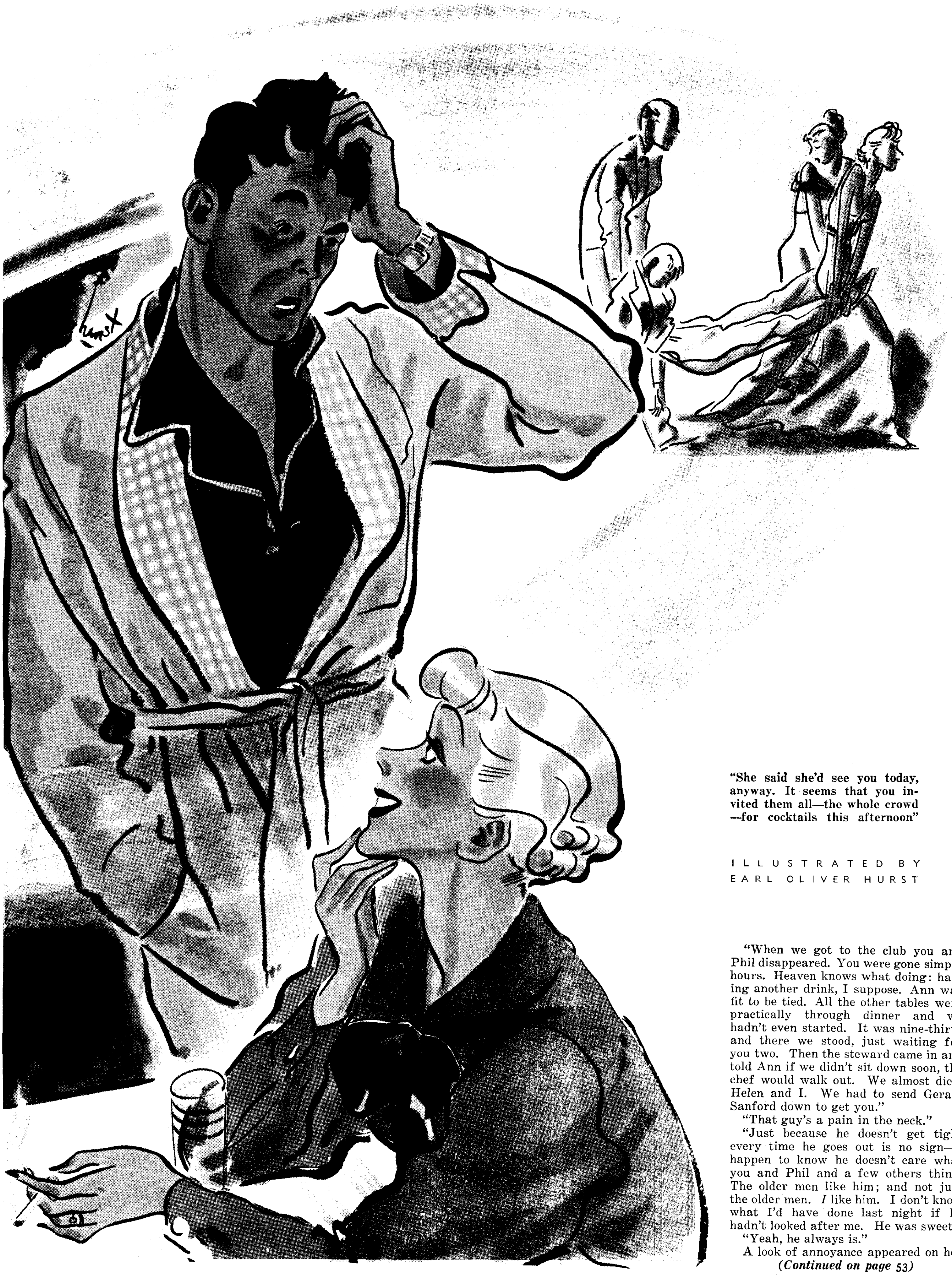
"How was I at the club? I mean I didn't do anything really bad, did I?"

SHE crushed out her cigarette. "I suppose that depends on one's point of view," she said. "Some people seemed to think you were quite amusing. That Hazen woman seemed to."

"Now listen—"

"Of course I didn't see much of you—I can't recall your asking me to dance—but from what I did see I think I can safely say you were one of the star performers."

His face got a little red. "I tried to find you three or four times," he said. He picked his cup up nervously and gulped some coffee.



"She said she'd see you today, anyway. It seems that you invited them all—the whole crowd—for cocktails this afternoon"

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST

"When we got to the club you and Phil disappeared. You were gone simply hours. Heaven knows what doing: having another drink, I suppose. Ann was fit to be tied. All the other tables were practically through dinner and we hadn't even started. It was nine-thirty and there we stood, just waiting for you two. Then the steward came in and told Ann if we didn't sit down soon, the chef would walk out. We almost died, Helen and I. We had to send Gerald Sanford down to get you."

"That guy's a pain in the neck."

"Just because he doesn't get tight every time he goes out is no sign—I happen to know he doesn't care what you and Phil and a few others think. The older men like him; and not just the older men. *I* like him. I don't know what I'd have done last night if he hadn't looked after me. He was sweet."

"Yeah, he always is."

A look of annoyance appeared on her

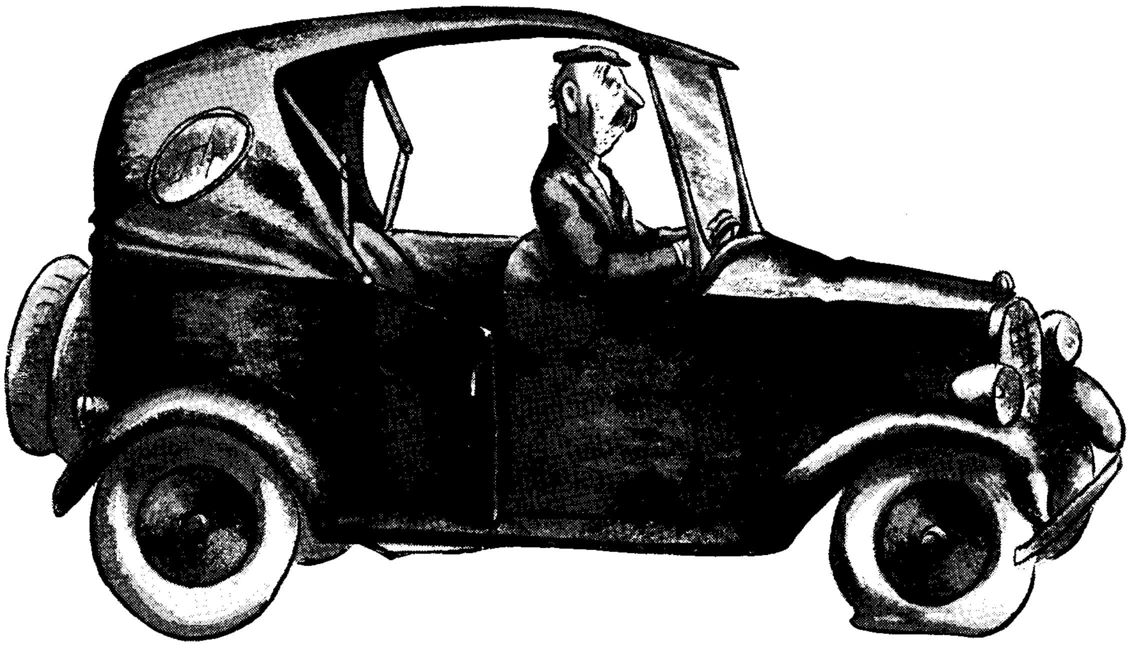
(Continued on page 53)

Soak the Poor Motorist

By John T. Flynn

Once the automobile was a luxury. It isn't any more. But we continue to tax it as such. And it has taken just about as much punishment as the traffic will stand. If the trend continues, one of our most useful industries will be hamstrung by taxes and regulations

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



Automobile taxes have been based on the outmoded theory that the man who owns one is rich and therefore fair game for the taxmakers

Many a farmer's car stood idle because of confiscatory taxes in 1932 and 1933

MR. BIB GROOVER, the well-known cotton, potato and hog raiser of Limestone County, has a car which is alleged to be worth two hundred dollars. That's what the thrifty Bib paid for it out of funds earned from the United States government for not plantin' cotton, not plantin' taters and neglecting to raise his usual batch of hogs. Being a moderate traveler, Brother Bib rode around the glistening highways of Limestone and adjacent Alabama counties some 7,500 miles in his year of ownership. And to do this he blew himself to a set of tires and six hundred gallons of gasoline and various spare parts.

But Mr. Bib, when he got his car, soon learned that it was the tax collector who fell on Alabama. Every time he pulled up to a filling station for a tankful of petrol, there they were—the doughty four horsemen. One of them represented the federal government and he wanted a cent for our Uncle Sam on every gallon Bib bought. One represented the sovereign commonwealth of Alabama and he wanted six. Another was there for Limestone County and demanded three cents. And finally the lowly tax gatherer of Decatur, Mr. Groover's home town, got his cut of two cents. *Twelve cents* altogether. Twelve cents tax on a gallon of gasoline for which the filling station man got thirteen cents—twenty-five cents a gallon all told.

Irate citizens storm the board of aldermen and howl when a sales tax of two or three per cent is proposed. But here is a sales tax of *almost one hundred per cent.*

But, of course, that's not all. Brother Groover has to pay a horsepower tax on his plutocratic chariot of $18.50; a property tax of $7.50; $2.85 sales tax on that set of tires and various little exactions on the spare parts, etc. Putting it all together he hands over to the various tax collectors each year $115 in taxes on a car that is worth only two hundred dollars. *Fifty-seven per cent of the value of the car in taxes.*

And that, gentlemen, is what I call taxation. And it is trotted out here as an exhibit in a growing and spreading phenomenon—the drive to impose burdens on the users of automobiles—burdens of various kinds. It is a drive to discourage the most prolific goose that ever laid golden eggs, by taxing the eggs.

Things We Cannot Ignore

The automobile is not merely an article of commerce. It is a social phenomenon. It is an instrument of social and economic change. As such it has problems altogether apart from those of the gentlemen who make it and make a lot of money in the process.

We do not need to worry much about them. They have shown an unfailing capacity to take care of themselves. They have made great fortunes and, for the most part, are dropping off now into comfortable old ages, well paid for the part they played in one of the most extraordinary episodes in industrial history.

But we may feel some concern for those who use the products of these gentlemen, a group which really comprises about half of the population. We cannot ignore the things which the automobile has done to us, to our towns, our social habits. And, of course, we cannot afford to ignore the things which our various governments, without very much thought and in a slipshod fashion, are doing to those who use these cars and must pay the bills. And what, in the end, they may do to the millions who depend on this vital industry.

This business of car taxes is a case in point. These taxes are not assessed against the motor industry. The manufacturers are not called on to pay them. They are imposed, for the most part, on those who buy the cars. The car does not start developing these tax obligations until it comes into the hands of a car owner.

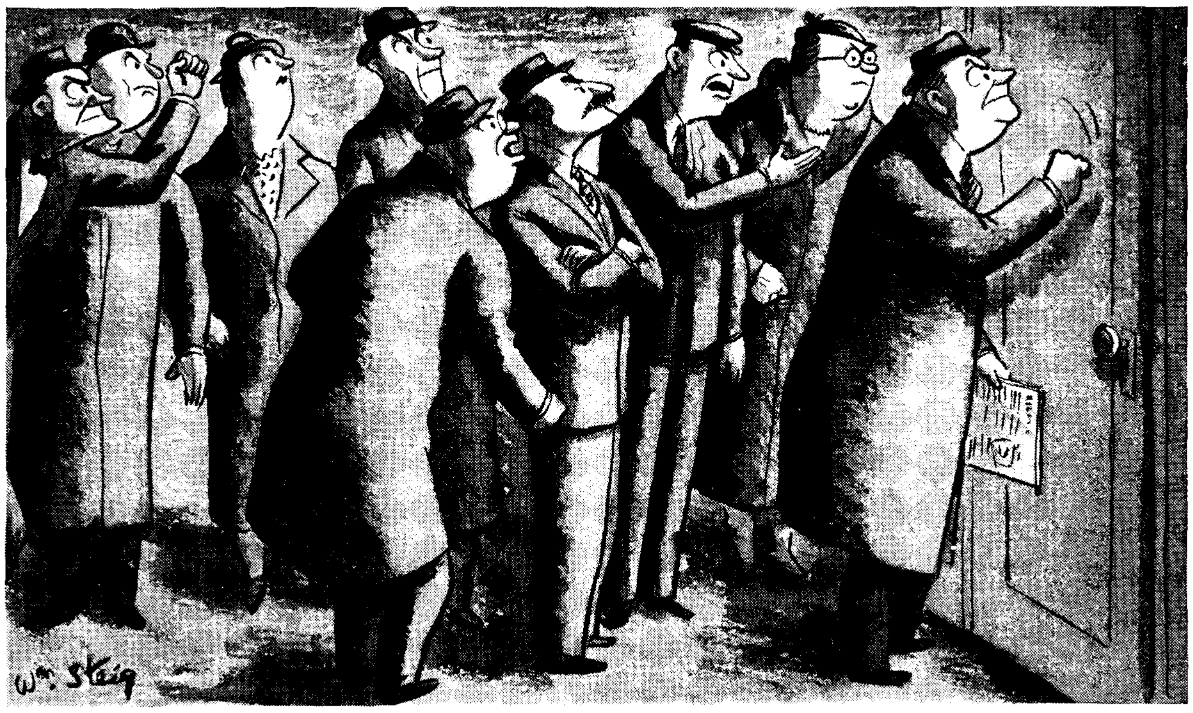
The case of our Alabama friend. Mr. Bib Groover, pictured above, is not, of course, unique. Poor Bib, of course, is a little harder hit than his fellow car owners in other states. Alabama has gone in heavily with its "Soak the Poor Autoist" program. But all the states have been dipping into this easily accessible pool of revenue. Lately the federal government has joined in the frisking. And now the cities are trying their hands at it. Taken all together in the last year these various governments took from the men and women who own cars, in various kinds of taxes, $1,200,107,729. This does not include the taxes paid by motor plants, tire manufacturers, parts makers, their income taxes, etc. This figure includes only those sums paid by automobile owners on cars or for gas after the cars had left the dealers' hands.

The Support of Commonwealths

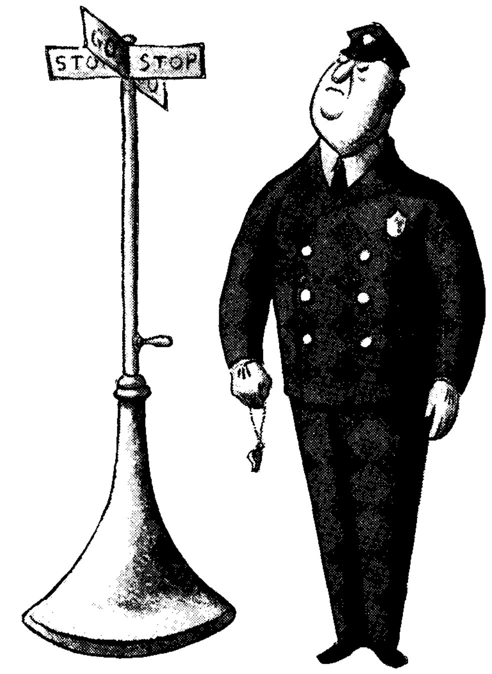
Just sixteen years ago the first state government discovered that a good place to collect a little ready money was around a filling station. That year several states got for themselves $1,022,514. By 1934 this had grown to $565,027,000. These gasoline taxes constitute the greatest single item of taxes. Th other big item is registration fees.

In the states, now, automobile and gasoline taxes constitute the greatest single source of taxes. All state taxes in one year came to $1,641,000,000. Over half of this sum was taken from automobile owners.

The reason for this is obvious. It is a strange outgrowth of a perfectly sound principle of state and federal taxes, at least—namely, the "ability to pay" theory. "Soak the rich" is another outgrowth of that theory. If a man has an automobile he is rich. Bib Groover down in Alabama is a "plute" and therefore ripe for picking. The automobile is a luxury and those who can ride around on soft cushions in magnificent cars aglow with glittering metal ought to be made to pay for their ease.



Small sales taxes bring out the enraged citizenry, most of whom submit meekly to prohibitive taxation on their privilege of driving a car



Much as we cuss him, the traffic cop is an essential in our civilization

But after all, no one can say that Brother Bib Groover, the Alabama cotton and tater magnate, is a plutocrat. There isn't much shining armor on his 1927 four-cylinder road-roaster. The simple truth is that there are more people with cars who have incomes under $1,400 a year than with incomes over $7,000. Three out of every five cars are bought by men with an annual income under $3,000. The great bulk of the gasoline taxes are paid each year by people whose cars have a market value of two hundred and fifty dollars. If you want to soak the rich you cannot do it by socking the autoist.

And as for the car being a luxury, it is indeed for large numbers. But what of the millions of cars which are used for delivery service—by factories, wholesalers, storekeepers; the millions used by hotels, resorts, mailmen, traveling salesmen, inspectors and others in their work? The millions used by men to get to and from work located at distant points from their homes? To lay taxes on these cars because cars are a luxury is to hit wide of the mark.

Hence, certain questions come to the surface at once:

1. How much more gas would Mr. Bib Groover have bought if there wasn't that twelve-cent tax?
2. How many cars are not bought because of that increased operating cost?
3. How far can this go before Mr. Bib Groover just says, "To hell with it" and sells his car or, as many farmers did in 1932 and 1933, just parks it in the barn and lets it rest?
4. What effect will all this have on the automobile-producing industry?

It's important. Because, as all the world knows now, it was the great capital goods industry which went into reverse in the depression. What is that industry? Its chief parts are building construction, road building, railroad equipment, heavy machinery, power, the automobile industry.

Most of the others have been in a sad state. The automobile industry has shown vitality. Can the nation afford to send it to join the others on the mourners' bench? Then, we may well ask, how much can this or any other industry stand in the way of obstacles before it begins to crack?

Of course, the reason assigned for all this taxation is that automobiles mean roads, roads cost money; hence, the motorist should pay for the roads he uses. And this brings us to another potent drive against the motor industry. This finds its expression in the demand for the regulation of cars as the railroads are regulated. The demand for this comes, as you could guess if you did not know, from the railroads, which are eager to curb a powerful competitor.

The Land of Too Much Liberty

Against the demand for regulation there can be no intelligent resistance. The streets are too crowded to permit motorists to run wild. The traffic cop, much as we fear him and bawl at him, is essential in our civilization. Even the motorist swears audibly when he finds himself behind a ten-foot-wide truck crawling at five miles an hour up a curved grade. Liberty is a wonderful thing, but after you have had a couple of fenders knocked off by an automobilist enjoying the liberty of running forty miles an hour without brakes, you begin to think that liberty without brakes is not so hot. If you are a truck driver you are likely to think there ought to be some restraints on the freedom of a boss who persists in nourishing the right to work you fifteen hours a day and if you go over an embankment in a bus with poor steering gear or bad brakes you will not enjoy your funeral any more keenly because the bus owner was enjoying the precious liberty of running his business as he sees fit. Everybody is for regulation, provided it is regulation in the interest of the public. What the automobile faces and fears is regulation which is undertaken primarily in the interest of a competing industry which wants to curb the automobile.

The railroad has a pretty good case. It is regulated. Commissions fix hours, wages, working conditions of its employees. They fix rates, terms, safety appliances and regulate the issuance of securities. And now, it weeps, along comes a competitor which runs the roads without any of these restrictions. The railroads see their traffic dwindling, their revenues reduced, their bond interest in default, their profits gone. They blame their own regulation in one breath. In the next they blame the trucks and buses and demand for them similar regulation.

Congress has just passed a law on this subject. It directs the Interstate Commerce Commission, which regulates the railroads, to regulate the buses and trucks as well. The limitation is that this regulation shall apply to those buses and trucks which travel across state lines.

To understand this you must keep in mind one important fact: There are in round numbers 25,000,000 motor vehicles on the roads. They are made up as follows:

Private cars	21,415,938
Buses	108,130
Trucks	3,409,335

Next you have to keep in mind that the buses and trucks fall into several classifications.

Trucks are operated either as private carriers, contract carriers or common carriers.

A private carrier is a truck which is owned and operated by a store, factory or some other business and which limits its work to delivering loads for the truck owner solely. A contract carrier is one which belongs to someone other than the store or factory or other business, but which limits itself to carrying freight for some store or factory or other enterprise under a continuing agreement.

A common carrier is one which holds itself out as ready to transport freight for anyone who applies. A railroad is such a common carrier.

Regulation That Won't Help

Buses are somewhat similarly classified. They are either common carriers or private carriers—buses running regular routes for specified fares or buses which belong to some other enterprise or institution and which carry passengers for such institutions or business, usually without charging a fare. The latter include school buses, hotel buses, department store buses, etc.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is authorized to deal with common carriers, contract carriers and private carriers and is busy setting up the machinery to do this now.

Buses and trucks acting as common carriers must make up definite schedules of rates and these must be approved by the I. C. C. The commission can make regulations about continuous service, adequate service, the transportation of baggage and express, establish uniform systems of accounting. No bus or truck can engage in interstate business as a common carrier without getting permission from the I. C. C. The certificate will specify service to be rendered, routes to be covered, fixed terminals, fixed territory. And buses and trucks must then operate within that territory or between those terminals. The contract carrier, too, must obtain a permit. And both contract carriers and private carriers may be subjected to regulation respecting safety, hours of service, standard equipment, etc.

All this is reasonable and proper enough. But, at first blush, it seems more or less futile. The railroads have, of course, been losing travel customers. During four years of rising business the roads lost 8,800,000,000 passenger miles of traffic. But the buses gained only 2,700,000,000. Where did the other 6,100,000,000 go? To the private automobile, undoubtedly, which of course cannot be regulated as to rates and hours of travel, etc. And all these passenger miles the buses gained—they did not come from the railroads. Some did. But others represent the travel adventures of people who never would have stirred from their firesides but for the low rates offered by the buses.

The railroad can do little for itself along these lines unless it can paralyze the private car. In 1934 the railroads did 20,000,000,000 passenger miles. The private cars did 360,000,000,000.

And what can they do about the buses? There are 113,000 of these. Out of every 100 of them, 60 are school buses, sight-seeing buses, hotel buses, private buses of various kinds. Only 40 are common carriers. Of these, 36 are local buses which never get into interstate commerce. Only 4 out of a hundred are interstate.

On these figures we can conclude that, so far as the passenger business is concerned, the buses all together create, at most, only thirty per cent of the railroads' problem and the interstate buses only four per cent of that, or 1.20 per cent of the whole.

In the matter of trucks it is much the same. Out of every one hundred trucks about eighty-six are privately owned. That is, they are used by shops, merchants, producers and business enterprises exclusively in their own businesses, like the delivery truck of the grocer or the ice man. Of the balance 8.7 are contract carriers and 5.5 are common carriers. It is going to be very difficult for the regulating authorities to do very much about rates, etc., of the contract carriers, which means that this law is going to reach only 5.5 trucks out of every 100. But it will not be this many,

(Continued on page 96)

Rich Girl's Choice

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

The Countess Giralda decides to elope—a story which will show you how those girls who get their men go into action

THE cameramen and the reporters and the newsreel men would meet the S. S. Torvania—which was bearing the Countess Giralda, born Nina Cunningham, to her native shores. But this would not bother the countess in the least—she was used to publicity.

She could remember the carefully homespun poses of her father, who had been Abner Cunningham, the baking-powder king. She could remember her own introduction to the gentlemen of the press—over the six little candles of her birthday cake. But she could not possibly recall each subsequent encounter with them; for she had flashed her smile at every cameraman from Bali to Budapest.

They'd wanted her to pose when she had come into her great inheritance—when she had married the count—and when, more reasonably, she had divorced the count. And they had fallen back, between these world-shaking events, upon a nonexistent engagement to poor old Carlos.

Nina let a sheaf of radiograms slip to the deck, and Carlos Hoyt bent down to collect them.

"Carlos!" she said.

"Yes, Nina?"

"There's the skyline—it always gives me a very queer feeling, Carlos!"

Carlos nodded, solemnly. The evening papers would say: "Countess Giralda laughingly disclaimed any intention of making her permanent home in Europe. It was wonderful, she said, to be back in America again. The Cunningham house, one of the last of the old Fifth Avenue mansions—"

NINA was going to be the *innocent* child countess—the usual effect of distant shores coming slowly into view. Nina was twenty-six: an age which permitted her to be child, woman or pure sprite—according to the inclination of the moment. And Carlos noted the present mood not in the way of a cynical observer but in the way of a faithful dog. Somebody said that a portrait should be done of Carlos with Nina's hand resting lightly on his head.

"They'll ask us about our engagement," said Nina suddenly.

"I suppose so."

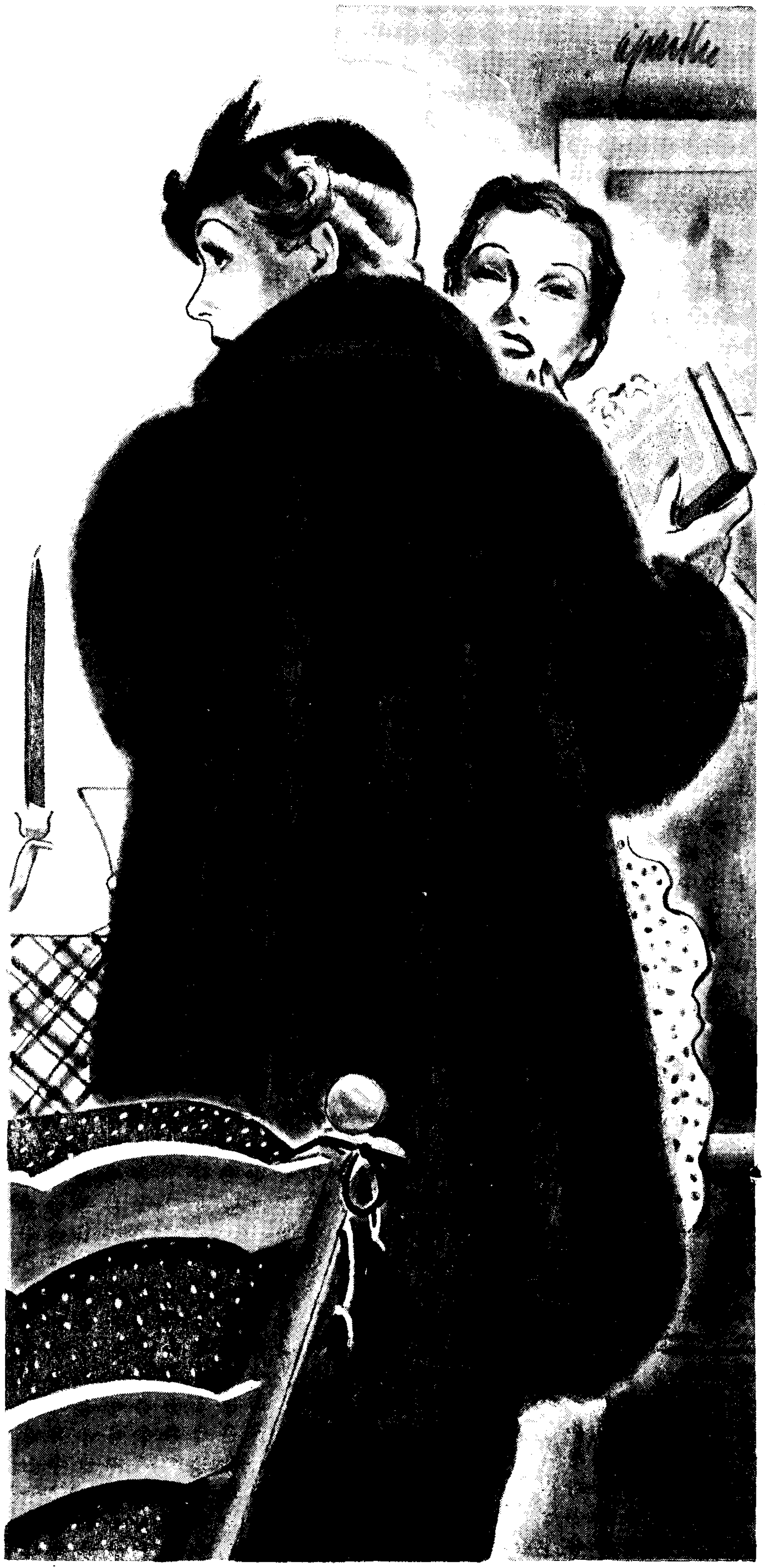
"It's a good thing your mother's on board. She can make a statement."

"Why my mother?"

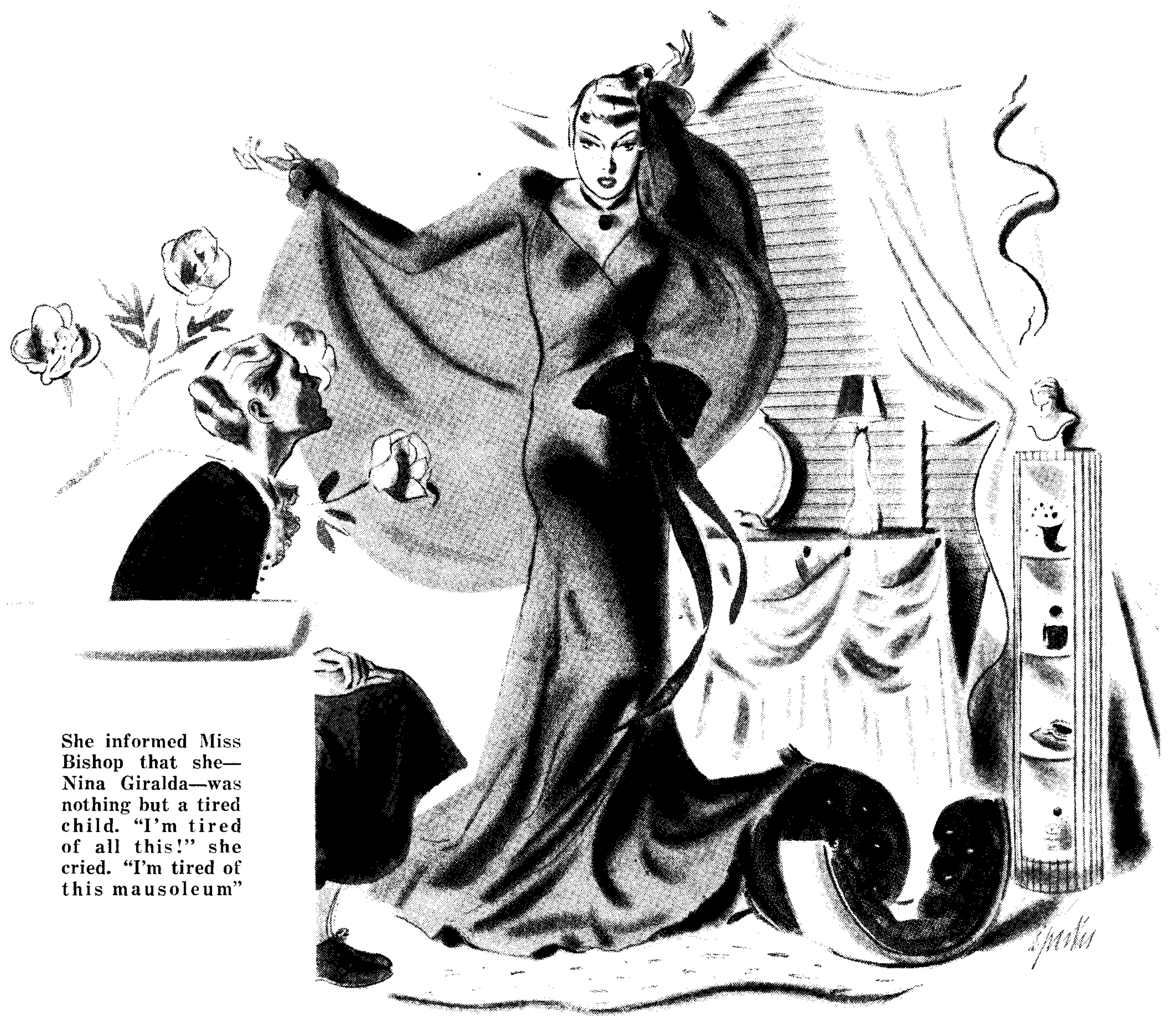
"Oh, it can sound so outraged and maternal. They never believe *me*, you know. They think I'll marry you some day for a joke or something."

"Well," he said sulkily, "you're not the most tactful woman on earth!"

Nina smiled. She was agreeably conscious of looking her best. She was



"You left a book this morning," she explained. "And I thought it would be fun to pay a friendly call"



She informed Miss Bishop that she—Nina Giralda—was nothing but a tired child. "I'm tired of all this!" she cried. "I'm tired of this mausoleum"

wearing a little brown hat with a scarlet feather and a soft brown coat with wide mink sleeves. She was always clever enough to look like a pretty girl—and not like the baking-powder millions.

"Carlos!" she said. "I do need Miss Tennant!"

And, of course, Carlos ambled off. Some people said that Nina should have kept Carlos in livery. But this was malicious. There was no good reason why the heir of the Hoyt cotton mills shouldn't spend his life rounding up Nina Giralda's maids and secretaries. After all, he didn't know much about cotton.

Miss Tennant, the secretary, appeared almost immediately. She was not to be long in the countess' employ: she was but filling the boots of Miss Jessie Bishop, whose asthma had not permitted this last trip to Europe. But Nina had not missed Miss Bishop too dreadfully—Miss Tennant had been more than efficient.

SUE TENNANT was a tall, good-looking girl with light in her eyes. She had been the oldest daughter in the large family of a poor clergyman—permitted to know the sweets of adversity. She thought that the countess was naïve, and the countess thought that she was naïve: their young eyes reflected pity and wonder and more than a little amusement.

Now Nina waved toward the deck chair that was drawn next to her own. The secretary sat down.

"I just wanted to be sure," said Nina, "that you hadn't forgotten anything."

"I think everything's all right, Countess. The baggage—the passports—tips for everybody. I think by this time I'm pretty well on to the routine—it's been my first trip over, you know."

"Really?"

"Yes, and it's certainly been wonderful! You know that feeling? That you've actually *seen* the horse guards—and the things in the Louvre!"

Nina mastered a dry smile in the self-conscious way that people have when they're mastering dry smiles.

"You mustn't let me lose touch with you, Miss Tennant," she said. "If you ever need references, or anything of that sort—"

"That's awfully nice of you," said Sue. "But as a matter of fact I've had another break. There's a job waiting for me—doing research for a civic architectural project. The sort of thing I was keen about at college."

"Oh, I see," said the countess—courteously evading the possibility of being bored.

And there was no further chance of conversation. Adèle, the maid in the retinue, rushed out in hysterical possession of the Countess Giralda's jewel case. The cameramen and the reporters and the newsreel men were already clambering aboard. Carlos was straightening his tie and coughing timidly. Carlos' mother, looking very cross, was poking about the deck chairs, trying to find the case for her pince-nez. And now Nina was smiling, protesting, smiling, posing, laughing, pouting and posing again, with a smile. Carlos posed with Nina. And Carlos and his mother posed with Nina. Sue Tennant stayed in her obscure corner—and regarded this fantastic scene in growing astonishment.

"No," said Nina, "I'm not planning to return to Europe very soon. . . . No, I'm not engaged to Mr. Hoyt. Really, it's too ridiculous the way these rumors get around—"

"Say, Countess! Will you just pose again waving your hand? You're glad to be home, see? The old smile—and waving your hand—"

But now Sue Tennant left the group and walked over to the rail. She strained her eyes—trying to single Jim Knowlton out of the crowd on the dock.

WITHIN three days the wheels of the great house were running smoothly: there were twenty-seven servants to oil the wheels, and the invaluable Miss Bishop to smile upon their labor. Miss Tennant had left upon the morning of the third day; early that evening Nina found the slim book thrust behind a dove-gray cushion in the town car. She picked it up and read the inscription on the flyleaf: *Sue from J. K.—January, 1935.* Nina turned over the pages: the book was full of poems about oil and machinery, and there were several annotations made with a soft lead pencil. She would have thrust the book aside and forgotten it, had not an amusing idea popped into her head quite suddenly. She picked up the speaking tube and spoke, decisively, to Weston.

The car turned south on Fifth Avenue. Twenty minutes later Nina was climbing a flight of worn steps to a plain brown door with the name *Tennant* neatly tacked over the doorbell.

The brown door, opening, revealed a room like a large packing box, rather attractively decorated in tones of sage-green and russet. A very large cat sauntered across this shabby room, and regarded the countess in a manner that blended indifference with contempt. But Sue Tennant smiled.

"It is adorable!" cried Nina. "It is simply too adorable!"

"You mean the apartment?" asked Sue, in some bewilderment.

Nina nodded.

"The darling little table all set for dinner and everything—"

She broke off—her glance including a young man who was easily the most attractive object in the room.

"Countess Giralda—this is Mr. Knowlton." Sue colored a little in ingenuous pride. "He's Jim Knowlton, the caricaturist—you've seen some of his things?"

Nina had never heard of Jim Knowlton, but she said that she had. She smiled at him. Then she turned back to the girl.

"You left a book in the car this morning," she explained. "And I thought it would be fun to pay a friendly little call—"

"I'm so glad you did," said Sue. "We were just going to have scrambled eggs and sausages. Won't you—"

"I'd love it!" cried Nina.

And within five minutes she had taken possession of the place. It was impossible to believe that she was not a child in a toy shop—who could have bought anything that caught her fancy. Sue had gone back into the kitchen; the young man watched in mounting wonder as the countess sped from an etching over the narrow mantel to a row of quite ordinary books over the box couch. She exclaimed over every single thing she saw—as if never in her life had she seen an etching or a book or a sage-green sofa cushion. He understood, finally, that this was merely her way of relegating her own vast possessions to the background—of making every second-rate and shabby article seem "quaint," in order that its owner might not be too ashamed of it. And the young man spread his fingers over a widening grin.

Sue Tennant's friend was a tall, lean individual with a ruffled thatch of fair hair, blue eyes that were keener than most, and a curiously deliberate way of smiling. He leaned back in his chair and looked at Nina, over his cigarette, with no particular awe. It was evident that he found her attractive; it was also evident that he wouldn't be hurried into any Nina-worship.

Sue brought in a very large platter of scrambled eggs, surrounded by plump country sausages. Then she brought in the coffeepot, and a plate heaped with golden-brown biscuits and a dumpy blue jug of strawberry jam. Jim lit the candles and snapped off the electric lights: shadows fell like lace upon the clean, coarse white cloth. Nina glanced rather doubtfully at the clergyman's daughter: this young man seemed so very much at home in the place. But he intercepted that glance. He eyed the worldly Nina with that indulgence which people accord the mildly deranged.

"SUE feeds me tonight and I feed Sue tomorrow night," he explained. "An old Bohemian custom. But you're in luck, Countess—you hit a Sue night."

Sue laughed.

"Jim's a wonderful cook," she said, "but he's ashamed of it—he thinks it's sissy."

"It must be rather fun," said the countess, wistfully.

"You can do the dishes," said Jim, with his winning smile. "That's the most fun."

"Jim!" said Sue, and turned to Nina again. "His sense of humor never grew, you see—it atrophied when he was seven years old—"

"The eternal Puck," he murmured.

"There's apple pie," said Sue hastily, "and cheese."

"I adore apple pie!" said Nina.

Yet it seemed to be an odd sort of meal. The wedge of pie was gigantic, but she ate every bit of it. The crust was flaky and tender, the apples were sweet, and most delicately flavored with cinnamon. And her two companions knew the history of this pie; they argued vehemently about the manner of its baking.

"Too much shortening," said Sue.

"Not enough!" said Jim.

(Continued on page 58)

You Have to Have the Cards

By Bernie Bierman with George Dunscomb

There's one thing you really need if you're going to make a football team. That's players. Here the coach of Minnesota's championship outfit shows you what can be done with such aces as Pug Lund, Larson, Seidel and the rest

COACHING a football team is not unlike playing a hand of bridge. To win, you must have the cards. To score a grand slam, all finesses—such as the two which our Minnesota quarterback tried in the last period of the 1934 Pittsburgh game—must work.

Even so, your aces may be trumped with deuces held by Jock Sutherland, Dana Bible, Bo McMillin, Ossie Solem, Harry Kipke, Bob Zuppke, Dr. Spears and other gridiron card sharks. In that connection, I am reminded of the way Harry Kipke played his cards in the Michigan-Minnesota game last fall, thereby keeping the Gophers out of the scoring zone throughout the first half. He did not, as reported, actually use an 8-man line—in reality, it was a 6-man line—but I'll get to a description of Harry's shrewd maneuvering a little later.

When you hold most of the top tickets, when every finesse works, you are hailed as a wonder-coach. When the club Jack is the highest card you have, you are a wondering coach—wondering where you will be next season. The world's dumbest football director is the one who believes what he reads about himself in the newspapers when he happens to have a winning team.

We held a fistful of honor cards at Minnesota last year—but it is now football shop talk that Francis Schmidt of Ohio State has the lion's share of the Aces and Kings this season. On that count, Schmidt has my sympathy. Not because he has a group of talented backs, plenty of burly linemen and some rough diamonds from the 300 members of his 1934 freshman squad. My sympathy arises from the fact that, before the opening kickoff of the present season, many writers handed the western conference championship, or a share of it, to Ohio State.

We know all about that kind of a handicap up here at Minneapolis. We lugged the burden of it throughout the 1934 season. When a coach is blessed with abundant material, and word of it seeps into every nook and cranny of the Middle West, he is placed in a very unlovely spot. If you lose, you were overrated, you are not making the most of your material, your squad is torn with dissension and has turned against you.

When you are the "overdog," if I may coin a term, your team is a target for every opponent on your schedule; the eleven which licks you has a secure place with posterity.

And the Western Conference, being what it is—a group of large universities all with hordes of able-bodied football men—is quite likely to produce a team somewhere along the line which girds up its loins, rolls up its sleeves and gives your own complacent lads a thorough going-over.

Don't misunderstand the foregoing. It is not a prediction of disaster to Ohio State before the snow flies. Instead, it is a gesture of sympathy to Francis Schmidt from one who has suffered. I know only too well how a few ineligibilities plus several charley horses, twisted knees and bruised nerves distributed among key players can wreck the finest newspaper favorite overnight.

Even so, I hereby add to Schmidt's burden by venturing the opinion that no team on Ohio State's schedule will be able to top over the Bucks this season.

Getting back to Minnesota, we drew a strong hand last fall, and Glenn Seidel, a straight A student and a straight A quarterback, played his cards well. It is one thing to figure out the correct procedure on a hand in the quiet of your home, with plenty of time for calculation and nothing more distracting than your wife's impatience, high hurdle though that may be. It is something else for a twenty-year-old boy to chart his team's course out there on the chalked field with the opposition leading, 7 to 0, stopping nearly every play cold and holding his eleven to one first down in forty-five minutes of play. That was the situation confronting Seidel at the opening of the final period in the Pittsburgh game.

Glenn Tries a Finesse

In 1934, Pitt was as tough a team as you'd want to meet—tougher than we'd care to meet again. The Panthers had the most cat-like line we encountered—big, shifty fellows, who, when seemingly blocked out of a play, recovered and nailed the runner. Shotwell, Hartwig and Ormiston made a magnificent combination in the middle of the front wall; Izzy Weinstock was a genuinely great fullback.

Well, for forty-two minutes the Panthers gave our boys a rather thorough going-over. As the final quarter opened we had the ball on the Panthers' 23-yard line, fourth down and two yards to go. Kostka was in there at fullback and that big smasher could go into almost any line and come up with a three-yard gain. But Seidel knew the caliber of that Pitt line, knew that the Panthers were eying Kostka and our ace, Pug Lund. Hence, Glenn tried his first finesse. He sent Kostka into the line, but without the ball—and faked a run by Lund. In the meantime, Julius Alfonse was going wide around end for a touchdown, with about fourteen minutes left to play.

Odd thing about Alfonse—he was as slow as a bad debt, during the week. In practice sprints between the backs and ends he would always finish well toward the rear. But on Saturday afternoons when he broke into the clear for long runs, as he did on numerous occasions, no one ever caught him from behind. Our coaching staff is still wondering where he got his week-end speed. Red Grange, who owned the best change of pace in football history, always has maintained that that burst of speed added to speed which comes to a great ball carrier in a crisis is a matter of instinct and will power.

After Alfonse scored, Bill Bevan came back into the game and kicked the tying point-after-touchdown, under heavy pressure. Bevan, incidentally, played without a headgear and there is no doubt that a bare head on the field makes its owner conspicuous. Hence, writers said, in effect, "Put a headgear on Bevan and he'll be just another football player." My answer is that I have never coached, nor have I ever seen in action a better all-round guard than Bevan.

And how Bevan loved to play football! For instance, in the third quarter of the Chicago game last fall, I took him out of the lineup for a rest. He didn't like being removed, but I told him that he would not be out long and that seemed to satisfy him.

Too Much Enthusiasm

Shortly afterward, in the same quarter, Minnesota scored. You may recall that Bevan kicked practically all of our points-after-touchdowns last fall. Three or four substitutes were warming up, preparing to go in, hence I paid no attention to Bevan. The first thing I knew he was running out onto the field to put himself back into the line-up, without word from me! Fortunately, the team shooed him away before he reported to the official.

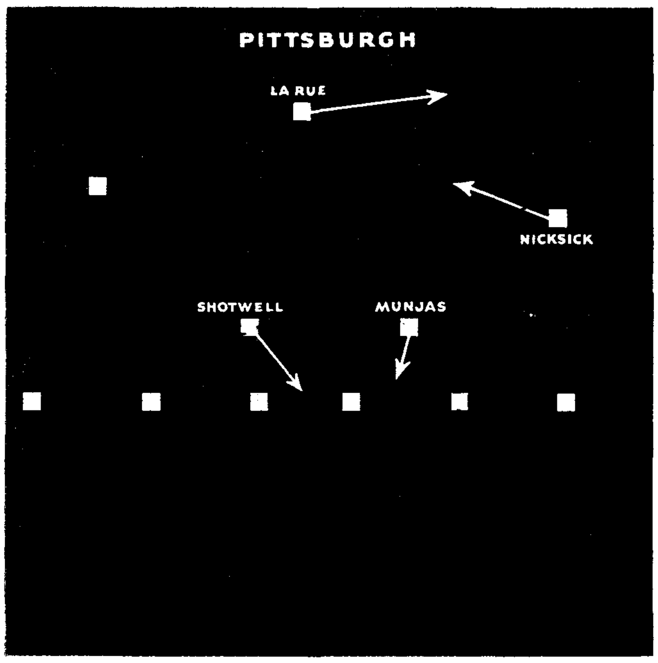
Had he actually reported, it would have been an illegal substitution and he would have been suspended for the remainder of the contest. A player cannot return to the game during the same period of his departure from it. The penalty is suspension of the player and a 25-yard loss for the offending team. When Bevan came back to the bench

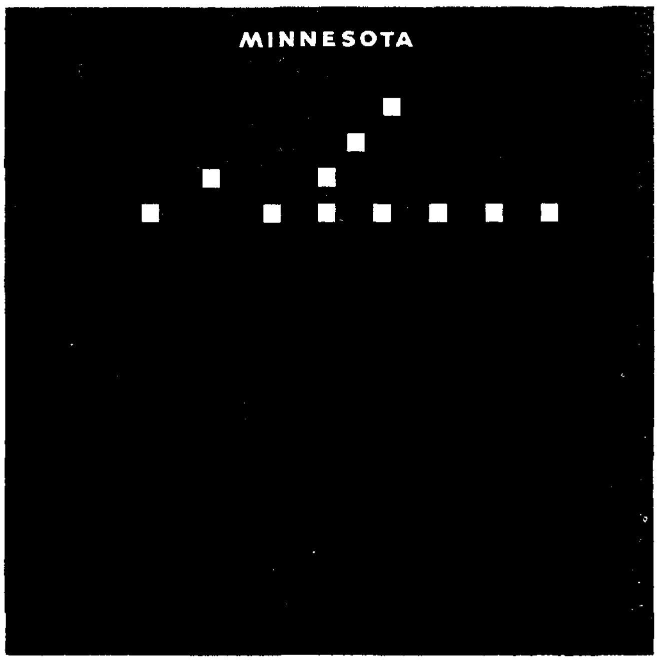
Pug Lund, Captain of the 1934 Gophers

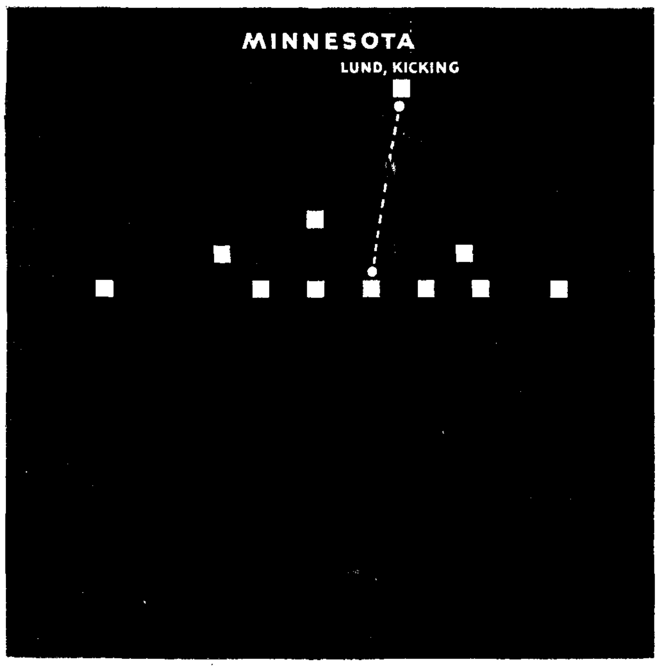
WIDE WORLD

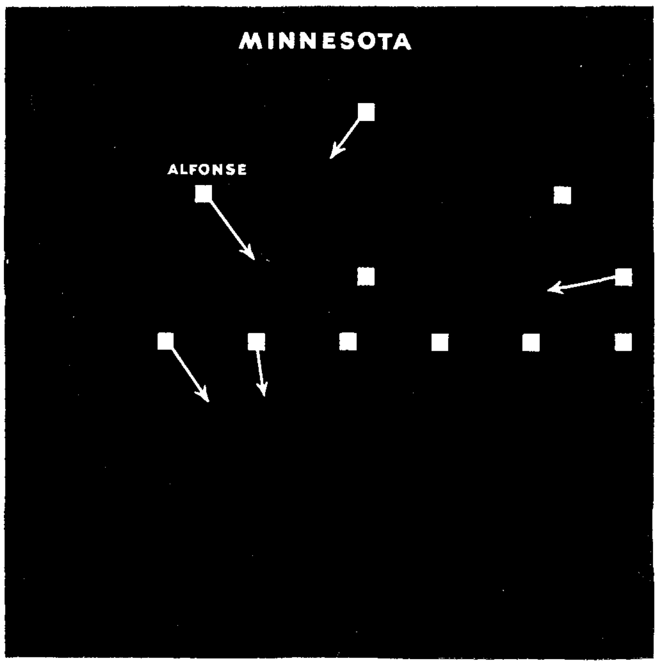
Bernie Bierman, Minnesota's coach

Stan Kostka, fullback for Minnesota









he was all for rewriting the rule book.

But let's get back to the Pitt game. We left it, remember, with the score tied at last, and the fourth quarter well under way. At that point, Minnesota started a drive from Gopher territory, which again reached the Panthers' 23-yard line, this time with four yards to go on fourth down.

Again Seidel tried a finesse. For those who want full details on the maneuver, the play is outlined in Diagram 1, on this page. Kostka took a direct pass from center and smashed forward over tackle, handing the ball to Seidel as he passed. Seidel, with his back to the line, threw a backward pass to Pug Lund, who was going wide to the right. From his position at left end Bob Tenner had gone diagonally across the field into the zone vacated by Nicksick of Pitt, who had been forced to cover Larson, a feared pass receiver. Munjas and Shotwell, the up men in the Pitt secondary, had been pulled in by Kostka's smash. As a result, Tenner gathered in Lund's forward pass easily, and scored before Larue could get to him. That touchdown gave us a 13 to 7 victory.

Bob Tenner caught only eight or nine forward passes during his three years of competition, but three of his catches provided the winning touchdowns in important games—against Northwestern in 1932; against Pittsburgh in 1933; and again against the Panthers in 1934, in the play just described. Bob was a medical student and was able to work out with the squad only twice a week. But he played sixty minutes in many games during those three years—was always in top shape.

A football player can suffer from over-practice as easily as from underwork. Hence we strive to avoid overworking the squad. Last year we held our last real scrimmage for the varsity October 9th, with the season just under way. We wanted the boys to be aching to play football on Saturday afternoons.

Why Minnesota Won

A lot of saccharine things are said about winning teams, but at the risk of seeming to be all sweetness and light, I want to write into the record that Minnesota was unbeaten last year because the boys had a winner's complex, physical ability, and the best team spirit of any squad we've had. For instance, the veteran, Bruhn, and Oech, a new man, were both after the same guard job. Yet Bruhn did more to improve Oech's play than anyone on the coaching staff. The same was true of Beise and Kostka, rival fullbacks. Beise was the more finished performer and the best open-field blocker on the squad. On the other hand, Kostka was more likely to drive through the line, then go on for long gains.

The squad centered around Captain Pug Lund—a genuine leader, one of the great backs of all time, with courage to burn. I could pile up laudatory adjectives about Lund in this article—and his hat would still fit him perfectly.

As evidence of the team's spirit, I submit one piece of statistics. Twelve Minnesota backs got into games, for varying periods, during the season. Nine of the twelve had season averages of more than a five-yard gain on each try from scrimmage.

From newspaper accounts you may have gained the impression that the Gophers were stolid giants who yanked arms and legs off of opponents for use as clubs to hammer enemy heads.

Some of that belief may be nurtured by stories such as the one told on Bill Bevan. It seems that one of our opponents, whose name shall remain secret, complained to the referee that he had been slugged.

Bevan overheard the plaint and told the opposing player: "You haven't been slugged. It isn't your turn—*yet*. When your number comes up, you'll know it." That story about Bill is gross libel. (I hope.)

As a matter of fact, the Gophers were eighteen-, twenty- and twenty-two-year-old kids, good-humored, not particularly oversized, and emotional.

I shan't soon forget the finale of the season—when we met Wisconsin. I called the squad together for a quiet session before we took the field. There was no fight oratory in my talk. I simply told them how much the game meant to them and to me—but so wrought up were they that tears gathered in the eyes of a number of the varsity men. In one of the back rows a young third-stringer enjoyed this emotion on the part of his elders. He was grinning furtively as he watched the tears roll down the cheeks of the veterans. I talked on, however, and soon could scarcely restrain a smile myself, as tears presently began to streak the scrub's own cheeks.

That brings to mind a story which is part of the folklore of Tulane University, where I coached for a number of years before coming to Minnesota. Back in 1912, or thereabouts, so the tale goes, Tulane had a coach who was a genius at inspiring the team just before game time. Even with weak material he succeeded in working the boys up to the point where they won game after game. At last the big contest of the season loomed.

In the locker-room, before the opening whistle, the coach told the boys a nicely trumped-up story about his poor old father. The life of his parent, it seemed, hung in the balance on this game. He had followed his son's team, as though it were his own, throughout the season. If the boys won, his life would be prolonged. If Tulane lost—well, the coach hated to think what might happen then.

When he had finished, the Tulane team charged out on the field—and the opponents charged right through them for two or three touchdowns in the first few minutes of play. Tulane took time out and the boys flopped on the grass, gasping from chasing the enemy to the goal line. One Tulane lineman remained on his feet and remarked casually: "I guess the coach's old man must be dead by this time."

Keys to Team Condition

Even so, with all the ribbing which goes on about attempts to "key" a football squad, the fact remains that the frame of mind of a team going forth to battle has a big bearing on the final result. One of the best clues to the attitude of the boys develops during the meal they're given about eleven o'clock on the morning of the game. If they are growling over the food, complaining about the caliber of the steaks and the weakness of the tea, the coaching staff breathes easier. Plainly the team is right mentally. If the boys are lighthearted, putting the zing on one another and evidently enjoying their food, it is equally plain that they are in need of a shock. We attempt to give it to them.

The scrubs have long been held up as objects of pity, but they have one advantage. They are not under pressure during the last twenty-four hours before a big game. To relieve that pressure on the varsity, we usually take the squad to a movie, preferably a light comedy, on the Friday night preceding our away-from-home game.

One Friday night last fall, after the squad had returned from the usual movie, a check-up of the players revealed one of the third-stringers missing. We put our best operatives on his trail. They reported that he had attended the show but that no one recalled seeing him thereafter.

The student managers, who take their jobs very seriously, soon worked themselves up into a lather over the "disappearance" and scoured the city. In the stilly reaches of the night—well, about eleven o'clock, to be exact—the youth was discovered sound asleep in the movie house. He had slept through the squad's departure. It was pretty plain that he wasn't worrying much about the forthcoming game.

This year the going is so rough and the path ahead so rock-strewn that there has not been, nor will there be, the need for any shock to jolt our squad out of complacency. Many of last year's team graduated in June and we miss big Stan Kostka, Bill Bevan, Art Clarkson and George Svendsen, who are not permitted to play with us this year because of the conference interpretation of the freshman rule. By this interpretation, Kostka, Clarkson and Bevan each used

(*Continued on page 72*)

The Odds Against Honor

By Francis Wallace

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING witnessed an early-season game with the mother of Clark Jenkins, quarterback of the Atlantic football team, Margaret Bailey, daughter of a wealthy race-track enthusiast, becomes interested in Clark. He is, she finds, a remarkable young man. Born in a coal-mining region, he has entered college, thanks to the friendly coöperation of Tony Scotti, a gambler. She likes him, finds him a delightful companion. But she wonders just how strong a hold Scotti has on him, what he would do, how far he would go, to aid Scotti to win a bet.

Clark has a "bad leg," of which the public knows nothing. Tony Scotti learns of it. Whereupon, the odds—3 to 2, on Atlantic—suddenly shift in favor of the other team, in the next game. And when Clark is injured (his weak leg is tackled mercilessly from the opening kick-off), Atlantic takes its first defeat of the season.

Then Clark learns the truth—and Margaret suspects it. Scotti has backed the winners, after notifying his gambling associates of Clark's condition; and he has won a considerable sum. To Clark's roommate, "Cal" Calhoun, a brilliant halfback, the news comes as no surprise. A cynical, avaricious young man, he regards Scotti's actions as "good business." But Clark is shocked.

Alone with Clark, Margaret discusses the game. Then she mentions Scotti. "What," says Clark, sharply, "do you know about him?" Margaret watches him closely. "Your mother," she says, "told me how he had fixed you up here—and that he is a gambler. . . . I can't keep from thinking, Clark, how it would hurt her if you got tangled up in a scandal."

III

CLARK was reading the early edition of the Sunday morning newspaper when Calhoun returned after midnight. Cal was talkative and unpleasant. His eyes darted and his face was red.

"Did you read in there what that little runt Adams said about the game? What he said about me?"

Cal snatched the sports section from Clark's hands. "Here, I'll read it to you. You'll like this. Listen: 'The outcome of the game proved what insiders have long believed—that Jenkins is a much more valuable player to the team than Calhoun. Atlantic was the better team during the first half when Jenkins was in there; in the second half, without its anchor man, the team cracked under Midwest's pressure. Calhoun's individualistic attempts led to the defeat.' "

Cal threw the paper to the floor. "I'll break his skinny little neck."

"Take it easy."

Calhoun turned angrily. "Go to hell."

Clark flushed but did not answer. Cal blurted: "I'm tired of this damned acting. I never liked you and you might as well know it."

"I don't like you either."

"You probably told him to write that."

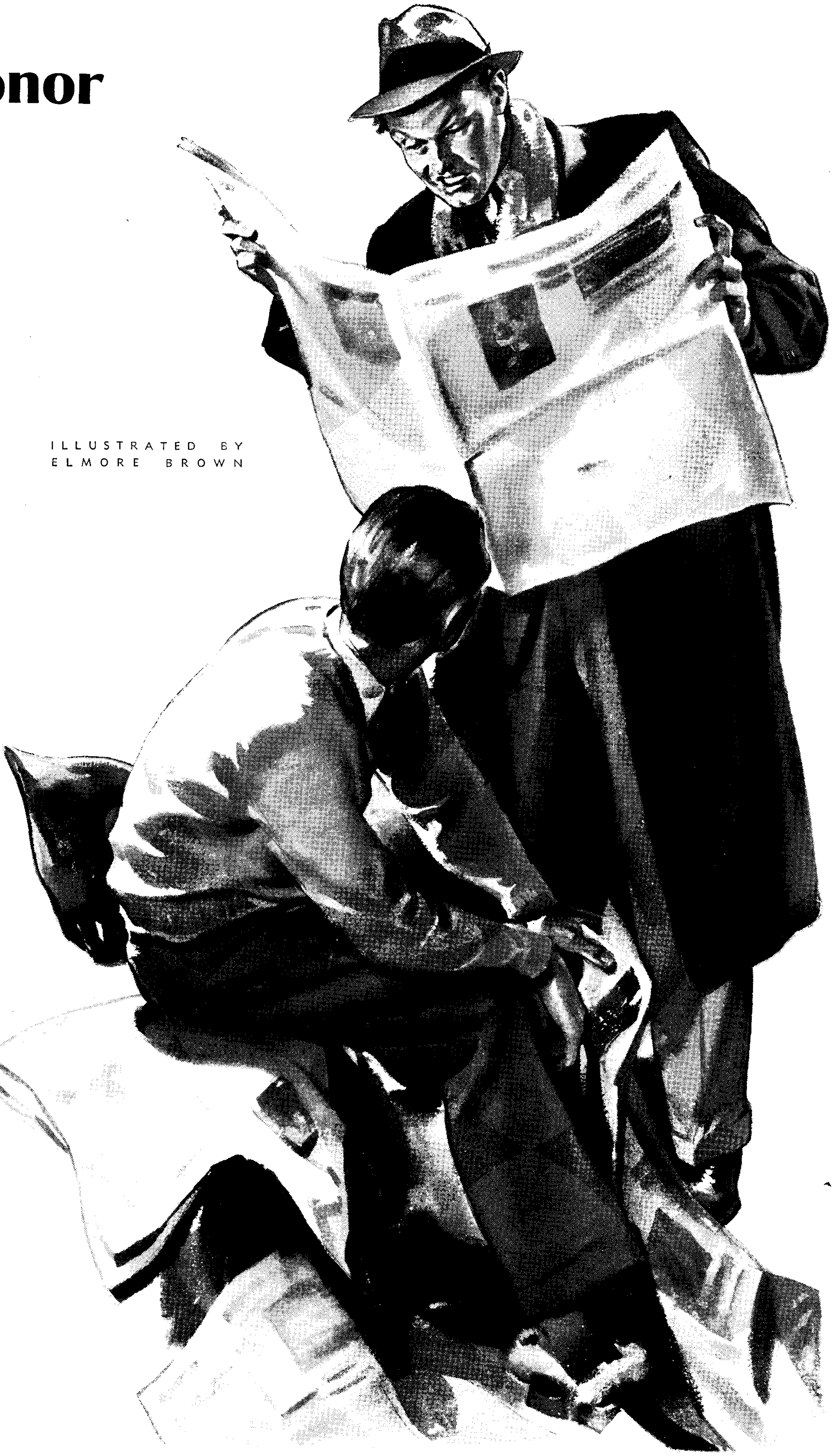
"You're drunk."

"I stay in there for sixty minutes and take the rap; if you hadn't dogged it we'd have won; but you got out and stayed out when they started to hit you. That punk Adams. What're you payin' him?"

Clark's eyes smoldered: "He wrote the truth. If you hadn't tried to show off for those sports writers, we'd have won the game anyhow. Your fumbles lost it and if you had followed orders you wouldn't have fumbled."

(Continued on page 89)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



Cal snatched the sports section from Clark's hands. "Here, I'll read it to you. You'll like this"

The Sign of the Lion

The mystery of the haunted window in Mr. Pennoyer's apartment—another weird adventure of Tarat the astrologer, who understood the stars

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

BERT! *B-e-r-t!*"

"Yes?" called Bert Pennoyer loudly and confusedly, only half awake.

He was in bed in his father's apartment on the fifteenth floor of an apartment hotel off Madison Avenue in New York. His father's room was across the hall.

"You want me, Dad?" Bert called, loudly enough to be heard beyond the closed door by one attentive, but naturally, and at that hour in the early morning, not in a voice to wake the dead.

His father did not answer; Bert had evidently dreamed the summons. He had been dreaming. He had been walking in the moonlight with Miss Margot Abbat, and Margot, who was given to astrology, had been telling him that the moon, thus opposed to the sun, meant romance. And Margot was right, in this as in everything; Bert was feeling very romantic, and was just going to do something about it when he was distracted by the insistent ringing of a bell, followed by the distant hail. . . .

No voice called now; no bell rang; and, alas, no Margot. He groped for a cigarette, struck the match, and glanced at the time; it was two o'clock.

Drawing softly on his cigarette in the darkness, Bert felt exceedingly well and well-off. The whole family, being Bert's father and aunts Emily and Julia, had seemed to like Margot on first encounter, at dinner that evening. The aunts, and particularly Aunt Julia, who was normally cattish, had been most amiable, inviting Margot, in effect, to exhibit to them at once her darkest schemes, frailties, finances and family skeletons.

His father and Margot had taken to each other promptly, but that was a familiar phenomenon to Bert, as between his father and any attractive woman.

"Your aunts are darling," said Margot later. "But your father—well, kiss your new step-mamma nice good night, Bertie!"

Bert could see them now as they had been in the candlelight, leaning to each other, Margot's lips parted, her eyes of electric blue frank with liking; his father—tall, powerful, leonine, fifty-eight and ruddy, the least tinge of gray in his tawny, wavy hair, a twinkle in his sherry-colored eyes. . . .

There had been a stranger at the table, a chap named Tarcot, older than Bert and possibly thirty. He was a tenant of the same floor, having an apartment across the court. A dark, handsome, delicate and sensitive man; the women took to him immediately. Mr. Pennoyer introduced him as John Tarcot, and called him John; only after some time did it appear that he was Dr. Tarcot, a specialist in nervous diseases, come recently from Salt Lake City. Bert was willing to like him but couldn't quite mesh with him, get the sure feel of the man behind the suave and purring manner. But the dinner had been a great success. . . .

If there had been a riffle on its smooth flow it was when Aunt Julia, who was of the betwixt-and-between age that craves chat of operations, disasters and deaths, called to her brother-in-law, "John, dear, isn't this the house where that awful murderer—"

"Better than that, Julie: it's the very apartment," interrupted Mr. Pennoyer, shaking his head at her ever so slightly to suggest that the awful murderer be laid upon the table.

HAVING seen Miss Abbat to her hotel with due solicitude, Bert had a bedtime talk with his father. Bert, graduated that June with his degree in mining engineering, and just returned from the round-the-world cruise whereon he had met Miss Abbat, had more to discuss than could be disposed of in a conference beginning at midnight.

"What's it to be now?" grumbled his father, cutting a fresh cigar and spreading himself with a transparent show of bullying. "See anything on the trip you like better than work?"

"Margot."

"Huh! A slave-driver if I ever saw one. Good for her. That's the women's business: to make men sweat and make them like it. A high-grade little lady.

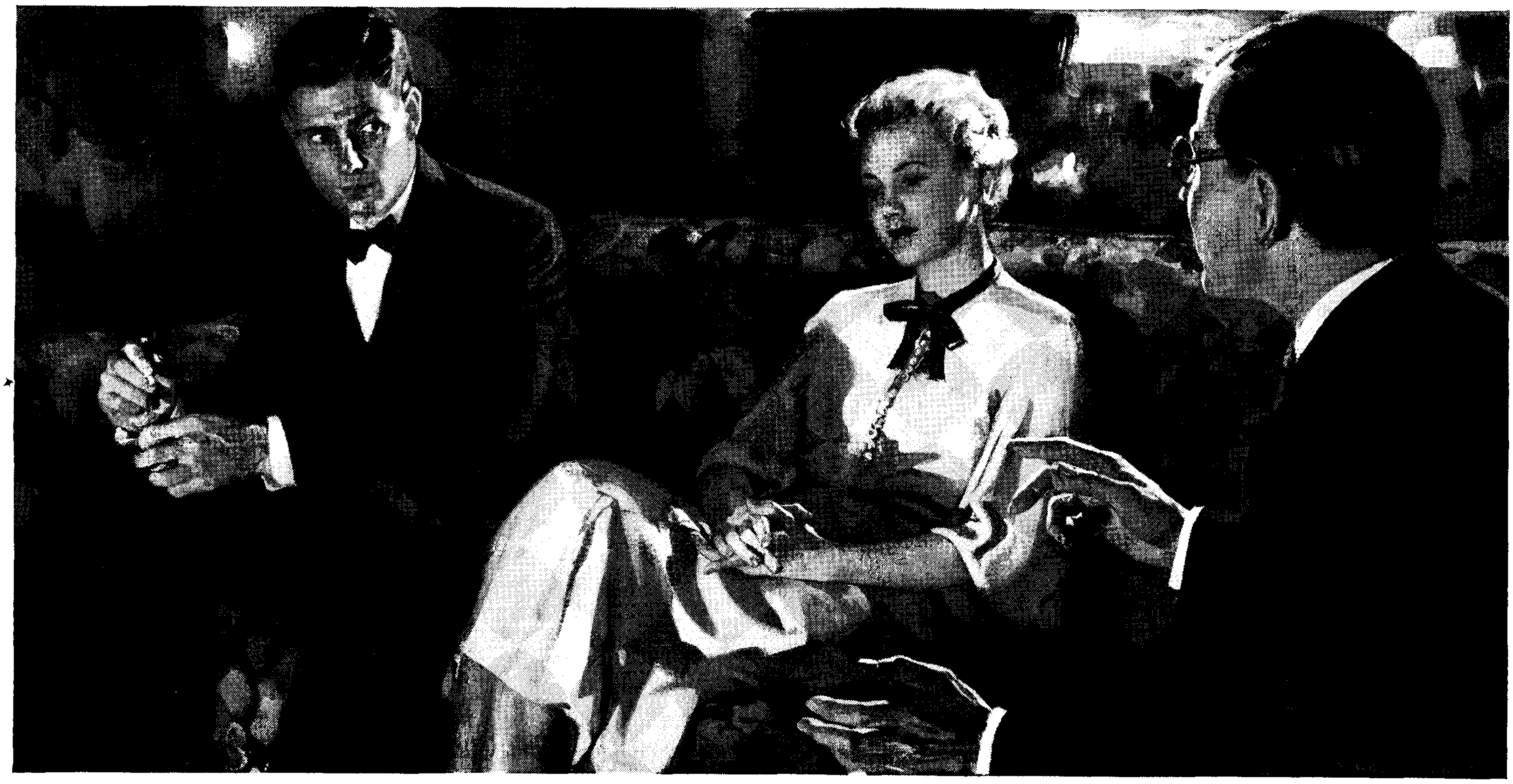
"Well, Bert, if you've seen enough of the outside of the earth, you can start for Utah next week and have a look inside. I'm tired giving our profits to the smelters, and I'm going to build one of our own; so we can use all you know. If you don't know a lot more than we pick-handle graduates, I'll set lawyer Bangser onto that school to sue them.

"Not that there isn't a living in silver mining as is, Bert. Silver broke seventy cents on the upside this morning. . . . How do you like John Tarcot?"

"The little doctor? I don't know, dad. He had more cocktails before dinner than I did, and I felt mine, but he didn't seem to loosen up any. Even when he would laugh he wouldn't laugh right out, but sort of gargled it in his throat —'eh, eh, eh!'— Notice that? Where did you pick him up, Dad? Utah?"

Mr. Pennoyer did not answer at once. He sat still, regarding the fuming tip of his cigar. Several times during the dinner, when Mr. Pennoyer's glance had rested on the alert, smiling and precise psychiatrist, Bert had observed a waning of his father's smile and an expression of intentness and brooding. And yet Mr. Pennoyer's manner toward his guest had been more than kind.

(Continued on page 40)



"There may be psychic phenomena peculiar to that room or window," Dr. Tarcot said

Play by Play

Max Gordon, play producer (wholesale only), is forever hovering between a hit show and a nervous breakdown. And, of course, when he misses the breakdown and turns up with things like "Three's a Crowd" or "The Great Waltz" there's always the stock market to turn to

By Kyle Crichton

WHEN Max Gordon hired Walter Huston and Fay Bainter and spent $59,000 on the production of Dodsworth, he summoned his courage one day and went down to rehearsal. The project was under the supervision of Sidney Howard, who had adapted Sinclair Lewis' book of the same name, and Mr. Howard greeted Mr. Gordon with as little attention as one could give a man who had spent $59,000 on a non-musical show.

"Max," said Mr. Howard, "it would please me very much if you would go on away. We are in the middle of something good here and the least shock might ruin it."

Mr. Gordon went away meekly. He never saw Dodsworth until opening night, sitting then among the paying patrons, thinking of his $59,000 and pounding his palms delightedly in concert with a first-night audience which found Dodsworth extremely good.

Despite all this and perhaps because of it, Mr. Gordon is the most successful producer at the moment. Compared with David Belasco, who burned incense and wore his collar backward and went into trances from which genius was supposed to flow, and compared with Florenz Ziegfeld, who was as closely guarded in his scented offices as the late Sultan of Turkey, Mr. Gordon is a crude fellow who should go back to his old vaudeville acts and forget about art. The only trouble about this is that if Mr. Gordon went back, theatrical art would suffer a blow comparable to the removal of Hank Greenberg from the Detroit Tigers. Several years back he was practically keeping the New York stage alive single-handed.

Even so, the Gordon offices in the New Amsterdam Theater building in New York are a disgrace to the profession. The sign saying "Max Gordon, Entrance," is sagging at one end and held aloft by a piece of string which somebody has obviously just rescued from a meat-market package. The waiting-room is a dark, narrow chamber in which anybody caught trying to swing a cat would be appropriately handled by the janitor. There are four or five chairs lined against the wall, and the office girl sits at a black, beaten oak desk which was perhaps used by the draft officials in the Civil War. The visitor who wishes to see Mr. Gordon can easily get through to the offices at the rear by carefully pulling in the tummy and maneuvering agilely with the hips. In the anteroom which separates the outer office from Mr. Gordon's private office are generally gathered various gentlemen who wear hard hats and have an air of competence and are quite plainly hoping that they may get their business done expeditiously and get out to the track.

The Value of an Education

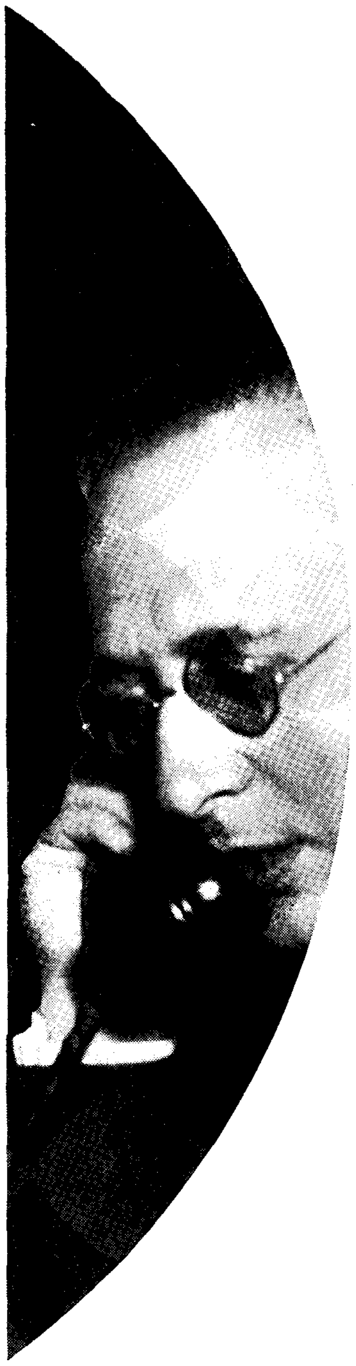
Mr. Gordon himself is neither rushed nor placid; he's in a hurry.

How did he get started in show business?

"I'm just through high school," says Mr. Gordon, "and I think this is a very dull way to get ahead and I ask my brother Cliff Gordon for a job. Cliff is a vaudeville monologuist, very famous for his spluttering Dutchman character, and he also owns three burlesque shows—The Merry World, the World of Pleasure and one I can't remember. I'm seventeen and Cliff gives me a lecture, after first telling me I get no job with his shows. What I should do, says Cliff, is to stick to school and get my education; when I once got that nobody can ever take it away from me. He wishes he had stayed in school when he had the chance. This does not seem like sense to me because Cliff is making big dough and I am making what every kid in high school makes, which is nothing.

"So I write to Jack Singer, who owns the Behman shows, and he says to come on to Pittsburgh and he'll put me to work. I'm to get out on the midnight train, and on my way to the station I meet Raymond Hitchcock and tell him what I'm going to do. Hitchy gives me a lecture. 'You're only a kid,' he says, 'and what you should do is stick in school. Get your education and nobody can ever take it away from you. I wish I'd stuck in school when I had the chance,' says Hitchy. I agree with him and go on down and get the midnight train and go on out to Pittsburgh. I'm advance man for the show and I also make speeches between the acts and sell a little candy and generally make myself useful. By this time Cliff thinks if I can do this for Singer, I might as well be doing it for him, so he hires me.

(Continued on page 87)



Max Gordon, whose willingness to bet on practically anything has made him the most successful producer in the theater

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS Collier's Staff Photographer

Deepwater Island

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

KAREN WATERSON has entered suit against old James Wayne for the island of Alakoa. Behind her is John Colt, a shrewd businessman, who proposes to prove that Karen's grandfather, Garrett Waterson, signed away the island when mentally incompetent. . . . In Honolulu Karen meets young Dick Wayne, a nephew of James Wayne, and sails aboard his boat for Alakoa. Dick, known throughout the islands as Tonga Dick, falls in love with Karen, and she with him. . . . On Alakoa her visit is cut short by the death of James Wayne, of a heart attack. Dick returns her to Honolulu. Then, back on Alakoa, he receives a radio message. He sends for his brothers, Ernest and Willard—and springs a bombshell. "Garrett Waterson," he tells them, "is coming back to the island!" They can't believe him. "Waterson has been dead for twenty years," Ernest replies contemptuously—and Dick laughs. "How can he be dead," he says, "when I'm working for him! . . . Further," he adds, "Karen Waterson and John Colt will be here within twenty-four hours. They'll deal with old Garrett. That leaves you out in the cold!"

When the boat bringing Karen back to Alakoa is offshore Dick goes out to her. "Karen," he says, "I don't want this island. I want you. . . ." The girl is unable to resist his pleas and agrees to leave with him. They slip overside and board Dick's boat and head for the open sea. His hands on the wheel and the woman he loves beside him, Dick tells her that her grandfather is not dead—that he may shortly wage his own battle for Alakoa. The news that she is no longer a potential heiress makes no difference to Karen. But the presence of another woman awaiting Dick Wayne in his cabin does!

She is beautiful—a half-caste named Lilua. In vain Dick pleads with Karen that the girl means nothing to him. "A native—in your cabin!" she tells him scornfully. "Take me back immediately!"

"Not until you know the truth," Tonga Dick replies. "That girl is your cousin. . . ."

Suddenly a scream cuts through the ship. Dick rushes below and finds that Lilua has been stabbed—by Hokano, a huge native known to be her lover. Hokano immediately leaps into the sea—and Dick orders a boat over to pick him up. He is just in time, for Kai-Ale-Ale—the shark—is speeding toward the man in the water.

VIII

HOKANO, that tall unhappy man who had tried to end Lilua's life and his own, presently lay bound with wet cordage in a fo'c'sle bunk. One of his brother Kanakas had bashed him over the head with an oar, as Hokano had turned, treading water, to look at Kai-Ale-Ale.

Tonga Dick Wayne had been right in sending a Kanaka crew in the boat to pick up Hokano; the maxim of South Sea sailors was true—that no one knew how to handle a Kanaka except a Kanaka. Hokano, naked though he looked, had his knife slung about his neck by a sennit cord, and he would have slashed the wrist tendons of anyone who laid hands on him from the boat while he was conscious. After one of them had knocked him out with an oar, another Kanaka had dived to rescue him and had stopped the sinking of the inert form at three fathoms.

It would have been weird watching, for anyone, to see those simple, casual maneuvers—the Kanaka boys standing with easy, natural balance in the reeling little boat on the swells of the sea, letting the dinghy stand on the heel of her scant hull while they dragged Hokano in, without any one of them ever losing his superb balance, and never shipping a quart of water. Nobody not a Kanaka could ever understand the easy affinity of that amphibious people to the sea; sea-riding a small boat, or a canoe, or a floating stick as easily as a *haole* walks on asphalt pavement or handles his knife and fork. . . .

Bound with cords that cut too deep ever to slip, Hokano lay in a foc'sle bunk, awake and impassive. Aft, in Dick Wayne's bed, lay the girl Hokano had tried to kill, fighting for her life; the intense native vitality of Lilua's body held onto life avidly, regardless of how little Lilua herself cared whether she lived or died.

Karen Waterson sat beside Lilua, and Inyashi and the Chinese mess boy hovered behind Karen, useful chiefly to hold Lilua down when she could no longer be controlled. Lilua was not out of her head entirely; she babbled unceasingly in the Hawaiian tongue. Dick went away, unable to listen any more; Lilua was talking as if her heart would break and kill her if her wound did not.

HE WENT on deck and stood at the stern, swaying to a sea he did not feel. The Holokai when full out had always had the character of a crazed animal, able to drive across the surface of the sea like a thing possessed, knocking the swells into spume; but it seemed to Dick now that she wallowed like a slug, getting no place. His whole soul was trying to jerk the Holokai out of the cling of the sea. He would have liked to lift her and throw her through space, and bring her against the beach of Alakoa like the thrust of a knife.

He was standing there, watching what seemed to him the slug-like process of the straining Holokai, when Karen came to his side.

"I'm sorry," Karen said. "I'm terribly sorry. Dick, this has been a thing such as I have never seen."

Dick said in a muffled way, "You don't know what you're saying. How would you know?"

"Dick," Karen said, "I should never have come into the Pacific—above all, I should never have come to Alakoa. I bring nobody anything but sorrow, and trouble, and death."

"Yes," said Dick brutally.

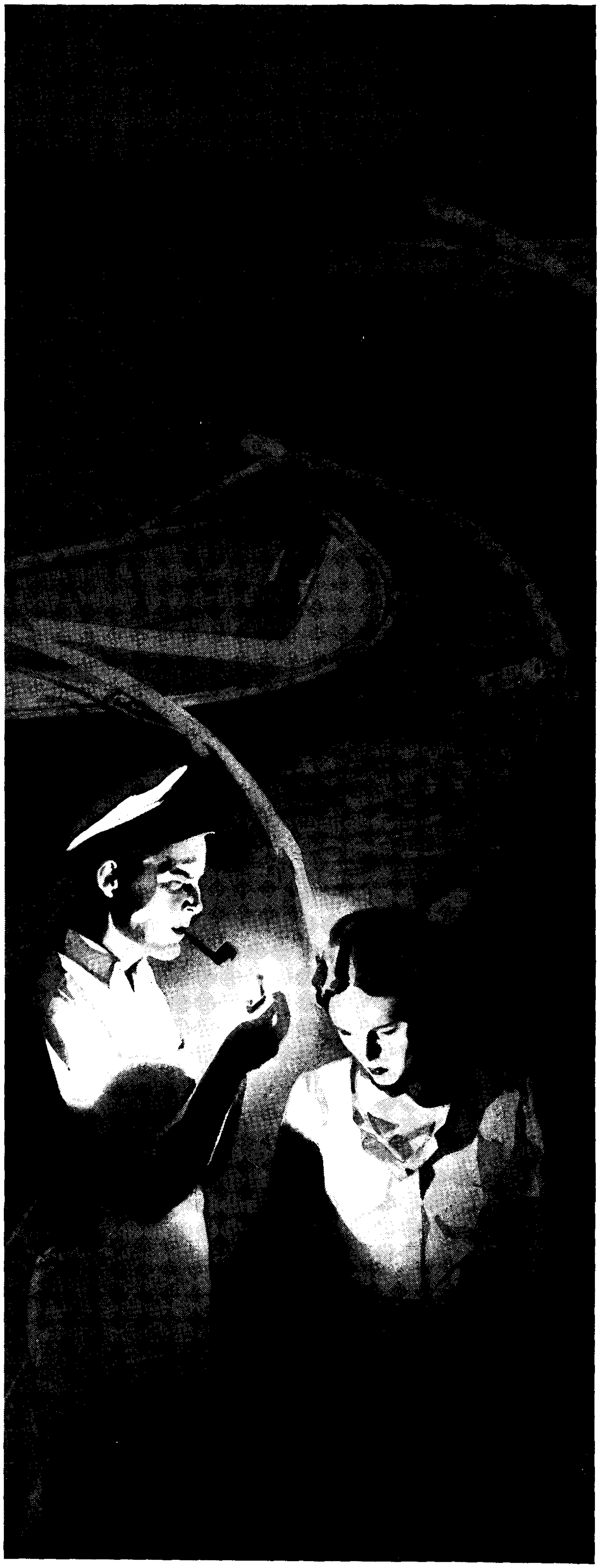
"I think," Karen said, "if it hadn't been for this mongrel girl, it would have been all right. We're an awfully long way apart, I guess; but—except for her—I think you and I would have got together, in the end."

Dick Wayne's elbows rested on the rail. The Holokai was throwing everything she had into kicking the sea behind her, and the white boil of her wake stretched into a path that failed only with night vision; but Tonga Dick was looking at something beyond its utmost reach. He spoke thickly, with an unaccustomed incoherence.

"That girl knew what it was to love something," he said.

It required a conscious effort of Karen's mind to know what girl he meant; but when she had done that she was ready for what he said next, even before he said it. "Without demanding anything, without ever any questions, or any terms. None of this everlasting doubt, and wavering, and indecision. Once and for all, she gave everything she had, and asked for nothing."

(Continued on page 75)



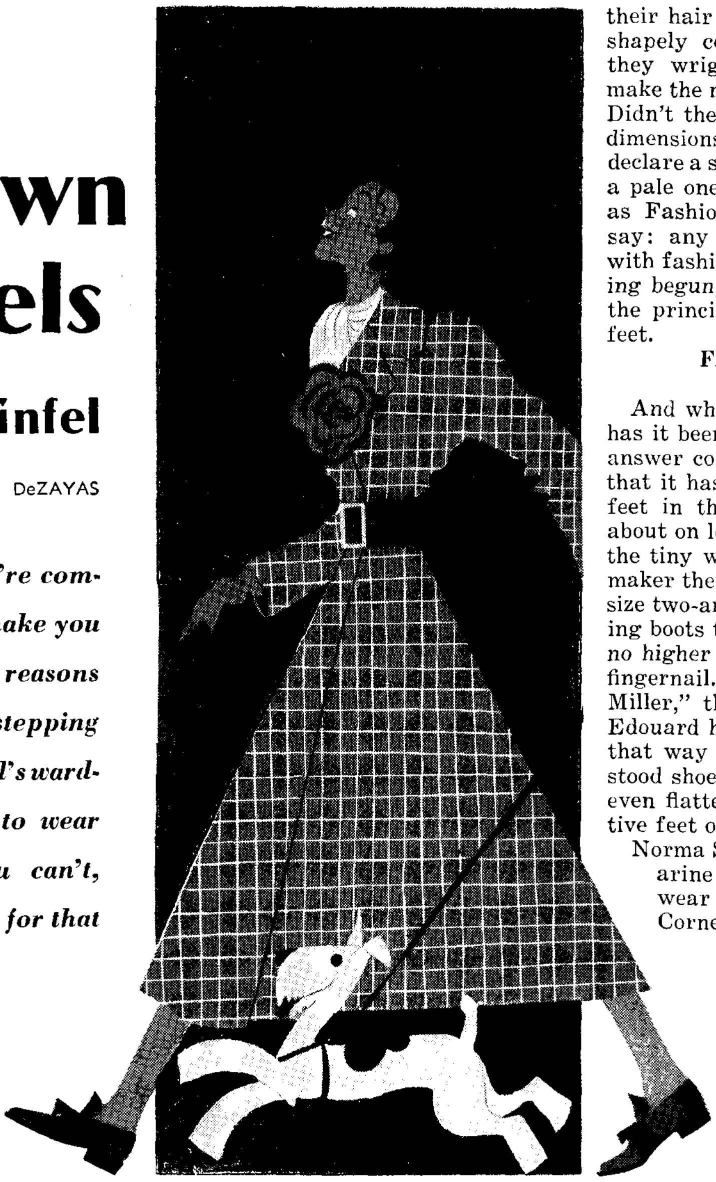
"Dick," Karen said, "I should never have come into the Pacific. I bring nobody anything but sorrow, and trouble, and death"

Lowdown on Heels

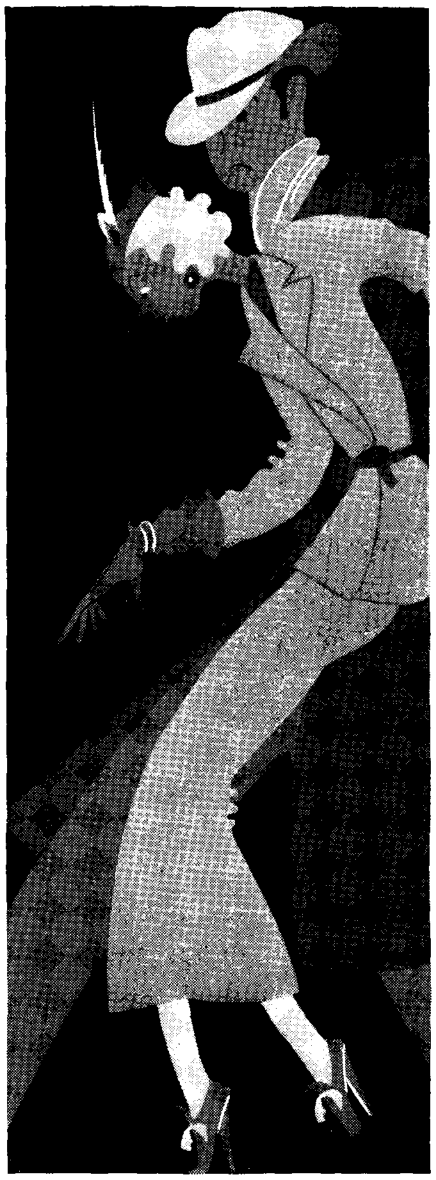
By Ruth Seinfel

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DeZAYAS

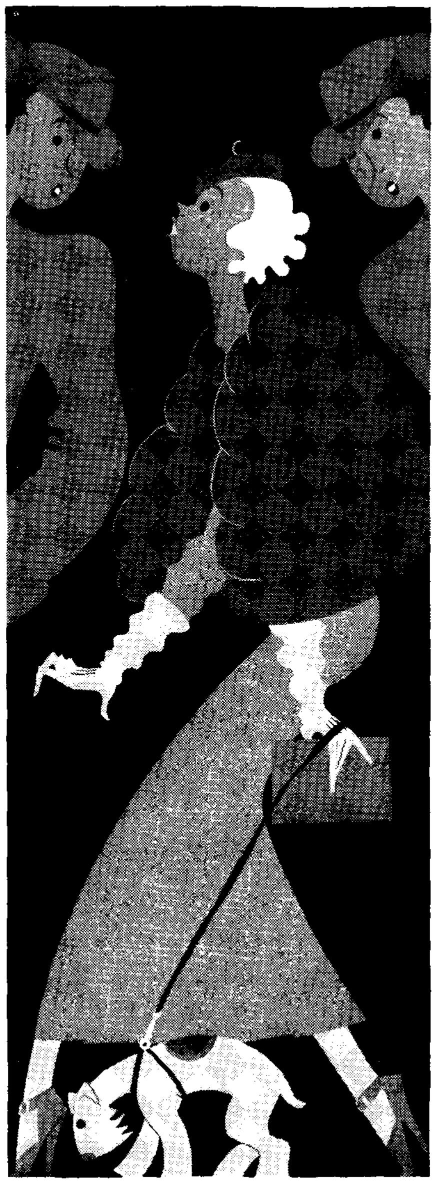
They're smart. They're comfortable. And they make you walk better. Good reasons why low heels are stepping into every knowing gal's wardrobe. If you'd like to wear them but think you can't, there's a remedy even for that



A dog can prance when his mistress steps out in flat-heeled shoes



Spike heels will spoil the boy friend's disposition and your morning stroll



A dog can't have any fun when he has to "heel" to your tottering spikes

SOME say the tall girls began it, being moved by an understandable desire to bring their careful coiffures at least down to their dancing partners' eye level. Some say it happened because Mrs. Dan Palter's feet hurt, and Mr. P., being a good husband as well as a shoe manufacturer, set about making comfort in shoes fashionable by way of introducing the idea into his own home.

Some say the idea was born in Paris, and some deny it hotly, but there is one statement that wins the shoe wiseacres to unanimity. To wit: it's a smart woman these days who knows her "flats."

In other words, those low heels we kicked around on so happily all summer were not just a summer fancy, as soon forgotten as vacation boy friends. Round-toed and square, sandal and pump and evening slipper, they are stepping boldly out on the Rue de la Paix, sitting proudly in shop windows on Fifth Avenue and Michigan Boulevard. The big manufacturers, whose wares are sold all over the country, are busy turning them out by thousands of pairs. And a whole new idea of shoe wardrobes is being evolved, with heel heights varying to suit the costumes and the occasion.

"What's so remarkable about it?" they ask when you and I blink in mild astonishment at patent leather dancing slippers with little-girl bows of grosgrain and heels an inch high. It's been coming for years. Didn't women bob their hair for comfort and make small, shapely coiffures fashionable? Didn't they wriggle out of whalebones and make the natural unfettered figure chic? Didn't they reduce bathing suits to the dimensions of a pocket handkerchief and declare a sun-browned skin smarter than a pale one? Put this in your copybook as Fashion Axiom Number One, they say: any style that combines comfort with fashion will become a classic. Having begun, more or less, with the head, the principle has just got down to the feet.

Flat Heels Aren't New

And why, you query in a small voice, has it been so long getting there? The answer comes, quick as a movie flicker, that it hasn't. Some of the best-known feet in the world have been bouncing about on low heels since away back. In the tiny workshop of that custom shoemaker they call Edouard, I saw rows of size two-and-a-half footgear, from walking boots to evening slippers, with heels no higher than the length of your little fingernail. They were marked "Miss Miller," the first name being Marilyn. Edouard has been making them for her that way for years. On another shelf stood shoes somewhat larger, with heels even flatter, destined to hold the seductive feet of Marlene Dietrich.

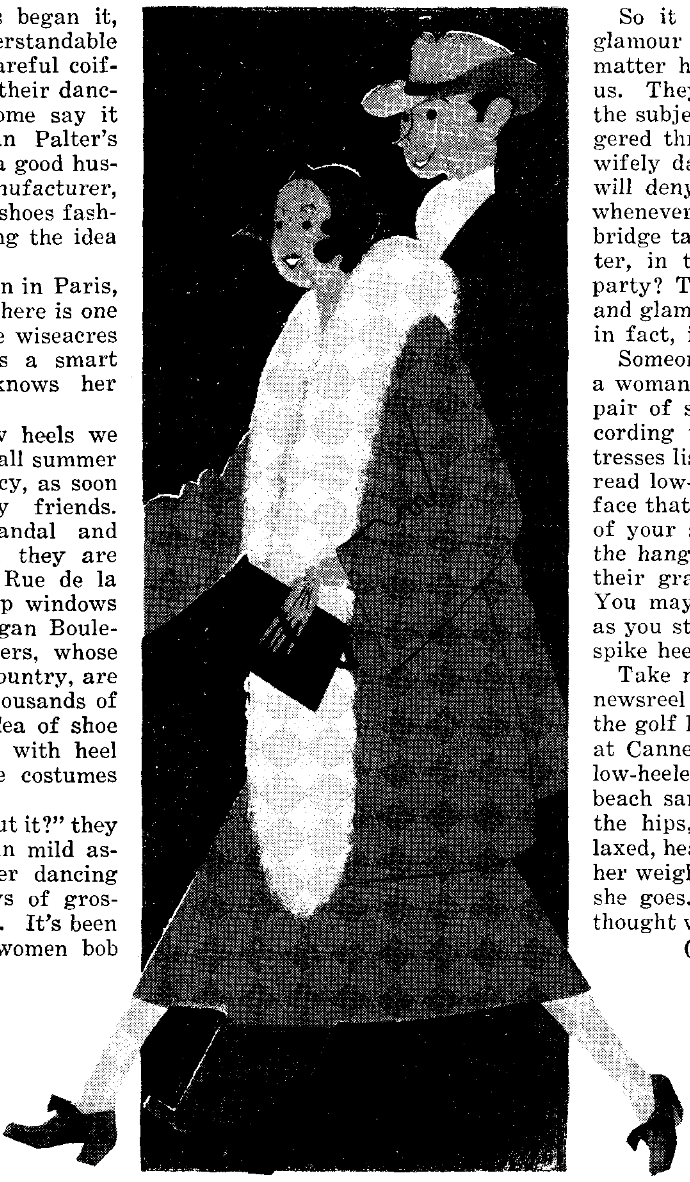
Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, Merle Oberon, all wear them low as low. Katharine Cornell ditto.

So it seems these girls with whom glamour and beauty are a professional matter have been stealing a march on us. They've been using their heads on the subject of feet, while we have staggered through our business and housewifely days on stilts. Who among us will deny that she kicks off her shoes whenever opportunity offers—under the bridge table, at the movies or the theater, in the car driving home from a party? The joke, I fear, is on us. Beauty and glamour never asked for a sacrifice; in fact, it does them no service at all.

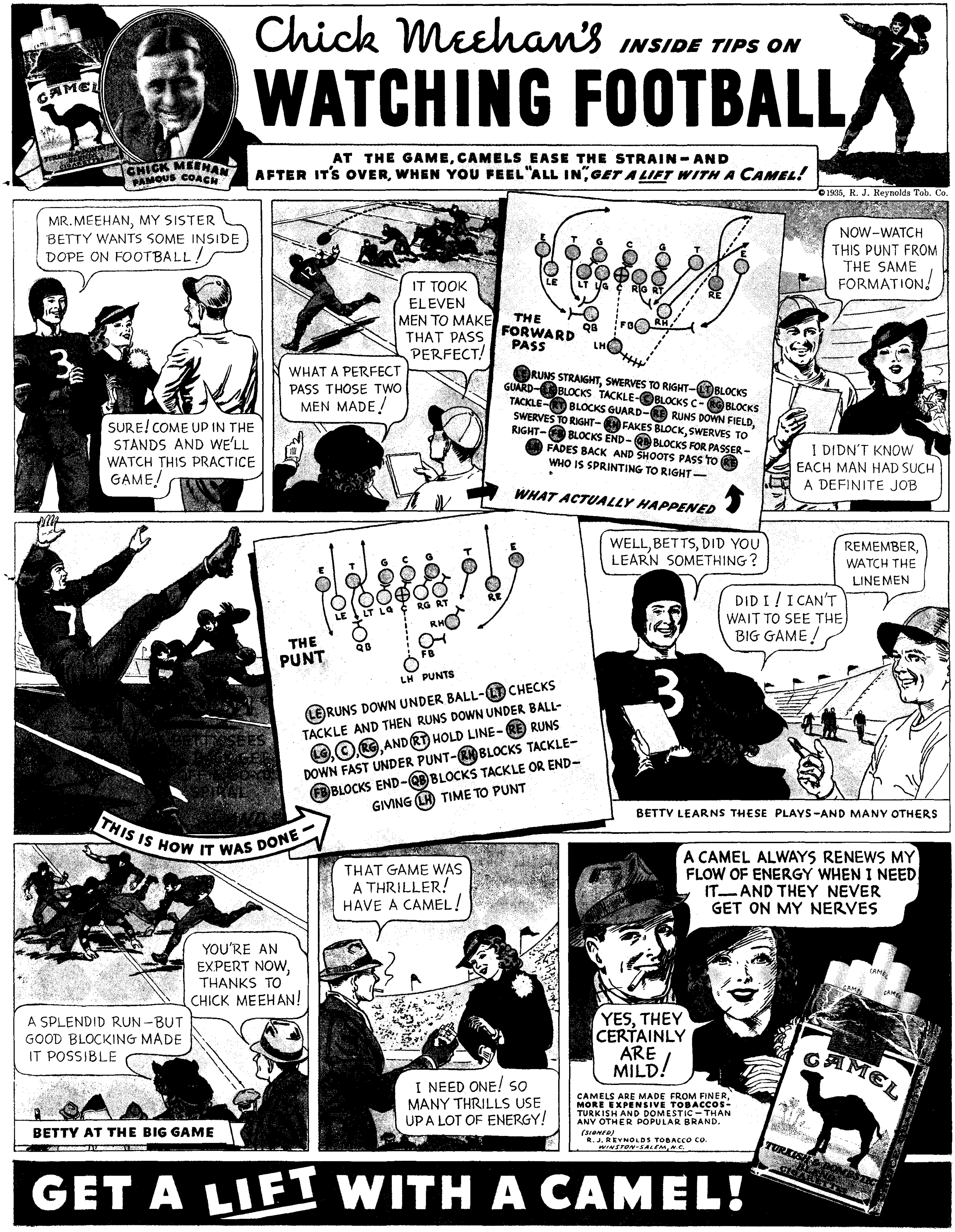
Someone once said that the best facial a woman could have was a comfortable pair of shoes. For "comfortable," according to the gallery of leading actresses listed above, we must apparently read low-heeled. And it isn't only your face that shows the difference. The tilt of your spine, the angle of your neck, the hang of your shoulders depend for their grace on the way you are shod. You may like the look of your ankles, as you stand before the mirror on your spike heels. But how about your hips?

Take notice the next time you see a newsreel of some queen of fashion on the golf links at Pinehurst or the beach at Cannes. See how she walks on her low-heeled golf shoes or her heelless beach sandals—a fine, free stride from the hips, back straight, shoulders relaxed, head high, and a smooth swing of her weight from one foot to the other as she goes. It's natural, as a moment's thought will show you. The foot is built

(Continued on page 68)



Comfortable shoes and a pleased boy friend walk side by side


Chick Meehan's INSIDE TIPS ON
WATCHING FOOTBALL
CHICK MEEHAN FAMOUS COACH
AT THE GAME, CAMELS EASE THE STRAIN—AND AFTER IT'S OVER, WHEN YOU FEEL "ALL IN", GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!
MR. MEEHAN, MY SISTER BETTY WANTS SOME INSIDE DOPE ON FOOTBALL!
SURE! COME UP IN THE STANDS AND WE'LL WATCH THIS PRACTICE GAME!
IT TOOK ELEVEN MEN TO MAKE THAT PASS PERFECT!
WHAT A PERFECT PASS THOSE TWO MEN MADE!
THE FORWARD PASS
E T G C G T E
LE LT LG C RG RT RE
QB FB RH LH
LE RUNS STRAIGHT, SWERVES TO RIGHT—LT BLOCKS GUARD—LG BLOCKS TACKLE—C BLOCKS C—RG BLOCKS TACKLE—RT BLOCKS GUARD—RE RUNS DOWN FIELD, SWERVES TO RIGHT—RH FAKES BLOCK, SWERVES TO RIGHT—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS FOR PASSER—LH FADES BACK AND SHOOTS PASS TO RE WHO IS SPRINTING TO RIGHT—
WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED
NOW—WATCH THIS PUNT FROM THE SAME FORMATION!
I DIDN'T KNOW EACH MAN HAD SUCH A DEFINITE JOB
THE PUNT
E T G C G T E
LE LT LG C RG RT RE
RH QB FB LH PUNTS
LE RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LT CHECKS TACKLE AND THEN RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LG, C, RG, AND RT HOLD LINE—RE RUNS DOWN FAST UNDER PUNT—RH BLOCKS TACKLE—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS TACKLE OR END—GIVING LH TIME TO PUNT
THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE
WELL, BETTS, DID YOU LEARN SOMETHING?
REMEMBER, WATCH THE LINEMEN
DID I! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE BIG GAME!
BETTY LEARNS THESE PLAYS—AND MANY OTHERS
YOU'RE AN EXPERT NOW, THANKS TO CHICK MEEHAN!
A SPLENDID RUN—BUT GOOD BLOCKING MADE IT POSSIBLE
BETTY AT THE BIG GAME
THAT GAME WAS A THRILLER! HAVE A CAMEL!
I NEED ONE! SO MANY THRILLS USE UP A LOT OF ENERGY!
A CAMEL ALWAYS RENEWS MY FLOW OF ENERGY WHEN I NEED IT—AND THEY NEVER GET ON MY NERVES
YES, THEY CERTAINLY ARE MILD!
CAMEL TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

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CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.
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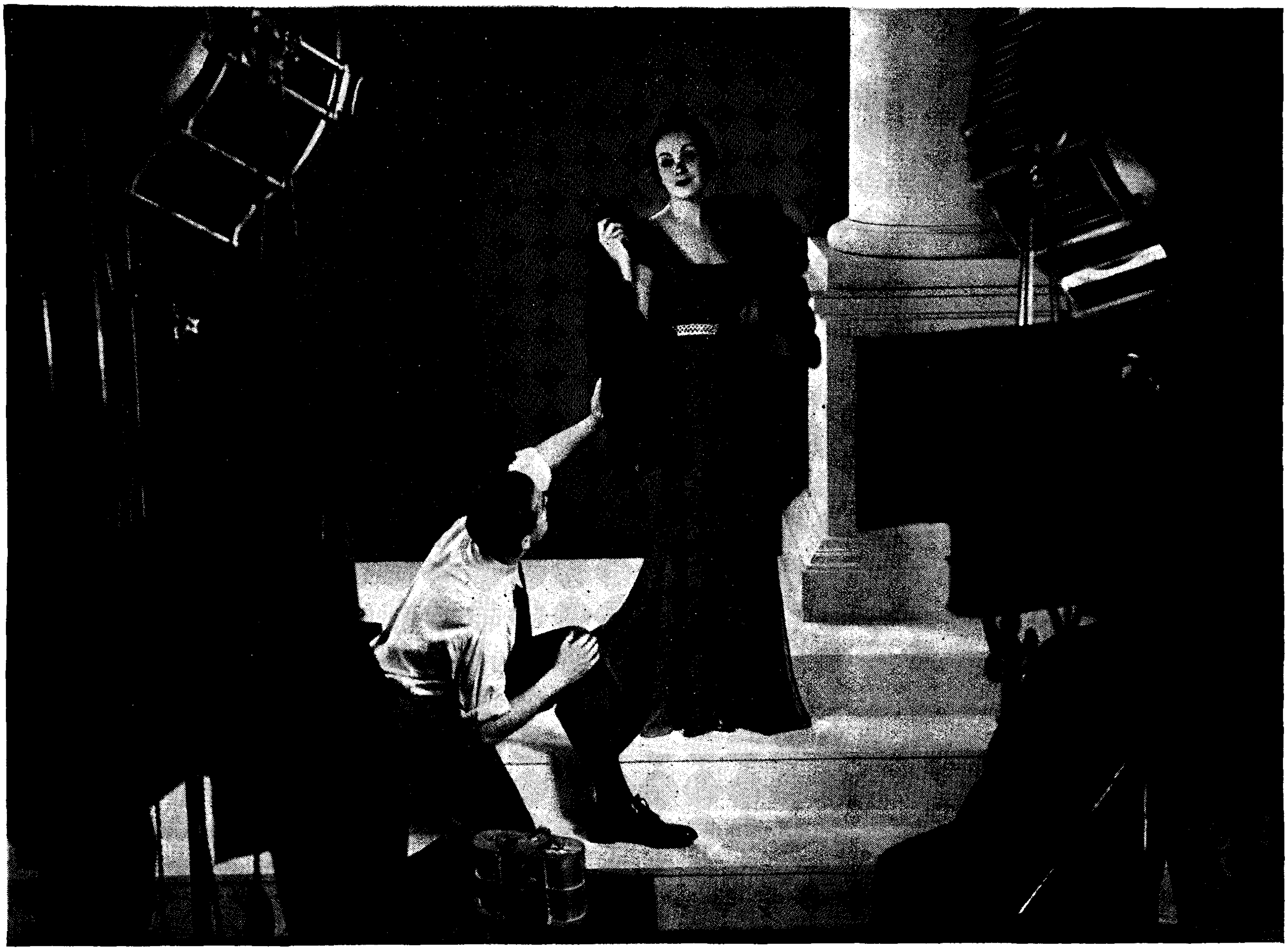


"Stand about there," he ordered. "You can check up in that mirror while I'm getting set"

The Perfect Model

By Lawton MacLane

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL A. HESSE

What happened to Barry Mitchell, photographer, who needed a perfect model and found Ann Wayne

THE shrewd placing of the brilliant lights and the girl's insistent figure stressed the designed allure of the gown she wore. She stood stiffly motionless, eying Barry at the camera.

There came a click. "Right," he conceded and stepped to the nearer of the lights, switched it off, moved to the other.

Immediately the girl's fingers busied themselves at the fastenings of the gown. Her smooth shoulders emerged from it, then the not uncomely rest of her, clad in artful, irreducible bits of silk.

Without a glance at her, Barry snapped off the second light and returned to the camera, stolid on its tripod. His mission in Rothstein's each Saturday was to take pictures of young ladies in selected Rothstein creations. However gorgeous, whether arrayed in furs or startling nothings, a model, to Barry Mitchell, was an object to be photographed. And in turn, to the young ladies under Miss Levy, Barry was an object; one viewed with no favor, for his gray eyes were as critical as they were cool and by no art could a personal 8x10 be lured from him.

An impatient exclamation from the girl made him look up. Hot, cross, she was struggling with the next dress. Her hair was a strident, unawed red, the dainty frock a softly flowing orange. Barry eyed the conflict with unconcealed distaste. "That's what's-her-name's dress—isn't it?" he asked acidly.

The girl's glance was not amiable. "Yeah," she said, ominously.

A male with insight would have recognized a time for tact, but Barry's curt "All right" as he slipped the necessary filter over his lens was far from soothing.

WHEN he looked up again, it was in time to see the girl fling the orange frock over a chair. "Wait a minute," he exclaimed. "Where's what's-her-name? Where's Miss Levy?"

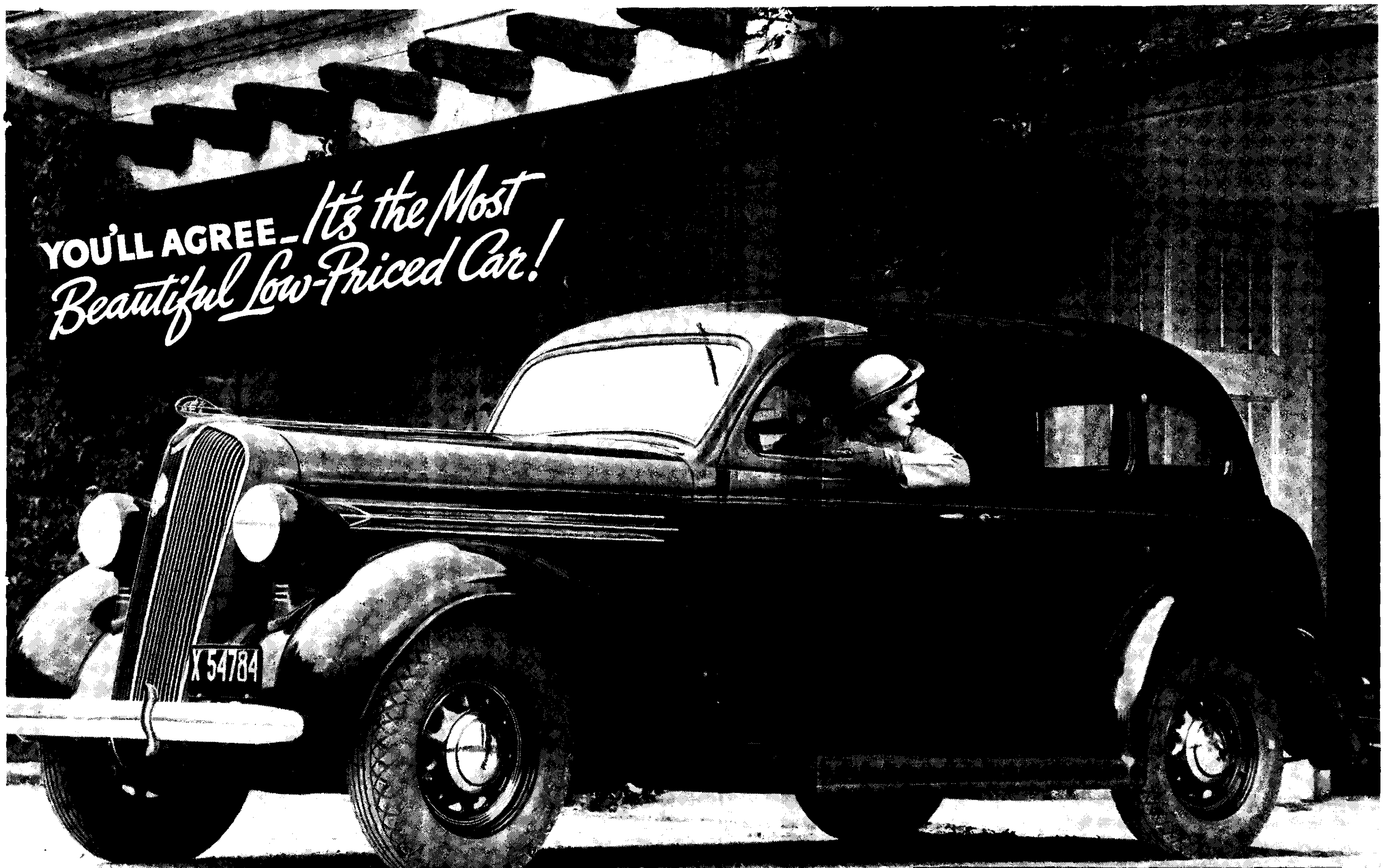
The girl snatched up the other gown. "You should know, Brighteyes," she gibed—and was gone.

Barry sought Miss Levy; found she had departed. Someone had to be found to get into that orange frock. Exploring the almost deserted premises, he discovered a gangling youth, enlisted him as a guide and together they opened various doors—to empty rooms. At last in a small workroom they found a girl, standing back from a littered table, surveying a half-trimmed hat. She turned at their entrance.

Barry appraised her swiftly. She would do. She would more than do; the black hair had good lights in it, the dark brows were even and unplucked, blue eyes clear, lips well defined, skin smooth, unshadowed. Provided that green smock concealed no deformity, he was in luck. No data were taken as to what might be found in the blue depths of those eyes or in the soft curvings of those lips.

And Ann Wayne regarded her intruder with equal care, but far more searchingly. She saw a tall young man, obviously warm, with shockingly stained fingers—as though he had been hulling walnuts. He was lean and dark with a thin, proud nose and a mouth that, if permitted, might be sensitive. But the

It's the New '36 Plymouth – Now on Display!



40 Big Improvements – Greatest Plymouth ever built!

PEOPLE EXPECTED IT. And now it's here . . . the greatest Plymouth in eight great years. More than forty improvements add to Plymouth's sensational value.

It's the biggest and sturdiest car we've ever built . . . with a 100% more rigid frame . . . body newly reinforced at five main points.

It is again the most economical full-size car you can own . . . with evidence piling up that it gives 18 to 23 miles or more per gallon of gas.

The 1936 Safety-Steel body is not only stronger . . . and safer . . . but also has new insulation against rumble and road noise. Plymouth's brakes are *100% hydraulic*—they stop you safely.

Steering of new design does away with the final trace of road-shock at the wheel.

Added to the luxury of Plymouth's Floating Ride are 11 new comfort features . . . inches more leg room . . . 2 inches more elbow and shoulder room.

This new 1936 Plymouth is on display at your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer. See how big and beautiful it is . . . ride in it . . . drive it. (Ask about the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.)

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

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1. **ECONOMY**—All evidence indicates 18 to 23 miles per gallon of gas.
2. **SAFETY**—Plymouth's body is Safety Steel . . . Brakes are 100% hydraulic.
3. **RELIABILITY**—Of all low-priced cars, Plymouth has most long-life features.
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1936 CHRYSLER SIX . . . 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase. Six body types.

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CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 115 horsepower, 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger sedan and six-passenger coupe.

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Chrysler luxury for 1936 starts with the big, new Chrysler Six. It costs just a little more than the lowest-priced cars but it gives you a whole lot more.

More beauty . . . more style. More speed, more ability, with its 93 horsepower engine. A more comfortable ride, with its 118-inch wheelbase, big tires, new weight distribution and big soft-acting springs.

More room . . . wider seats, deeper upholstery. It's a bigger, finer, safer, steadier car . . . yet Chrysler engineering makes it surprisingly economical to own.

De Luxe Eight . . . Fast, Powerful

If you call to mind the type of luxury that used to characterize the two thousand dollar class, you'll get a good idea of the new Chrysler De Luxe Eight. Astonishingly enough, it lists for about half that price!

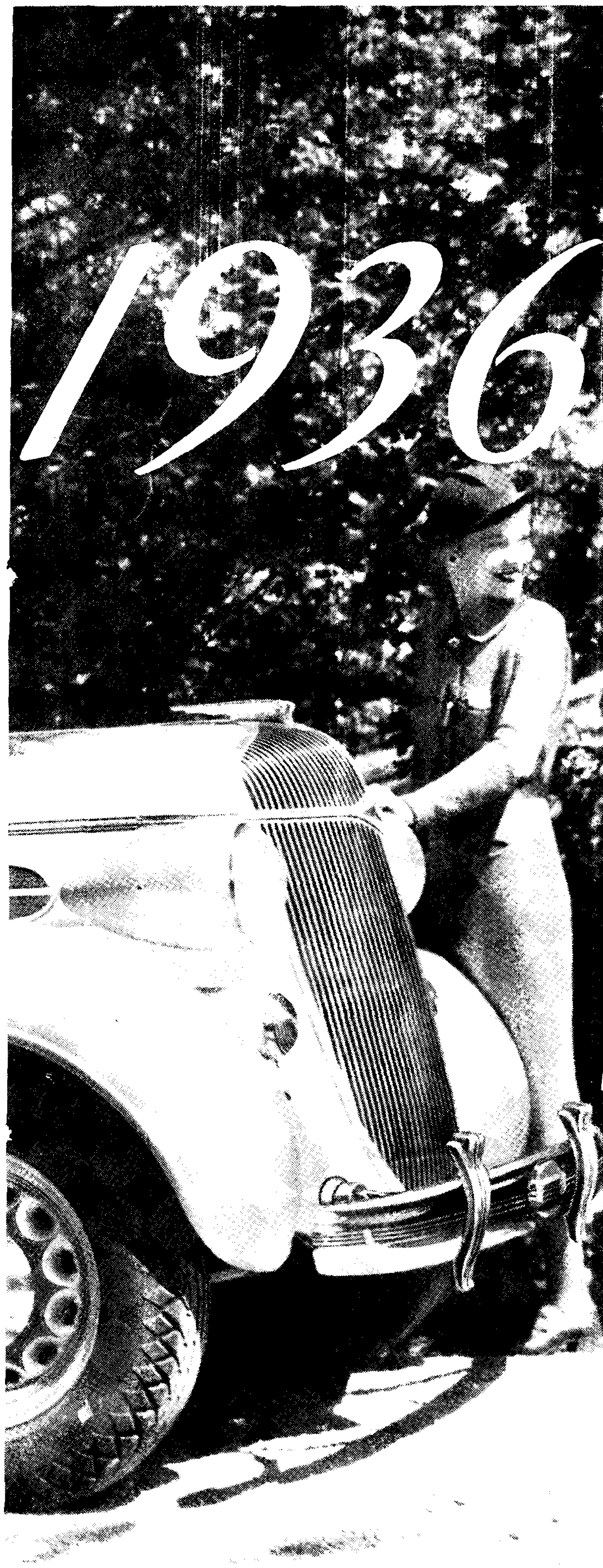
In thrilling performance, it bows to nothing on the road. It's not only amazingly quick . . . its pick-up and astonishing top speed have an almost uncanny smoothness made possible by the latest developments in Chrysler's famous Floating Power.

It's a commanding-looking car . . . long, low-swung. A great big luxurious car to ride in . . . with wider, chair-high seats and deep, soft upholstery. There are smart, comfortable bodies on 121-inch wheelbase . . . and special, extra-roomy, custom-type models on a wheelbase of 133 inches.

Beautiful New Airflow Eight

At only a slightly higher price, Chrysler offers in the 1936 Airflow Eight the famous Airflow advantages which have revolutionized all motoring standards.

This magnificent car is alive with a new beauty inside and out. A new sweeping grace in hood design . . . smart new louvers . . . a big trunk that's an integral part of the body . . . entirely re-styled interiors. Here is the glorious Floating Ride as only Airflow gives it. Here is the incomparable safety of a body and frame



CUSTOM CAR LUXURY AT A PRACTICAL PRICE

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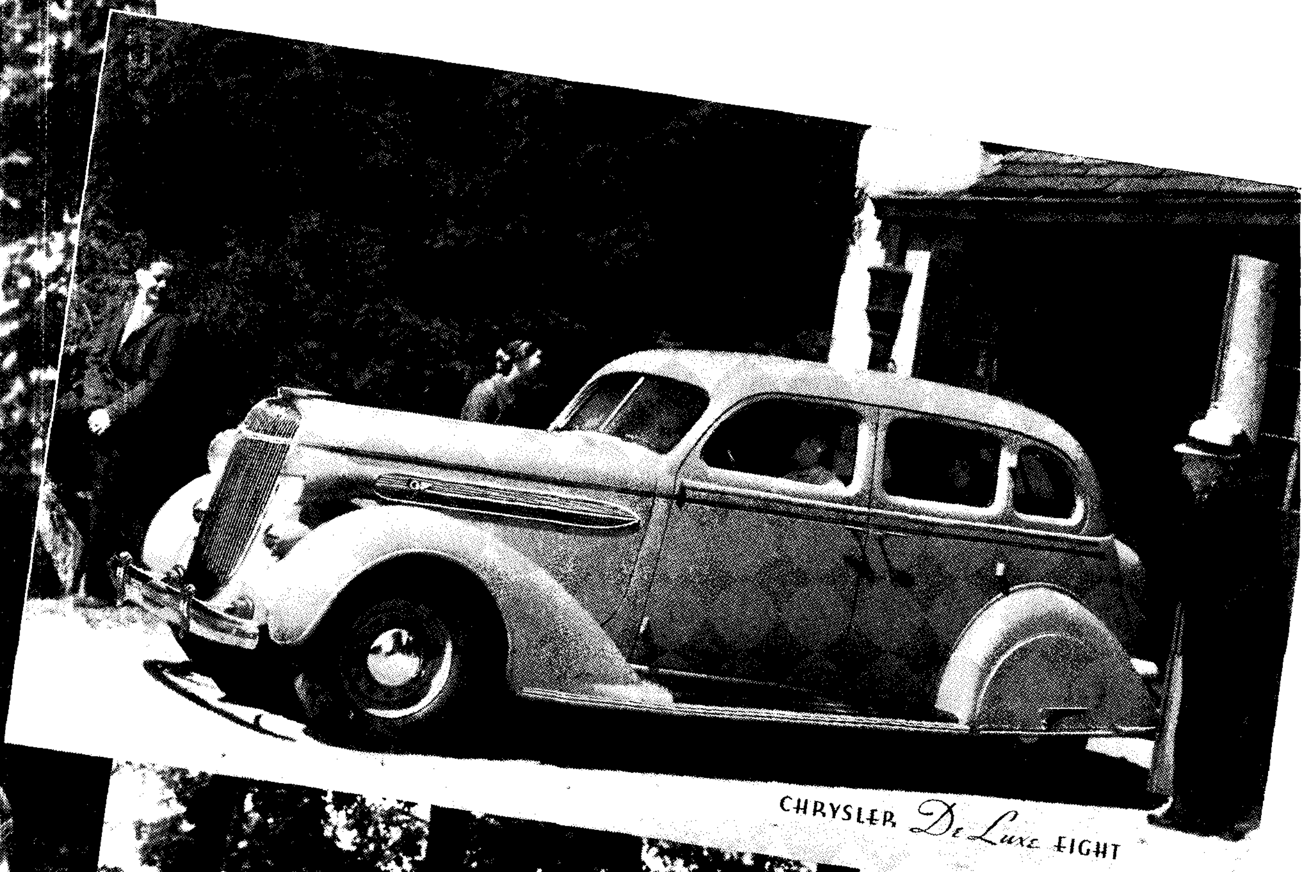

NEW Airflow CHRYSLERS

that are one strong, rigid unit from end to end. Here are the drawing-room spaciousness and divan-like seats that only Airflow design makes possible.

Airflow Imperial . . . Chrysler's Finest

The beautiful new 1936 Airflow Imperial is the finest expression of Chrysler's engineering leadership. For speed with economy, it has literally no equal in the world. With all of its power and brilliant performance, this car holds the astonishing economy record of 18.1 miles per gallon on a transcontinental run.

No car, however costly, can match its luxurious Floating Ride . . . because the highest advantages of modern weight distribution are possible only in Airflow. And Airflow design, too, makes possible its truly astonishing roominess . . . great wide seats . . . extra inches of leg and head-room.

> *"You get the good things first in a Chrysler"*

This big car of 130 horsepower and 128-inch wheelbase is truly one of the most luxurious motor cars ever built . . . yet it is priced astonishingly low in the medium-price range.

Automatic Overdrive For All Models

Introduced to the world on the Airflow cars, the Automatic Overdrive has been the most talked-about motoring improvement in years. *"At 45 miles an hour a miracle happens"* is a phrase that has become famous from coast to coast. For 1936, Automatic Overdrive is standard on the Airflow Imperial. It is also available at slight additional cost on all the 1936 Chrysler lines. It lends a new zest and a new thrill to motoring . . . *but that is not all.* It gives every Chrysler not only astonishing fuel economy for its size and power . . . it permits these big luxurious cars to travel at high speeds with a gasoline and oil consumption as low, and often lower, than that of smaller cars.

All the 1936 Chryslers have Chrysler's matchless hydraulic brakes . . . time-tested for twelve years. All have Chrysler's famous Floating Power. All have strong, rigid safety-steel bodies. All sedans have integral body-form trunks at no extra cost.

Before you buy any new car at any price for 1936, see for yourself how much more you can get for your money in a Chrysler!

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gray eyes were startling. She felt that their narrowing scrutiny of her had missed nothing; had considered and passed upon every detail, and behind them, cool, aloof, there seemed an unchallengeable competence to judge. Then a voice, cool, even, stated the intruder's predicament and requested her aid, as though sure it would be given.

She delayed reply, continuing her scrutiny with something of the wariness of a wild thing. During the past year in New York Ann Wayne had learned to weigh any proposal made to her, and the person making it. Cool this young man appeared, even chilling, but—she wondered. Suddenly, curiously prompted, she gave her assent and the trio made their devious way to the camera.

When Ann came from the curtained dressing booth Barry's eyes completed their survey. They reported good ankles and feet, fine hands and an excellent, slender figure that bore itself and the orange frock with a quick distinction.

"Stand about there," he ordered. "You can check up in that mirror while I'm getting set." He switched on the lights again, moved one a bit closer, and returned to the camera.

In a moment or two he was ready but said nothing to her. Shutter release in hand, he stood and watched her alertly.

TURNED a bit toward the mirror, she was intent on her reflection, suppressing a rebellion of dark tendrils over one ear. The insurgents were put down and she stood for a last look. It was lovely, that frock, and she smiled a little wistfully. A finger moved to caress a tiny fold in the front of the skirt.

Before it lifted, Barry had pressed the release. He changed the holder, then walked over to her to arrange a pose that would meet Rothstein's standards.

At first she was a little timid and uncertain, and Barry was helped not at all by the appearance of a young man with brown eyes that protruded. This fleshy unknown was a not-infrequent observer when pictures of the young ladies were being taken but he did not tarry long and after his departure Barry's task was easy.

When he had taken two poses he nodded. "That's all," he said. "You did very well—and thank you."

Ann started to speak, but, busy at the camera, he was already oblivious of her and she went on into the dressing booth.

Barry reached for his coat, and just then the young man with protruding eyes reappeared.

"Wait a sec," he said, winking intimately at Barry. In one plump hand were dainty, well-nigh negligible garments. He carried them to Ann's booth.

Barry glanced at him. Funny business, he sensed immediately. But it was none of his business.

The other parted the curtains of the booth; thrust his head inside. There was a startled exclamation but he did not withdraw. "These will be next, baby," he announced in a tone of authority. His round head reappeared and he winked again at Barry. "One more picture," he said in the same tone.

Barry straightened. "I'm through with my list," he stated, walking over to the second lamp.

The other followed. "Listen," he began threateningly. "You do what you're told around here if you want this picture job."

"Ye-es?" drawled Barry. "And who tells me?"

"I do!" A plump hand grabbed at the lamp. The reflector and a 1,500-watt bulb dropped. There was a loud pop.

Brown eyes, swelling froggily, were close. Barry aimed between and a bit below them; struck precisely, and the bulb-breaker sat down. A little red stream came brightly from his nostrils.

The gangling youth suddenly vanished and Ann, wide-eyed, came from the booth. She saw her cool young man regarding his now brilliantly fluent opponent with eyes that were indisputably warm. But they cooled quickly and the arch of the thin nostrils lowered.

"BETTER let that run into a sink somewhere," he suggested evenly.

The bulb-breaker struggled to his feet. Then over the white of a rapidly reddening handkerchief his bursting eyes fixed on Barry. "You'll never take another picture here—y'understand? Never!" He turned on Ann. "You're fired!" he declared venomously, and in strides heavy with pain and purpose he departed.

The gangling youth appeared cautiously from somewhere. He regarded Barry with mingled reproof and admiration. "Boy!" he stated, "you shoved your knuckles into something besides a nose!"

"What do you mean?"

"That was old man Rothstein's little boy—that's all." He turned to the girl. "You're unemployed, sister," he told her sadly. "Me, I wasn't around—and I ain't gonna be!" And he left.

Barry glanced at the girl. Her knuckles, tight against her lips, came away quickly.

"Bad news?" he asked.

"Rather," she replied simply. Her blue eyes were clouded. Ann had learned things about being jobless that would not leave her memory.

He regarded her briefly, a faint annoyance now in his frown. "Ever model? What can you do?" he asked.

To the first question she shook her head. In answer to the second she listed briefly, hat trimming, restaurant work, 5-and-10 clerking, other tangibles. Of certain gentler accomplishments she said nothing. They had seemed of value before the crash of the Wayne Corporation and her father's death, but since, as assets, she had steadily written them down and finally off.

"You wear clothes well," Barry stated judicially. "I think Berman, a wholesaler I know, would take you on—if you're interested."

"I'm interested."

"Well, if this job blows up and you can't find anything else, come down to my place"—he gave her a business card—"on Tuesday. After two o'clock."

Had he looked at her then he might have caught an odd expression, a look such as a maid might give a knight—a maid who hadn't seen a knight for a long time.

"Thank you," she said. "And thank you, too, for—" she hesitated, flushing.

"No thanks due as yet," he broke in brusquely, and walked over to the camera.

She flushed still more, again started to speak, but gave it up. He was a strange knight.

BARRY, a dingy towel hanging from his belt, came out of the darkroom; carried a wet print over to the littered table by the window. Skidding a blotter from the top of a pile he laid the print on it and wiped his hands. It was an enlargement of the first picture of Ann in the orange frock and—a picture. Captured, printed, was her wistful delight in her dress.

He studied it carefully. The girl was good. Even in the stilted Rothstein poses she was good; made the simple frock the most important of the lot. If he had a model like that—pictures appeared against the blank wall of the next building.

His eyes narrowed in calculation; Berman's offer hadn't been much; he could pay that, even more, and for modeling alone that girl would be a good investment. Besides, she could probably type a letter, keep things straight, help with this and that.

When Ann reached Barry's studio there was about her, again, the suggestion of some gentle wild thing; alone, slender, frightened. She had not found a job nor heard of one.

No one was in the office she entered. There were two desks, chairs, filing cabinets and the disorder that can be achieved only by a lone and abstracted male. Hearing movement somewhere, she called, "Mr. Mitchell?"

Barry appeared, wiping stained fingers on the inevitable towel. At the sight of her his gray eyes narrowed, and again she felt their appraisal, cool, critical, competent.

"That Berman job I told you about is open," he began without preamble, "but I'd like you to work here. Odds and ends around the place most of the time, but you photograph well and I'll want you to model. Berman will pay you fifteen. I'll give you eighteen and a modeling fee on any pictures of you that sell. You can start tomorrow—here or Berman's."

Ann gasped. "But"—she looked around bewilderedly—"I know nothing about photography—" a typewriter caught her eye. "I type with two fingers and—I've never posed."

"I type with one finger," he answered. "I'm alone and the place is in a perpetual mess. You can try to keep things straight. As for the posing—leave that to me."

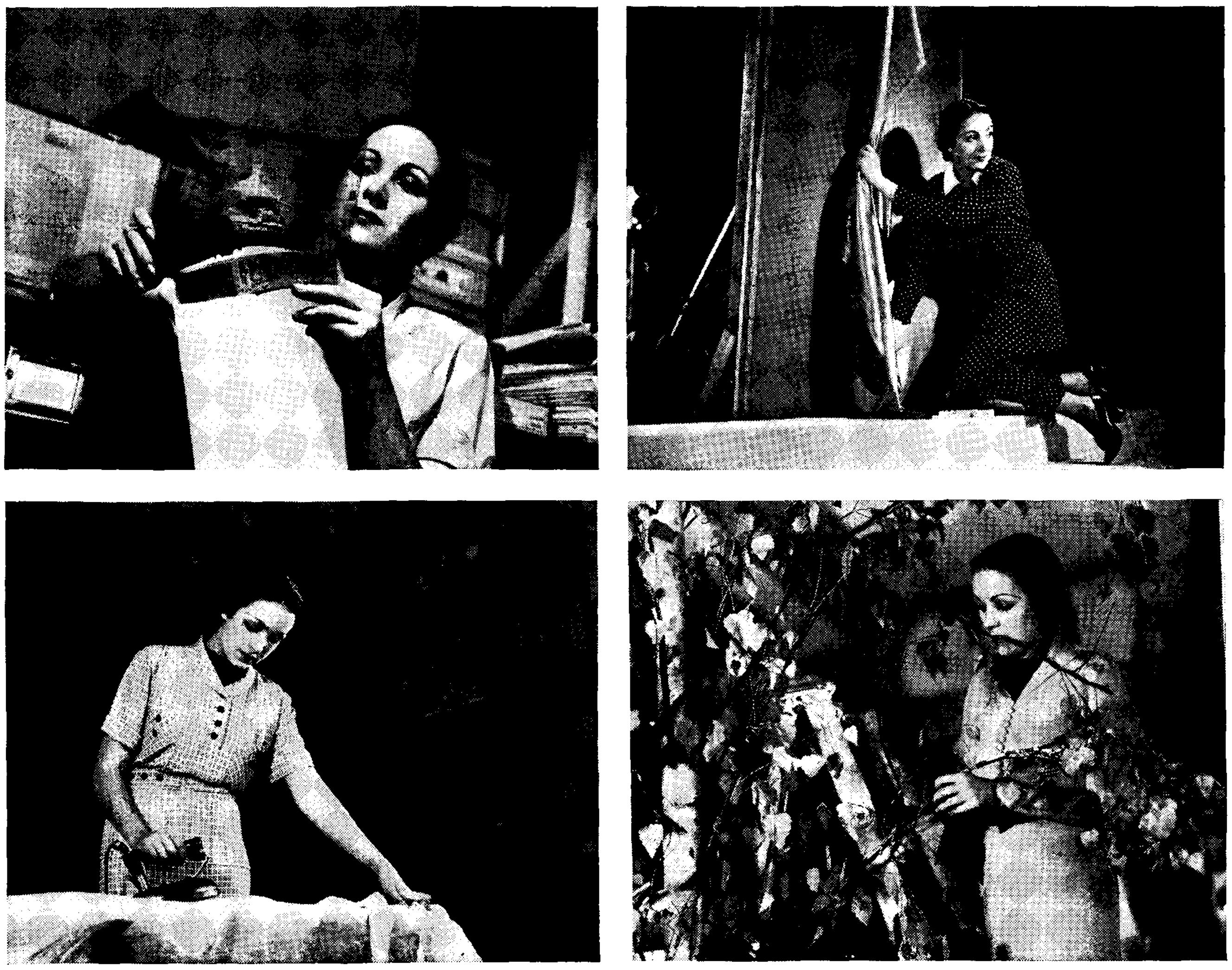
Ann looked at him searchingly and somehow the idea came, and grew, that this Berman had had no job for her; that this knight was a rather splendid liar. "I'll try," she said quietly. To herself she said more.

"Good. I'll show you the place and you can start in the morning."

A mess was no understatement. In the office, in the studio with its huge skylight and in the two darkrooms was confusion of strange paraphernalia and glorious litter.

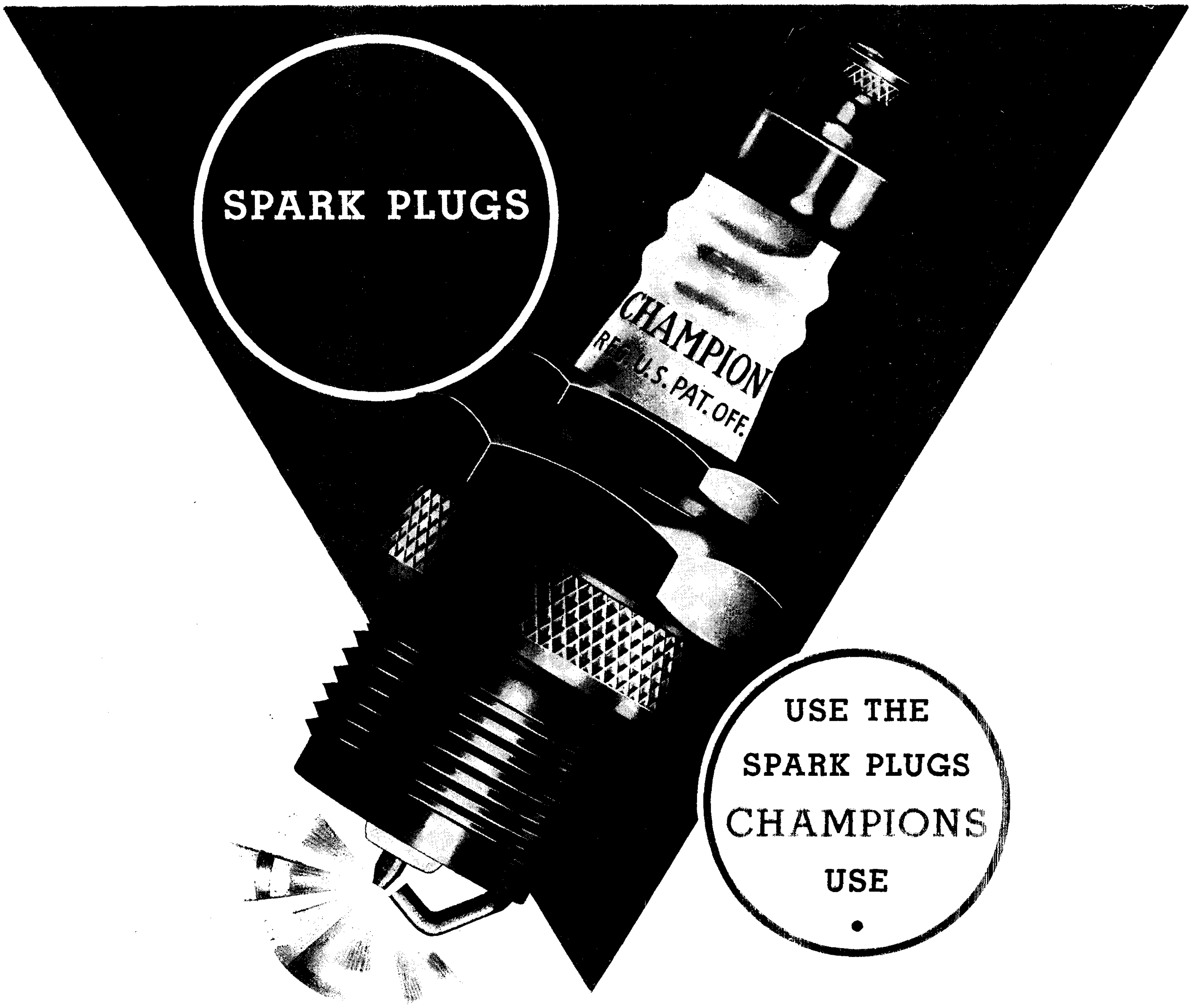
Back in the office she confessed to little understanding of what she had seen, then suddenly her fingers went to her lips. "Oh," she exclaimed contritely, "I

(Continued on page 82)

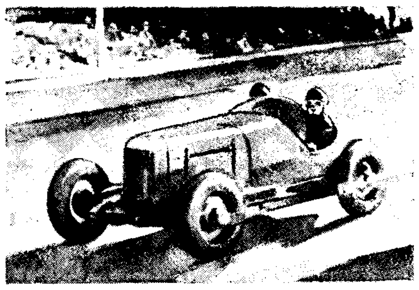


He caught her grace in motion, achieved a tantalizing allure of loveliness

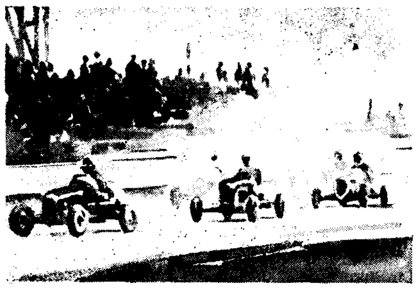
When a product achieves the rare distinction of world preference, that product is surely worthy of your choice. The world's racing champions have expressed unshakeable faith in Champion's performance by depending on them to win practically every major event the world over for twelve straight years. The motoring world has conferred on Champions an ever-growing preference continuing into their 25th year.



ALTOONA—*Louie Meyer won the 100-mile A.A.A. Classic at the Altoona-Tyrone track, averaging 86.5 miles per hour. Meyer took the lead at the 45-mile mark and set the pace to the finish. Meyer naturally used Champions.*



SYRACUSE—*Billy Winn set two new world's records for a one mile dirt track in winning the A.A.A. 100-mile championship race. Champions also helped him win the A.A.A. 100-mile championship race at Springfield, Ill.*

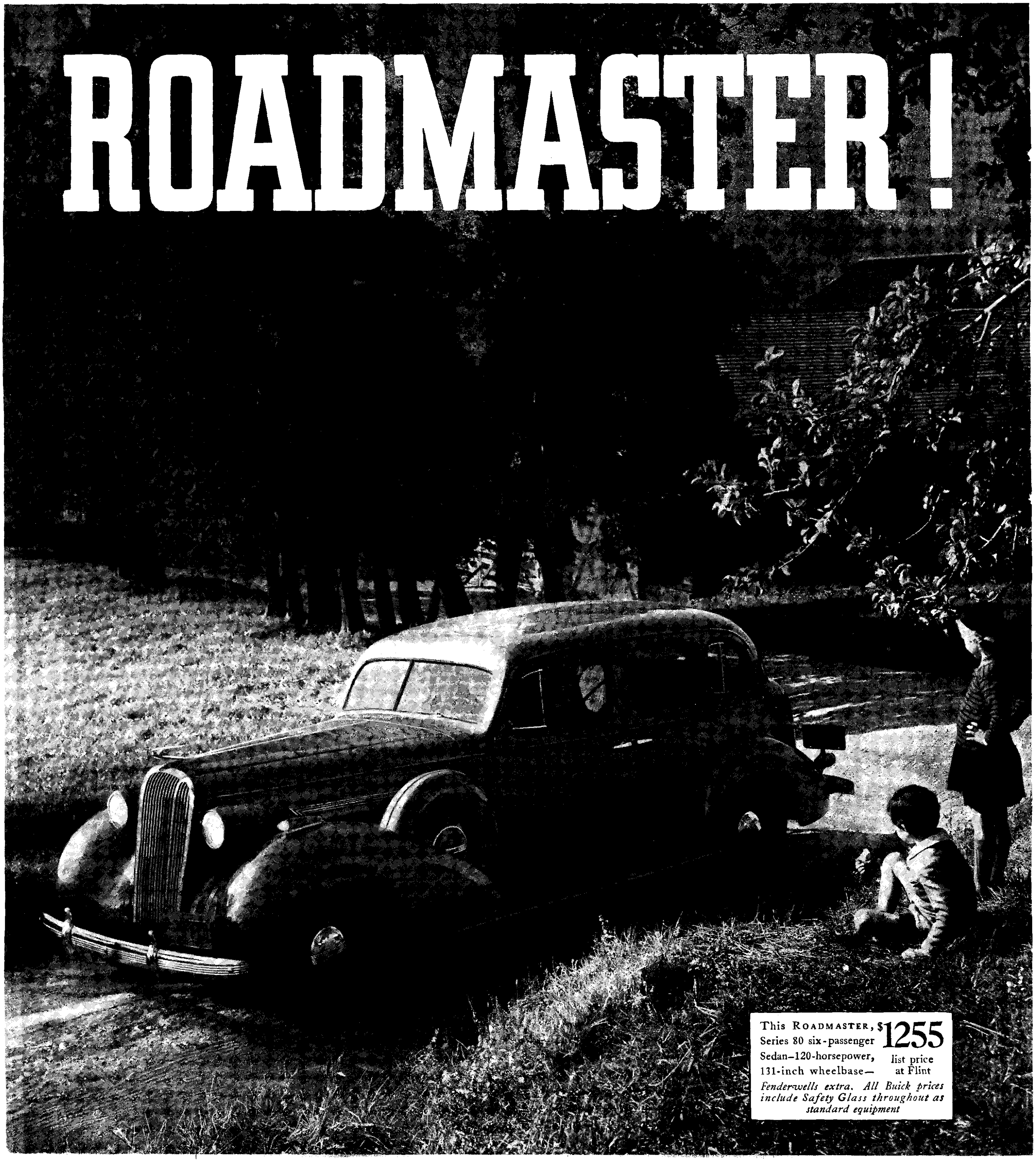


DETROIT—*Gilbert Guthrie won the gruelling 100-mile Midget Auto Race without a stop and led a fast field all the way. His Champion-equipped Midget Racer averaged 62.8 miles per hour in this miniature Indianapolis race.*

TORONTO, CANADA—*Harold Wilson captured the world championship of the 225-class speedboat for the second time. His boat was powered with a Ford V-8 engine and equipped with Champion Spark Plugs.*

KEEP YOUR ENGINE YOUNG CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES

STYLED FOR A PARTY,



This ROADMASTER, Series 80 six-passenger Sedan—120-horsepower, 131-inch wheelbase— $1255 list price at Flint

Fenderwells extra. All Buick prices include Safety Glass throughout as standard equipment

BUT POWERED FOR A THRILL!

THIS high-powered, well-mannered, dazzlingly smart series eighty Buick is Roadmaster by nature as by name.

On take-off it can sink you a full inch back into the cushions with its instant sweep. At speed on the open road it can swing that speedometer needle miles higher than any sensible man will normally want to travel.

Idling or full-out, its engine is hushed as a country snowfall.

There is literally nothing like its spectacular performance in all your past driving experience — and nothing approaching it today, except in the other members of that stellar quartet which has so dramatically set America talking Buick.

Every one of the new Buicks — the Special, Century, Roadmaster, or Limited — handles with the feather-balance of a fly-rod — in any one a 100-pound woman can drive all day long without strain.

You'll hear this enthusiastic verdict repeated at the Automobile Shows: "BUICK'S THE BUY!"

Every one slows down to swift stoppage from speed under tiptoe-pressure on its big hydraulics, with the smoothness of stroking on velvet.

Every one has the same integrity of manufacture and materials — steadiness, stability, safety engineered to last through the years.

But even in such notable company, the Roadmaster eminently deserves its name.

Just slip behind the wheel — drive it a mile — and you'll know why.

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

Valve-in-head Straight Eight Engine, *gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression*

Anolite Pistons, *durable, long-lasting, 50% lighter, increase bearing life 150%*

Sealed Chassis, *keeps dirt and water from all moving parts, protects from wear and erosion*

Luxurious "Turret Top" Body by Fisher, *with No Draft Ventilation—the smartest, safest, strongest body built*

Tiptoe Hydraulic Brakes, *giving safe, straight-line stops under lightest pressures*

Knee-Action Comfort and Safety, *the true gliding ride*

Torque-Tube Drive, *for steadier, more stable roadability*

Automatic Starting, Spark and Heat Control, *for convenience, efficiency, economy*

Built-in Luggage Compartments, *with ample capacity for necessary luggage*

Ride Stabilizer, *for elimination of side-sway at speed or on curves*

YOU CAN AFFORD THE NEW BUICK

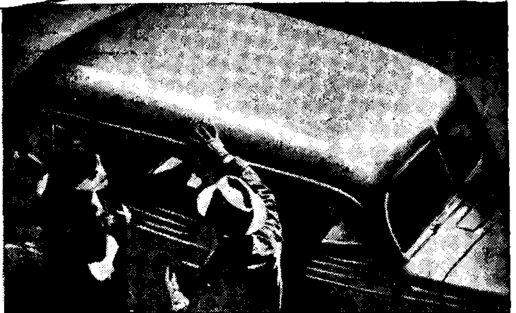
List prices range from $765 to $1945, at Flint, Mich.

Subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment

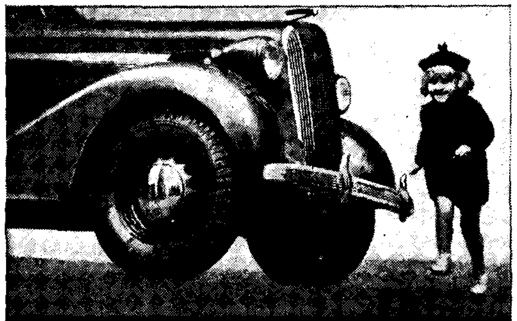
Convenient GMAC time payment plan

FOUR BIG REASONS WHY "BUICK'S THE BUY!"

SILENT, OIL-CUSHIONED VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE, WITH POWDER-FLASH POWER



"TURRET TOP" BODY BY FISHER, WITH YEAR-AHEAD STYLE



PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES, WITH TIPTOE-PRESSURE ACTION

KNEE-ACTION AND TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE, WITH TRUE FREE SPRINGING

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick 8

FIRST OF THE GENERAL MOTORS CARS

Beware of Bogeymen

By Richard Connell

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

"WHAT a night!" said Mrs. Wample. "You hollered like a pippy hoot owl. I hardly got a wink of sleep. You kept yelping 'Keep 'em off me.' "

"I'm so sorry, Lulu love," said Mr. Wample contritely, as he sugared his breakfast cereal. "I had the creepies again."

His wife sniffed disdainfully.

"Things chased me," explained Mr. Wample. "Awful things—with such faces!"

He shuddered at the memory.

"Why anything should chase you, Ellery Wample, even in a dream, I can't imagine," declared his wife.

"They do."

"If they caught you what would they get?"

"Aw, now Lulu love, you're always faulting me," said Mr. Wample. "I earn good money, don't I? I don't drink or run around, do I? There's lots worse husbands than me—"

"Where?" shrilled Mrs. Wample, warming to her work.

"Aw, now Lulu love, lay off, can't you?"

"Because you look like a sheep must you bleat like one, Ellery Wample?"

Diffidently he pushed his cereal dish toward her. She pushed it back, still empty.

"No," she stated, with finality, "you cannot have a second helping of Puffy-Ruffos. I won't have you getting fat on me."

"Aw, now, Lulu," protested Mr. Wample, "I got a big job ahead of me today. You might let a man have a breakfast that'll stick to his ribs."

But she was adamant in her refusal.

"Wipe the crumbs off your chops and take Wudgie out for his morning walk," she said.

"But I don't want to be late for work," said Mr. Wample. "Bain will bawl the doost out of me."

"Bawl back," advised Mrs. Wample. "Show some spunk. You're as important to the company as that little bigmouth."

"I hate rows."

"Here's Wudgie," said his wife, dragging in a mean-eyed wire-haired terrier.

"But, Lulu," said Mr. Wample, "Wudgie always tries to bite that Pom from across the street and the man who owns the Pom says he'll punch my nose if it happens again."

"Punch back," said Mrs. Wample. "You're as big as he is. Bigger."

"Now, Lulu—" began Mr. Wample, miserably.

"On your way."

TEN minutes later Mr. Wample returned with the dog and a black eye.

"Wudgie bit the Pom," he announced.

"Blacking your eye?"

"Well, it was like this—"

"What did you do to him?"

"Well, the fact of the matter is—" started Mr. Wample.

"Oh, go to work, you jellyfish," cut in Mrs. Wample, "before the canary gets out and chases you down the street."

Cautiously, at a turtle pace, Mr. Wample drove to work. He was eleven minutes late.

"What's the *idear?*" Bain barked at him.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Bain, but the fact of the matter is—"

"Aw, put the alibi on ice and get to work."

"Yes, Mr. Bain." . . .

After dinner that evening Mr. Wample donned carpet-slippers and curled up in a deep soft chair. He was spent by the labors of the day but he took comfort from the fact that a new copy of the Amateur Rock Gardener's Monthly Guide was in his hand.

"Put on your shoes, Ellery," said his wife. "We're going to a picture."

"I don't like pictures," said Mr. Wample.

"Don't you want to see 'The Fiend of the Fens'?" she demanded.

"No."

"It's your duty to see it," declared his wife.

"I'd rather stay home and read," returned Mr. Wample, plaintively. "I'm sick of the movie business."

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Wample, "put on your shoes. *I* want to see 'The Fiend of the Fens' and you're going to go with me and like it."

"I'll go but I won't like it," said Mr. Wample, unhappily, as he put on his shoes.

The Wamples reached the theater.

They eyed for a moment the huge poster outside. It showed a horrendous, misshapen, prodigiously hairy being, more gorilla than human, with long yellow fangs, and mad, diabolical eyes, about to pluck a blond maiden in a nightgown limb from limb. In glaring display, it announced:

Here—NOW!

The Height of Horror

IVAN MACCAIRE

"King of Terror"

in

THE FIEND OF THE FENS

Seventy minutes of Chills and Thrills by the Screen's Champion Blood-Curdler.

And on a near-by poster were extracts from local press reviews:

"It out-monsters 'The Monster of the Moors'; it out-vultures 'The Vulture of Vienna.' "—*Morning News-Press.*

"Ivan Maccaire, Public Bogeyman No. 1, is seen at his eeriest."—*Evening Record-Herald.*

"I want to go home," said Mr. Wample quickly; but his wife propelled him into the theater.

WHEN the fiend (Mr. Maccaire), with many a leer and slobber, twisted the head off Lord Pelkington, Mr. Wample tensely clutched the arms of his seat. When, chuckling hellishly, the fiend disembowled the butler, Mr. Wample began to quiver and gasp a little; and when the secret door in Lady Celeste's boudoir was pushed open by the claws of the brute and its face, contorted with ghoulish blood-lust, came nearer, ever nearer till it filled the entire screen, Mr. Wample gave a little squeak and quietly slumped over and folded up on the floor.

Ushers bore him to the manager's office.

"He fainted," said an usher.

"Great!" cried the manager. "Some picture!"

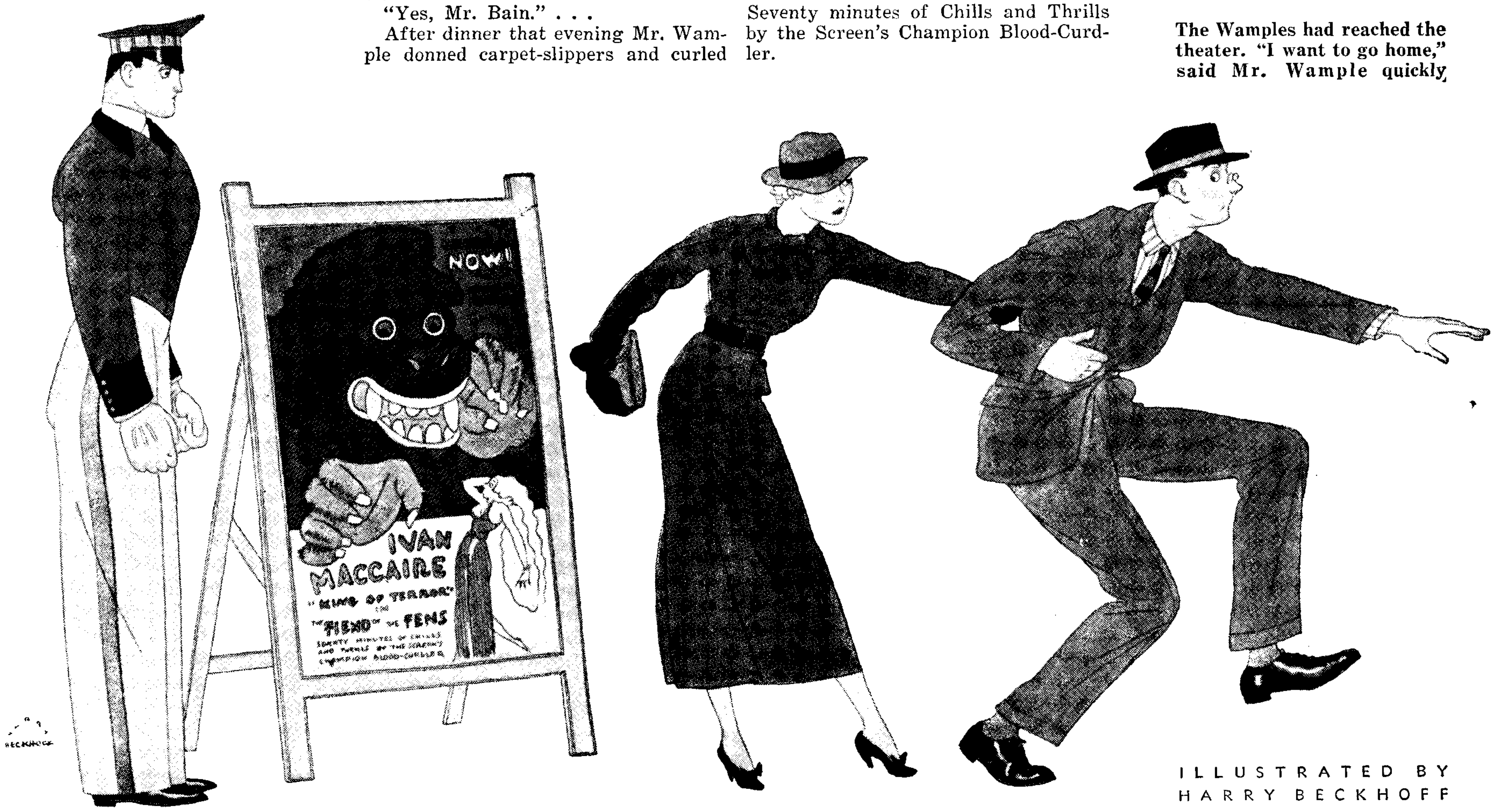
Mrs. Wample sluiced her spouse with ice water, and presently he opened one abashed eye.

"Take me home," he said feebly.

They helped him into his car.

Next morning he got to work early. The gateman swung open the iron portals of the studio for him.

"Nice morning, Mr. Maccaire," said the gateman.



The Wamples had reached the theater. "I want to go home," said Mr. Wample quickly

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A Book of Merit

By Arthur Tuckerman

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

On the Island of Meram, somewhere east of Suez, there is a dour Scots clergyman. His good works are as many as his words are few. Here is his story

WHILE the Van Overbeck lay over in Tanjong Priok, loading for the Islands, old Captain Bommer treated himself to a lavish evening on the cool heights of Weltevreden. He dined vastly at the best hotel in Java, and afterward attended an open-air cinema under the banyan trees. The Amstel lager was excellent, and he expanded into a thoroughly affable mood. He was a rotund, bandy-legged little man with an amazingly handsome white beard, which gave him a bizarre and gnomish appearance—as if he'd just stepped down from some painted toadstool in an ornate Dutch garden. During the intermission young Heidemann, the company's dapper shore agent, joined him and gave him the passenger list for the forthcoming voyage of the Van Overbeck. It was off-season for the Islands, a windless period of excessive heat, and there were but two names on the cabin-class list. The captain, a gregarious man, was mildly disappointed.

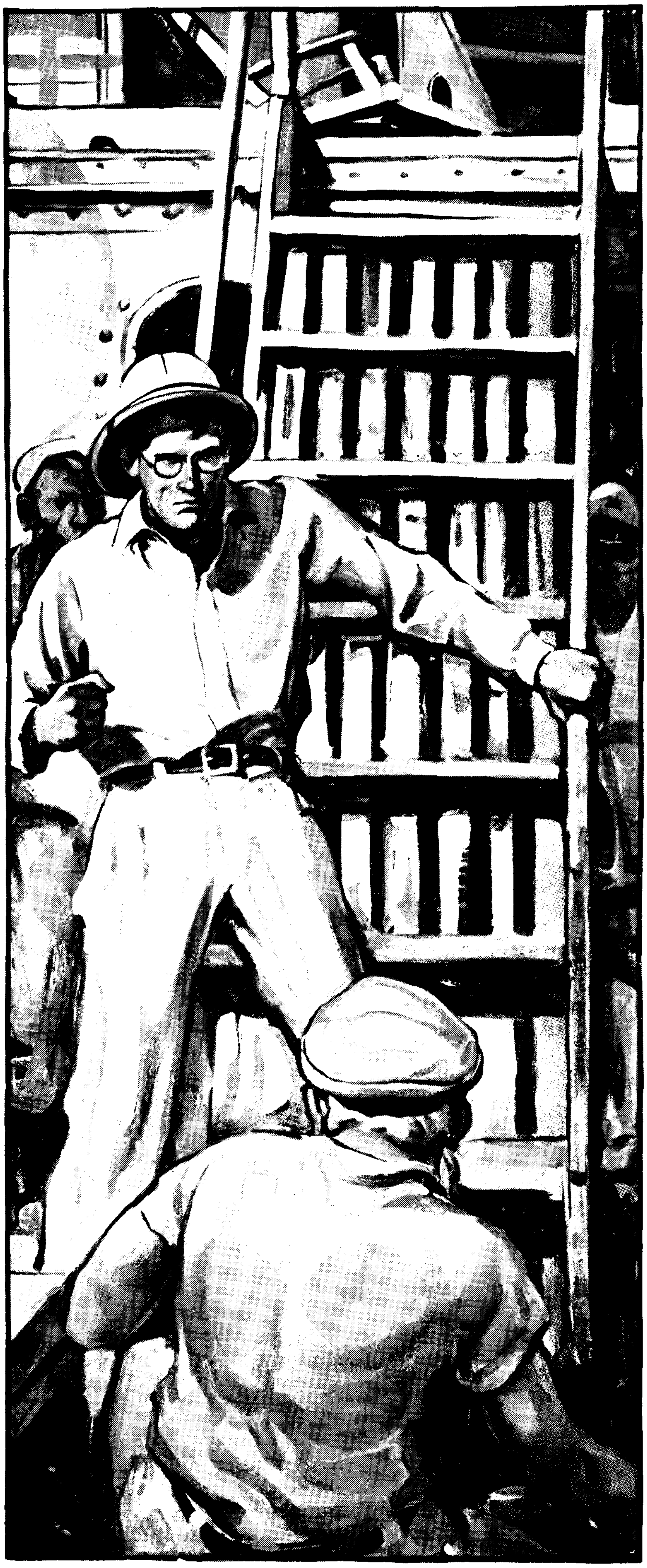
"I see you've drawn Klaes Osterhout," young Heidemann chuckled. "He will put even your record good nature to a test."

Old Bommer adjusted his bifocals and squinted at the list. "Not that swinedog? The trader of Meram, isn't it so?"

HEIDEMANN nodded. "Trader, administrator and slave driver—rolled into one. No medieval tyrant ruled more harshly. It has always surprised me that our government, so scrupulous in its choice of servants for the Islands, has not penetrated to the true nature of Osterhout. I suppose it is because Meram is so remote. When that man leaves your ship in his native prau, three miles off the Meram coast, he enters his own kingdom of darkness. . . .

"But look at the other passenger, Captain, if you want a good laugh. Mr. Rufus McPetrie, of Inverness, Scotland. Theological student and missionary. And, dear heaven, the fellow is booked for Meram! As if Osterhout would tolerate a Bible-peddler in his territory!"

"Pfui!" Captain Bommer exclaimed in disgust. He did not share the younger man's levity. "A clergyman in that pesthole? What possesses these visionaries? Do they take a map of the Archipelago, and jab at it with closed eyes, to determine their appointments?" He tugged at his beard, shaking his head. "That young man would have to be a Hercules, isn't it so, to clean out the Augean stables of Mr. Osterhout?" The captain prided himself upon his classics, but Heidemann ignored the allusion. "Osterhout and a man of God. A rich combination! You should have an amusing voyage, Captain." He waved toward a pretty girl at a near-by table, and a moment later he left to join her.



"I must ask you," Captain Bommer said sharply, "to go to your cabin. This is a serious matter"

The dry monsoon hadn't begun, and the thermometer reached one hundred and five degrees at Tanjong Priok the following afternoon. Toward sunset the Van Overbeck weighed anchor. At dinner that evening Captain Bommer, who had a certain flair for the little formalities of life, courteously placed the two passengers at his own table in the dining saloon. There were cut glass decanters on the table, and bright tropic flowers. The napery and cutlery were spotless.

Klaes Osterhout, however, had no eye for such niceties. He nodded curtly to the captain, and hurriedly applied himself to his soup with a sound resembling a suction pump at work. His complexion was dark and pitted, and his jowls lay in flabby welts over the high collar of his tunic. His small eyes were too high in his face, the captain reflected—like the eyes of a lizard. The man's head was shaved, revealing a great, pale wen. Captain Bommer found himself concentrating unhappily upon the wen, and his favorite lentil soup suddenly became distasteful. He turned, hopefully, toward the Scotchman on his left.

Mr. Rufus McPetrie was a tall, stoop-shouldered young man with a long, pale, sensitive face. He had scant, sandy hair, and the mild, vague eyes of one who dreams. The captain noticed that he had brought two books with him into the saloon, and had politely laid them aside on the buffet during the meal. The books bore the yellow wrappers of the Van Overbeck's modest little library. An intellectual, the captain reflected. The genus bookworm. He hadn't wasted a moment getting to that bookcase. He said to the young man: "You are finding something interesting to read, I hope."

McPETRIE smiled in a slow, shy way. A good man, the captain decided, and an unworldly one. "Aye," he replied, "I'm thinking your library's a godsend. I did a stupid thing. Packed all my books in a box that went to the hold."

"You are going with us so far as Meram, isn't it so?" the captain inquired politely.

The young man's eyes shone with a sudden, zealous light. "Aye. There's a heap of work to be done there. I was stationed in Borneo last winter, and even there we had rumors of the evil conditions at Meram."

"What's that?" Osterhout demanded. His voice was like the crack of a lash. It was the first time he had spoken.

McPetrie, with the same pleasant smile, repeated what he had said to the captain. Osterhout, his dark skin reddening, pushed his soup away from him so abruptly that it slopped upon the spotless damask. Captain Bommer said gently:

"Mynheer Osterhout is living already for twenty years at Meram. He is—how do you say it?—the kingpin down there."

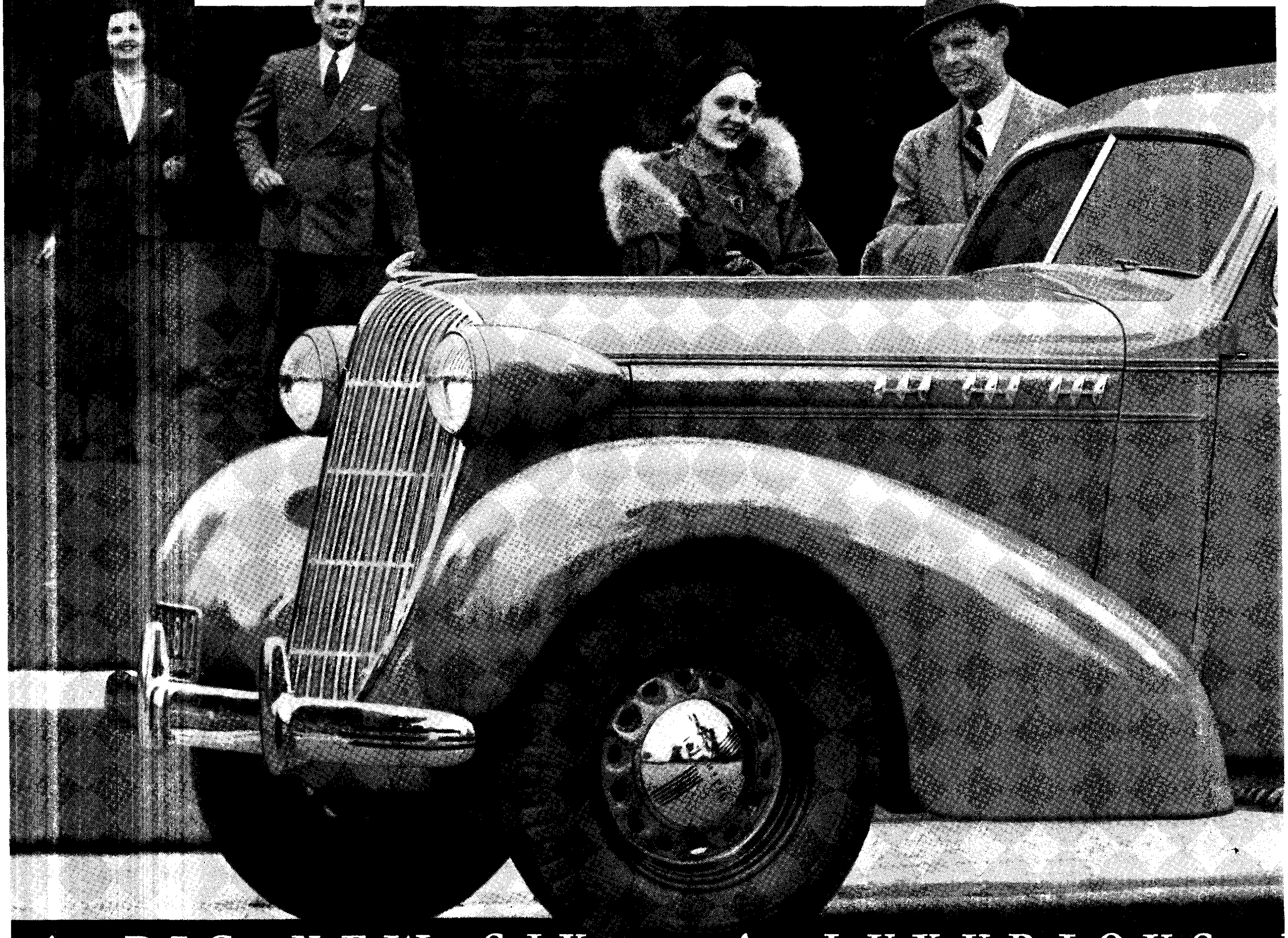
"We do not need missionaries at Meram," Osterhout declared loudly. "We have never had them. This talk of bad conditions is all poppycock. I do not

(Continued on page 62)

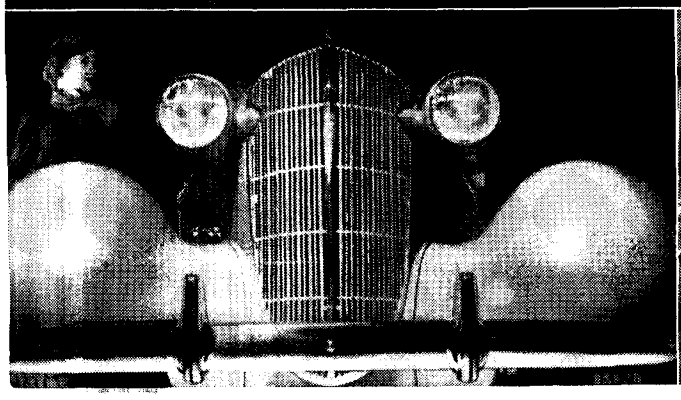
Presenting .... at Neu

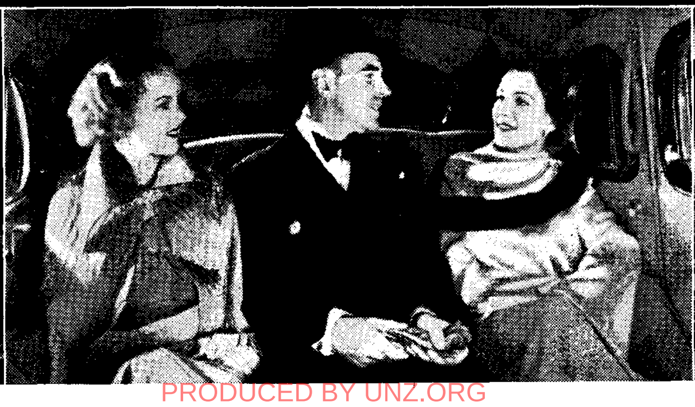
OLDSM

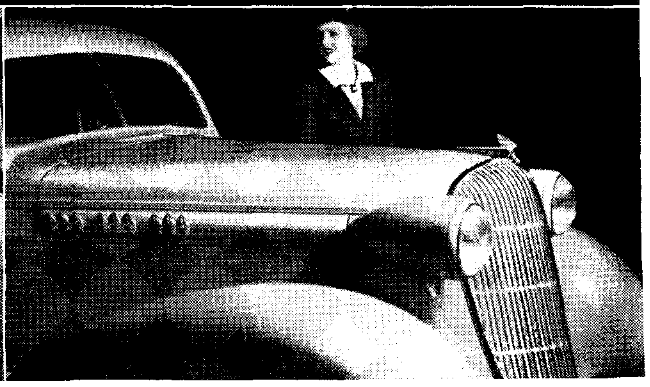
NEW STYLE-LEADER STYLING . . SMOOTHER, LIVELIER POWE
INTERIORS . . AND ALL OF THE MODERN FINE-CAR FEATUR



A BIG NEW SIX . . . A LUXURIOUS



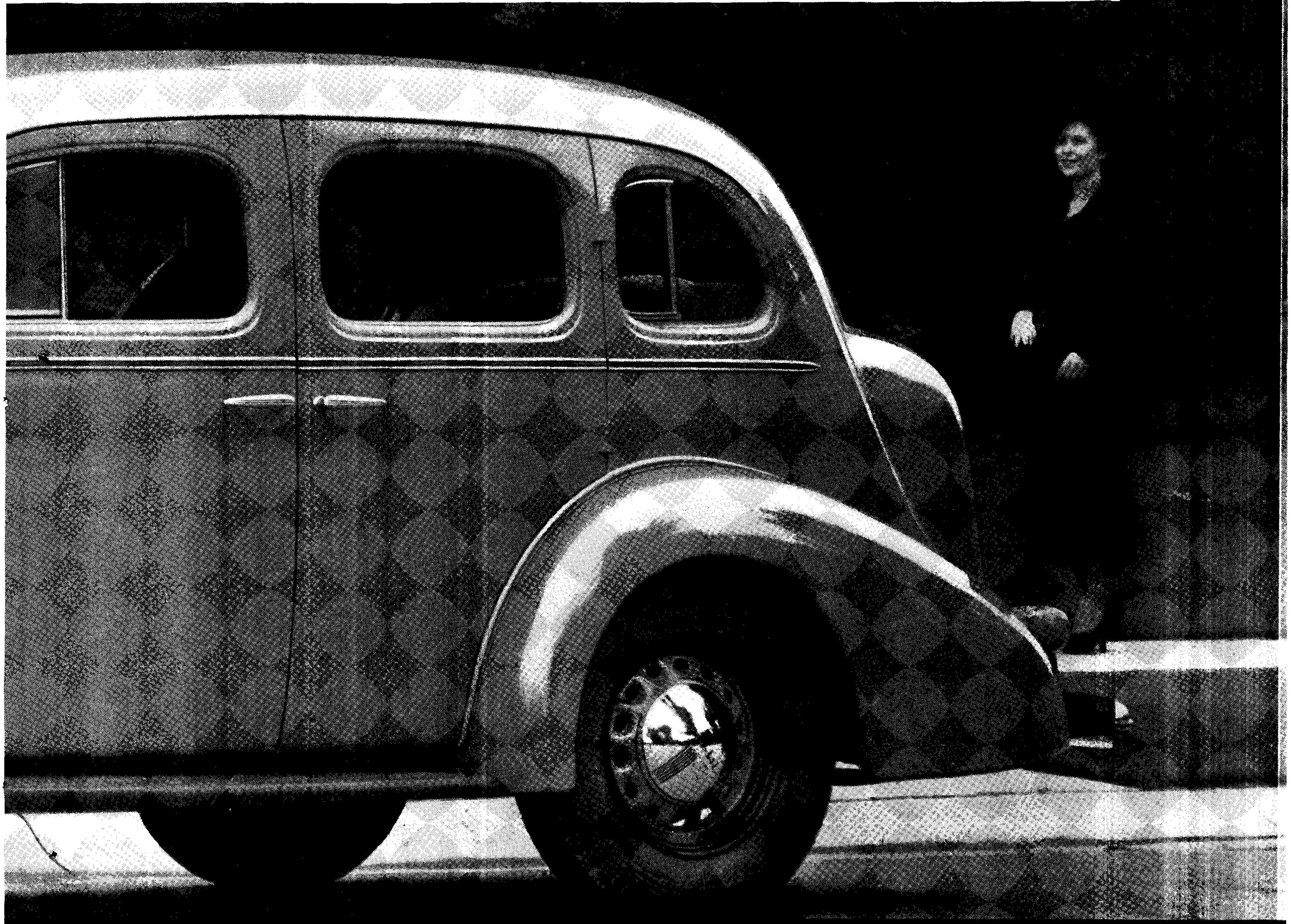




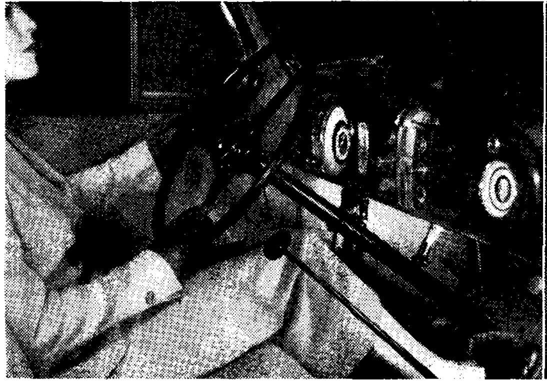
Low Prices . . . The 1936

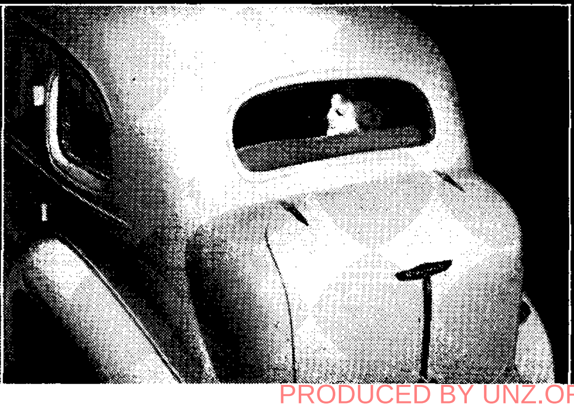
OBILE

NCREASED COMFORT . . GREATER ECONOMY . . NEWLY ENRICHED
THAT MAKE OLDSMOBILE "*The car that has Everything*"



EW EIGHT . . . *NOW ON DISPLAY . . .*





with
Everything in Features

AS SHOWN ON THE
FOLLOWING PAGE . . .

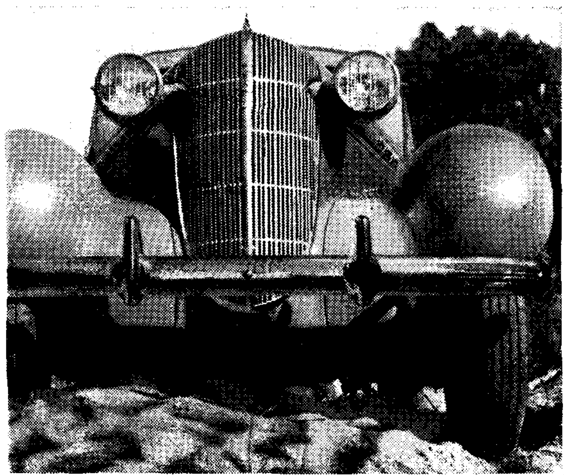
1936 OLDSMOBILE

AS SHOWN ON PRECEDING PAGE

The Big New Car That Has Everything

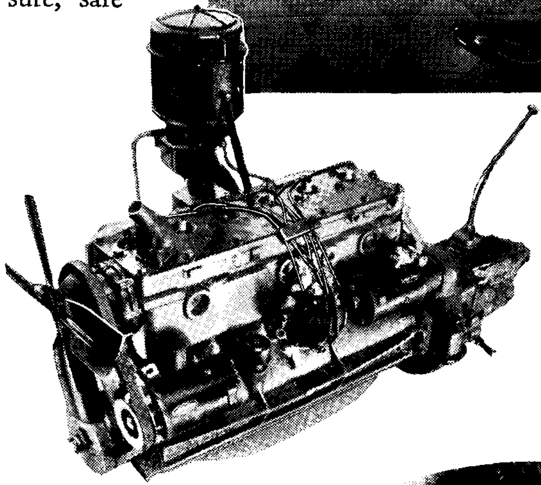
NEW LOW PRICES!

NOW . . . a finer new Oldsmobile at new low prices . . . a bigger buy for the money . . . a greater value in every way! » » It brings you smart New Styling, straight from the acknowledged Style Leader . . . a fresh, new note in Streamline Beauty. » » It puts at your command Power that is smoother at every speed . . . Performance that is livelier, in traffic or on the open road . . . All-Round Economy that even betters past records. It offers you new Luxury, new Comfort and new Convenience . . . a host of enriched interior details . . . a score of chassis advancements. » » And, of course, you can count on the new 1936 Oldsmobile for all of the proved and modern fine-car features . . . *all that is new and better.* » » The 1936 Oldsmobile . . . the big new 90 H. P. Six or the luxurious new 100 H. P. Eight . . . gives you everything you want in your new car. » » It has a Solid-Steel "Turret-Top" Body by Fisher, with No Draft Ventilation, for your safety and comfort. » » It has Safety Glass as *standard equipment throughout* . . . in all models . . . to give you added protection. » » It has proved Knee-Action Wheels, large low-pressure tires, and a Ride Stabilizer to give you a restful ride. » » It has Center-Control Steering, All-Silent Syncro-Mesh Shifting, and big, self-energizing Super-Hydraulic Brakes to provide that easy, sure, safe handling so much talked about by Oldsmobile owners everywhere. » » You are cordially invited to see and to drive the finest Oldsmobile in history . . . the Oldsmobile that is destined to be the most popular of them all . . . the new Style Leader for 1936 . . . the big new "Car that has *Everything*."



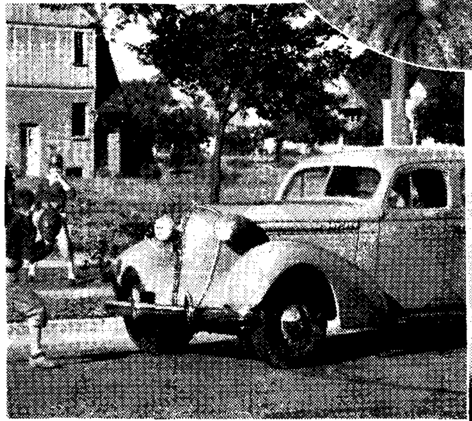
(Above)
KNEE-ACTION WHEELS—Front wheels, operating independently of each other, "step over" bumps and holes . . . Knee-Action, plus the Ride Stabilizer, gives you the true restful gliding ride.

(Left)
FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION—Plenty of fresh air without drafts is provided by the original and foremost system of ventilation for motor cars . . . Fisher No Draft Ventilation. This built-in system of ventilation prevents clouding of windshield in cold weather . . . admits fresh air, but excludes rain or snow when you drive through storms.



(Right)
INCREASED ECONOMY—Oldsmobile's engines, with their new electro-hardened aluminum pistons, vacuum fuel saver, automatic choke and many other refinements, make the 1936 Oldsmobile a car of even greater all-round economy. Advanced design and precision workmanship contribute to long life and freedom from repairs.

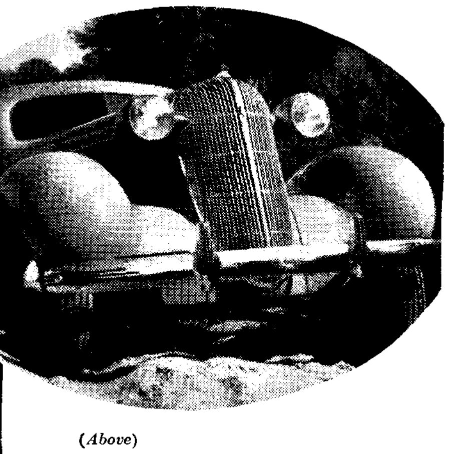
(Above)
CENTER-CONTROL STEERING—You hold a true straight-line course with the lightest touch . . . you do not have to fight the wheel. On winding roads, your Oldsmobile seems actually to respond to your thoughts, so easy is it to steer.



(Above)
SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Gentle pressure on the pedal brings the car to a smooth, quick stop. Oldsmobile's brakes are self-energizing and equalized—sealed against weather—powerful, positive and safe!

(Below)
SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES—A roof of solid steel guards your safety . . . adds new beauty of line to your car. In Oldsmobile you have the extra protection of steel underfoot, steel all around and steel overhead . . . with Safety Glass throughout.

(Below)
SYNCRO-MESH ALL-SILENT SHIFTING—Shifting is easy and quiet; all gears are silent including reverse. If an emergency demands it, you can drop quickly from high back into second without a clash.



(Above)
SMOOTHER, LIVELIER POWER—Performance in the 1936 Oldsmobile is smoother at every speed . . . get-away and pick-up more eagerly alert than ever before. In crowded traffic, on open roads or on long, hard hills, Oldsmobile power is like a thing alive.

SEE IT NOW AT YOUR OLDSMOBILE DEALER'S

Harry Hopkins is easily the fastest, hardest worker in federal service

One-Round Hopkins

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Photograph by
IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff
Photographer

NOTHING was further from being an upset than One-Round Hopkins' win over Battling Ickes in their recent Battle of the Century. The gallery gods may have been surprised when Referee Roosevelt raised Harry's good right hand in token of victory, but experts at the ringside were never in doubt as to the result. Quoting James Aloysius Farley, it was "in the bag."

Despite his round Nordic head, fighting face, undoubted courage and headlong charges, Mr. Ickes has a bad habit of stumbling over his feet when going into action. On the other hand, long, lean, loose-jointed Mr. Hopkins, with his mildly lantern-jawed mug, has the speed and directness of an arrow. Look back over the record of the Public Works Administration, for instance, and it will be seen to have been a study in slow motion compared with the rush of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. And speed is what catches the eye of Franklin D. Roosevelt these days.

Who can blame him? When he received his four billions from Congress, he gave a pledge to the people that exactly three and a half million unemployed would be put to work almost immediately if not sooner. When five months passed with no perceptible diminishment of relief rolls, why wouldn't he have turned to Hopkins the racer rather than to Ickes the jog-trotter?

True, an attempt was made to soothe the hurt feelings of the somewhat irascible Secretary of the Interior by public announcement that he and his public works would take over from Mr. Hopkins sometime in the spring, but if Mr. Ickes meets the conditions laid down, he is a better man than Gunga Din. For example, one requirement states that he must have his projects all in hand before Christmas, and another is that each project must give a high percentage of employment. Public works, it may be explained, are not adaptable to such treatment, calling for a large amount of preliminary preparation, while the construction itself emphasizes materials and not man power.

Mr. Hopkins, although able to add another victory to his swelling list, is also facing some bad moments. The people, as a whole, want to see work substituted for the dole, but they want the work to be *real* work and *useful* work. Even if the President calls back a good many of the millions that he allotted with such generous hand in the beginning, the Works Progress Administration will not have a thousand dollars a year for each employable, and useful projects call for materials as well as elbow grease.

Mr. Hopkins, however, is very, very resourceful. He makes blunders, to be sure, acknowledging them frankly, but he never makes the same blunder twice. As head of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, then the Civil Works Administration and now the Works Progress Administration, he has made a first-hand study of the United States down to the villages. He knows conditions in the forty-eight states and in almost every community, and nothing confuses senators and congressmen more than to have him reel off facts and figures about their own bailiwicks that they did not know themselves. Notwithstanding the size of his task, he is sublimely confident that he can and will discharge it effectively.

A curious person, this Harry Hopkins, who has spent more money personally than any other man in history. A gangling figure, who slouches when he sits, and with something of the weary, melancholy look of an ill-fed horse at the

(Continued on page 64)

War on the Range

By Jim Marshall

Trucks and planes roar, radios buzz and men still die with their boots on out west. It's a new version of an old feud — the plainsman versus the cattle rustler

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

ACROSS the swells and hollows of the Montana prairie the west wind sings through the buffalo grass under a high-riding yellow moon. Under the silver-flecked bowl that is the sky the white-faced, chunky beef cattle drift silently. A dim, dusty track winds along through the draws and from a hilltop the lights of the ranch house gleam across a dozen miles. A dark line and a whisper of blown leaves tell where the cottonwoods grow along the flowing river.

The drone of a plane drowns the whine of the wind. Two heavy trucks rumble along the track, lights out, speeding around the curves, leaving a swirl of dust. On the seat of the first truck, beside the driver, sits a man who listens to the buzzing in phones clamped over his ears. In the ship, a thousand feet above, the pilot has another pair of phones.

"All clear, Pete?" the man on the truck barks into his transmitter.

"Go ahead, Butch. All clear." From plane to truck.

The cattle are drifting slowly across a little valley. Suddenly the trucks swing toward them. Headlights flash on, blinding the stopped Herefords. From the trucks emerge husky, overalled men. Two, with shovels, start digging a hole through the sod. The rest slip in among the bewildered cattle, held by the light glare, swinging long, flexible-handled sledges. With every swing, twelve hundred pounds of choice beef drop with a thud.

The master rustler stands to one side. A fat steer lumbers away. The muffled cough of the silenced rifle cuts across the heavy breathing of the death crew. Another victim crumples to the ground.

It's all over in a few minutes. A dozen fat steers have been killed, hides—with their telltale brands—ripped off and flung into the hole, the carcasses tossed into the trucks. The shovelmen are flinging back the earth atop the hides.

There is a low call from the man on the truck seat, with the phones. The red and green lights on the plane make circles above.

"Let's get outa here!"

The pilot in the ship is sending staccato messages:

"Car coming down the road from the north. . . . Coming fast. . . . Better scram!"

The last carcass is heaved into the truck. Motors roar, shovels are thrown aboard. Men clamber on. Off go headlights. In a minute the trucks are on the road again, rumbling southward at forty-five miles an hour. The plane above drones away into the west, its lights winking out in the moonlight.

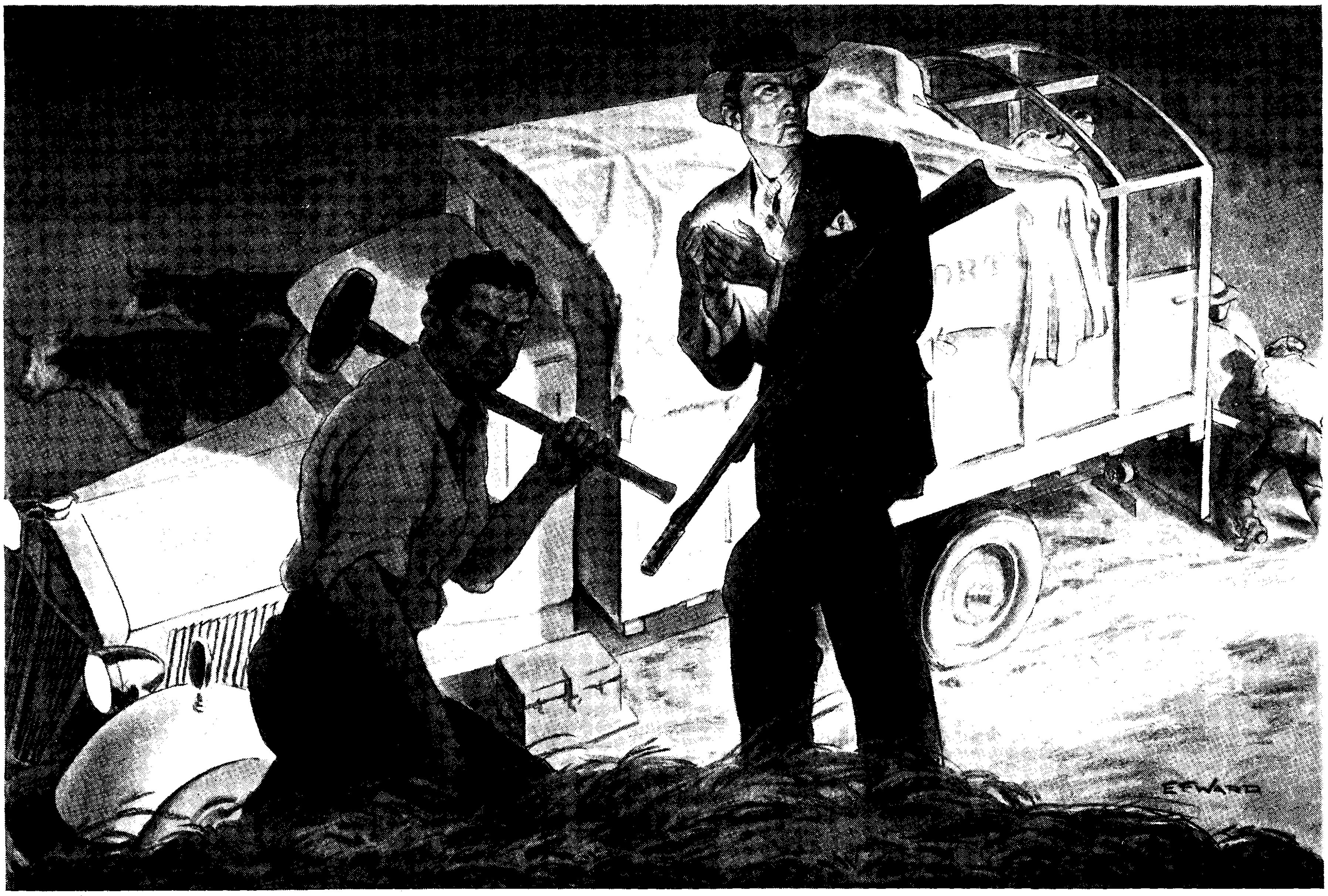
By early morning, the trucks and their loads of "hot beef" will be two hundred miles away. Somewhere in the city there's a crooked packer who will take the beeves, dodge federal inspection, cut them up and sell them—perhaps through his own retail stores, perhaps through butchers to whom a cut price means sealed lips.

That's modern rustling de luxe—and it's a ten-million-dollar industry today in Wyoming, Oregon, California, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and other western beef-raising states. There are new and stringent laws to prevent it and to punish rustlers. There are state and federal and city inspections. And there is the bitter, determined hatred of every cowman on the rangeland. Sheriffs and state patrolmen and stock detectives and Uncle Sam battle the rustler—and lose.

To understand why they lose you must know the cattle country. It is no land of neatly fenced 160-acre homesteads, but a great empire of grass, where a ranchman may ride from sunup to sunset without getting off his own land—a land where the range is measured by the mile in counties into which an eastern state would fit comfortably.

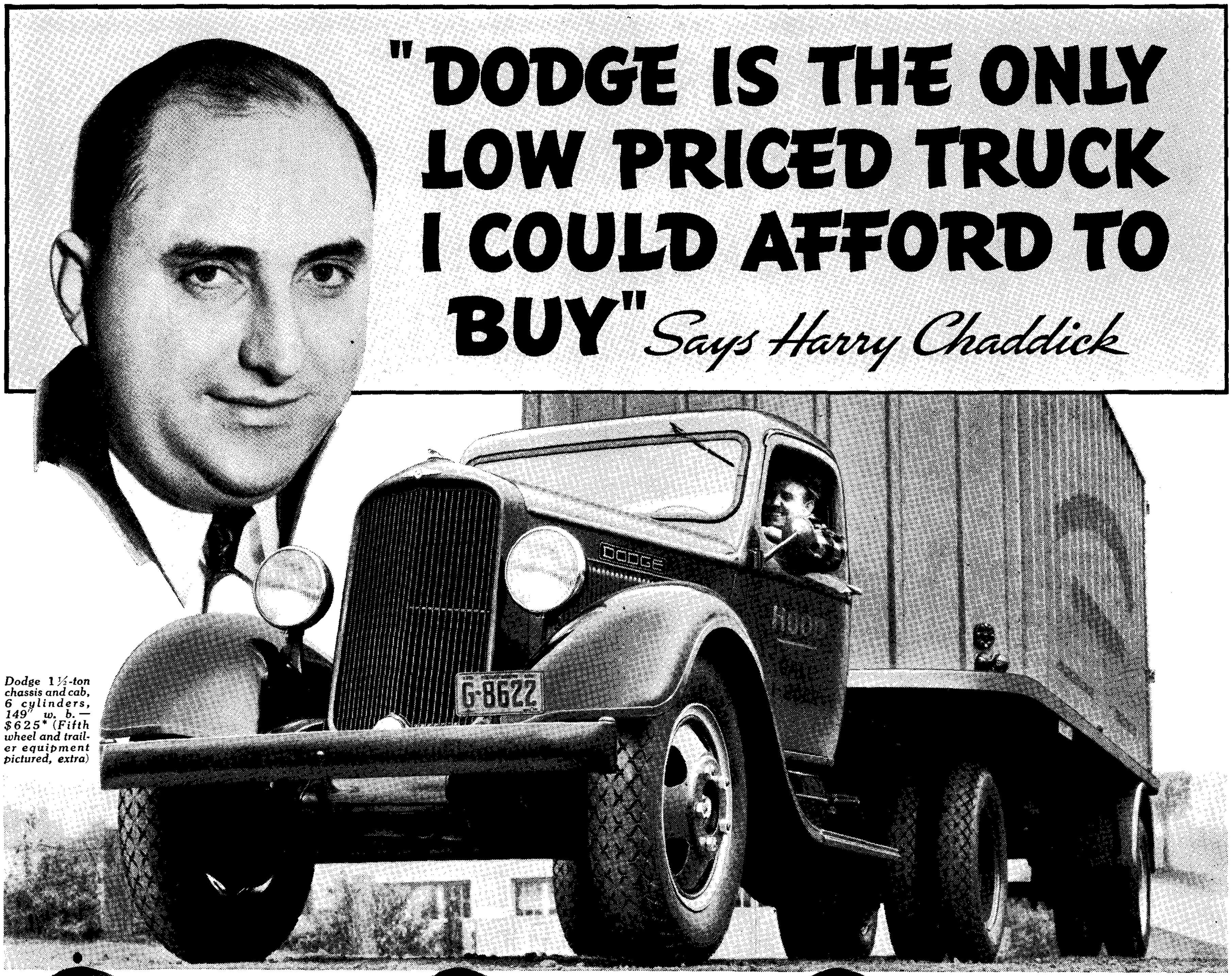
It is so big, and herds and flocks are so widely scattered across the range, that . . . well, the champion rustling job of the past few years was accomplished not long ago by two energetic young men who cut out two thousand bred ewes from a band of sheep in eastern Oregon, drifted them three hundred

(Continued on page 66)

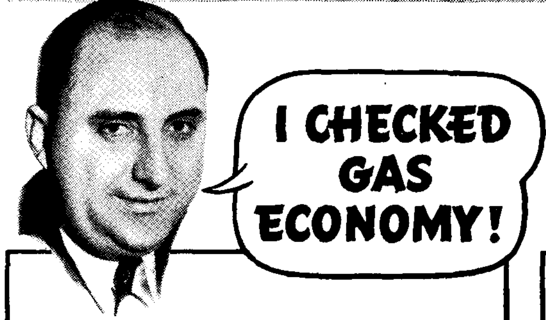


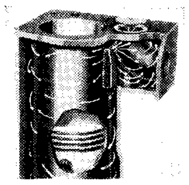
The modern rustler depends on silenced rifles, swift dressing of beef and fast trucks

"DODGE IS THE ONLY LOW PRICED TRUCK I COULD AFFORD TO BUY" *Says Harry Chaddick*

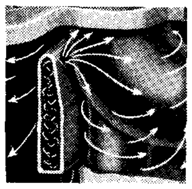


Dodge 1½-ton chassis and cab, 6 cylinders, 149" w. b.—$625 (Fifth wheel and trailer equipment pictured, extra)*

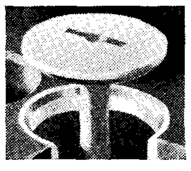

I CHECKED GAS ECONOMY!



FULL LENGTH WATER JACKETS—The most modern type of engine construction! Cools cylinders their entire length. Saves gas and oil, also prolongs engine life.

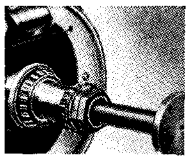


SPRAY-COOLED EXHAUST VALVE SEATS—"Spray-cooling" keeps exhaust valve seats cooler. Lengthens life of exhaust valves. Helps to reduce valve grinding.

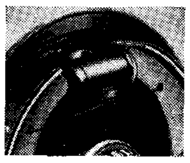


VALVE SEAT INSERTS—of alloy steel. Won't pit or burn like ordinary engine block metal. Make valves seat better. Save gas . . . valve grinding.

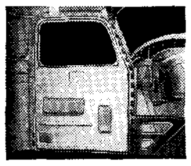
I CHECKED UPKEEP!



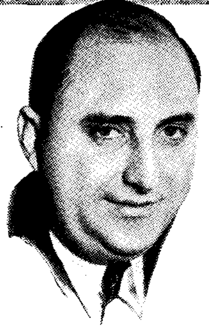
FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE—Dodge pioneered this fine truck feature in low-priced trucks. Saves repairs . . . cuts upkeep expense.



HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Genuine Dodge hydraulic brakes stay equalized. Stop quick. Save money on tires, brake relining, and adjustments.



SAFETY-STEEL CAB—Among the three lowest-priced trucks, Dodge gives you the best type of cab. Safety-steel, welded construction.



"NOW I'M SAVING OVER $90 THIS YEAR IN GAS ALONE!"

HERE'S Mr. Chaddick's letter: "I had a show-down before I bought and Dodge is the only low-priced truck I could afford to buy. In comparing Dodge with the others, I checked gas economy and I checked upkeep and the way Dodge led simply astonished me. My comparative figures show that now I'm saving over $90 this year in gas alone."

What Mr. Chaddick says is repeated by thousands of shrewd truck buyers who compared Dodge feature by feature with the other lowest-priced trucks. Today there is no need to depend on claims or to buy a truck on mere habit. Anyone can take the simple, easy-to-understand Dodge show-down chart and compare values for himself. This chart is free at your Dodge dealer's. Learn how to get the most value for your truck dollars. Drop in and see your Dodge dealer or 'phone him today.

DODGE
Division of Chrysler Corporation

**List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton models, extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

$365*

½-ton chassis, 111¼" w. b., 6 cylinders.

Dependable **DODGE TRUCKS**

"I've found that OLIVE OIL is 'tops' for preventing skin irritation!"

Ray Van Orman

TRAINER OLYMPIC LACROSSE TEAM, 1932

END IRRITATION AFTER SHAVING!

—with Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil!

It's a rough, tough game, this Lacrosse—and mighty hard on a man's skin! Yet, not much tougher than your daily shaving is on *your* skin!

For this very reason—so that shaving *won't* irritate your face . . . we make Palmolive Shave Cream with Olive Oil!

Try Palmolive! See how fresh and soothed its unique lotion-effect leaves your face! And you'll see too the thickest, creamiest lather you ever put on your face! Lather that stands up for fully ten minutes. Never dries or wilts while it gives you the world's cleanest, easiest shave! Get a tube today!

NOTHING LIKE THIS WONDERFUL PALMOLIVE LATHER! AND WHAT A SHAVE—SMOOTH, EASY, AND NO IRRITATION!
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM

Try Palmolive After-Shave Lotion; After-Shave Talc.

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

The Sign of the Lion

Continued from page 19

"He walked in here two weeks ago and got acquainted. It's a small world, Bert, even if you didn't find it so; there he is living within twenty feet of us, and he's the son of an old and dear friend of mine. I'm going to do all I can for him, for old-times' sake. I'll tell you more of the circumstances some day, before long; you're a man now. . . .

"Time to turn in!" Mr. John Pennoyer's sunny smile came back as he grasped Bert's hand and rested a heavy arm on his shoulders.

"Glad to have you back, Bert! I'm going to enjoy life now. Well, I always did, rain or shine, but it's mighty fine to have you again, Bert, and have you the man I wanted you to be. Get to bed now, partner; tomorrow's another day. We're going to have a lot of fun, aren't we?"

BERT smiled in the darkness, ground out his cigarette and returned to his pillow. Everything was perfectly all right. He and that grand two-fisted old miner were going to have a lot of fun . . . He'd be out in Utah next week . . . Utah . . . the mines . . . good old Dad . . . Margot. . . . A bell ringing. . . .

A bell. In the street; an ambulance bell. Hang it, couldn't a man sleep when—another bell! What a town for bells. The doorbell . . . Bert went to answer, yawning.

The superintendent of the apartment house was at the door.

"You're Mr. Pennoyer's son, aren't you? Well, Mr. Pennoyer, you—I—I'm not telling you anything, am I? I hope not."

"Not yet," said Bert. "What's up?"

"I don't want to tell you, Mr. Pennoyer. There's been—an accident. And it's your father."

"My father? What about my father? He's asleep inside."

"Well," said the superintendent, taking an undecided step into the foyer, as if wishing to see for himself, "we can look."

"What the deuce are you driving at? All right, if it's so important I'll wake him up. What is it, anyway?"

Bert knocked lightly on his father's door. "Dad. Dad!"

He opened the door and peeped through. He swung the door back. His father was not in the room. "Dad! Hello, Dad! . . . He's not here . . . Where is he? Did he go out? Dad!"

"Keep cool, now, Mr. Pennoyer. There's been a very sad accident. Your father must have walked in his sleep." The superintendent was approaching the open window on the court, edging toward it.

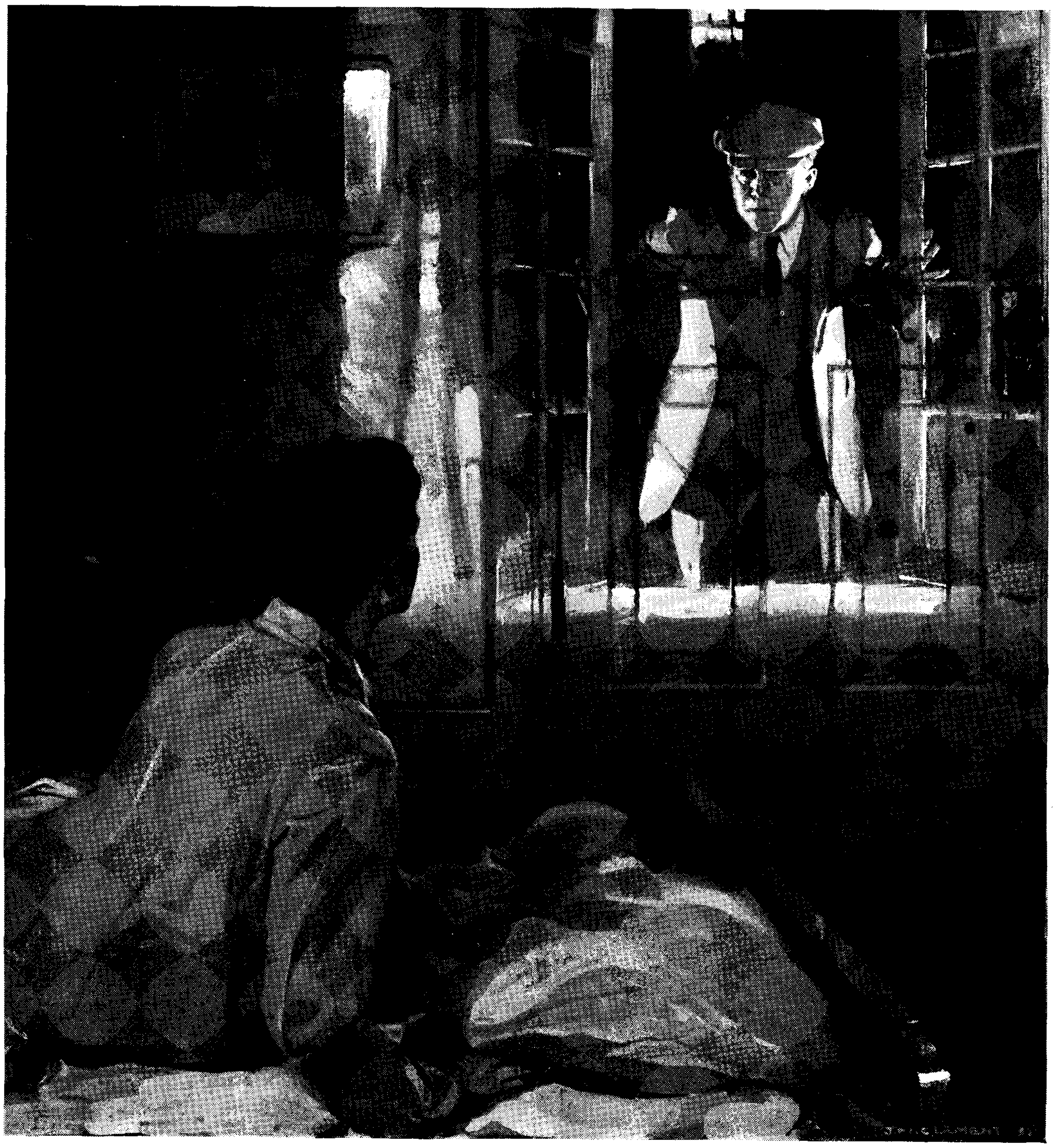
"WHAT do you mean? Where's my father? What—"

The superintendent's arm went through the window and hung over the dizzy void. "He's—he's down there, Mr. Pennoyer. The ambulance doctor has looked at him, and—it's no use."

"Dad!" cried Bert in a hoarse and shaking voice, unnerved, unbelieving. The sense of his father's presence was too strong to be talked away. The severing blow was too sudden and heavy to be felt at once.

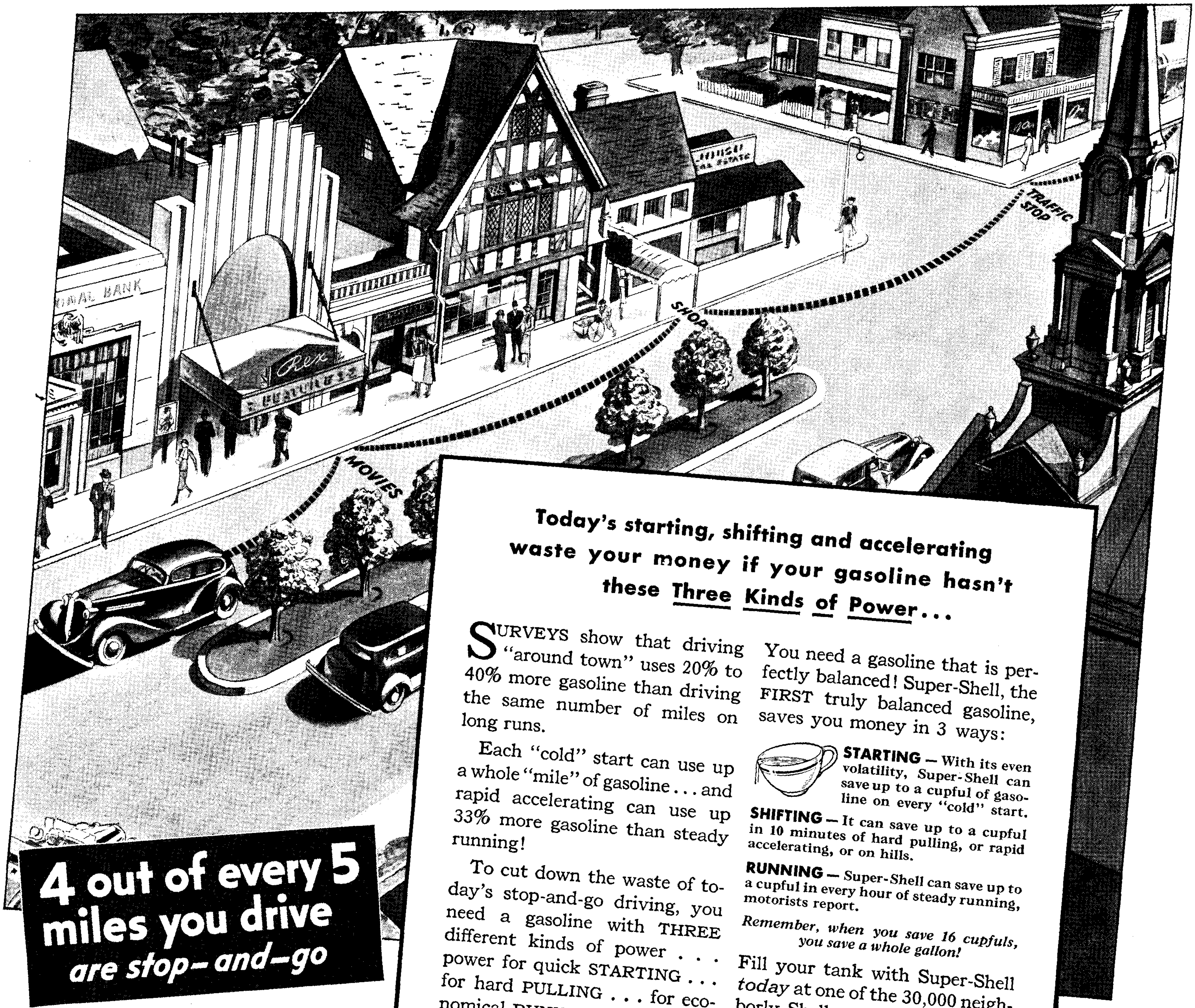
Mr. John Pennoyer, wealthy mining man of Utah and New York, had fallen from his bedroom window, one hundred and forty feet to the courtyard. He was dead when found.

(Continued on page 42)



The creature, man or wraith, was opening the casements, and moving

Stop-and-go driving *runs up* gasoline costs 20%



4 out of every 5 miles you drive *are stop-and-go*

Today's starting, shifting and accelerating waste your money if your gasoline hasn't these Three Kinds of Power...

SURVEYS show that driving "around town" uses 20% to 40% more gasoline than driving the same number of miles on long runs.

Each "cold" start can use up a whole "mile" of gasoline... and rapid accelerating can use up 33% more gasoline than steady running!

To cut down the waste of today's stop-and-go driving, you need a gasoline with THREE different kinds of power... power for quick STARTING... for hard PULLING... for economical RUNNING!

You need a gasoline that is perfectly balanced! Super-Shell, the FIRST truly balanced gasoline, saves you money in 3 ways:

STARTING — With its even volatility, Super-Shell can save up to a cupful of gasoline on every "cold" start.

SHIFTING — It can save up to a cupful in 10 minutes of hard pulling, or rapid accelerating, or on hills.

RUNNING — Super-Shell can save up to a cupful in every hour of steady running, motorists report.

Remember, when you save 16 cupfuls, you save a whole gallon!

Fill your tank with Super-Shell *today* at one of the 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from Coast to Coast.

Saves on today's stop-and-go driving

SHELL

SUPER-SHELL

FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR GUMS . . . ILL OR HEALTHY

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

with ROUND-END BRISTLE

At last, you can brush your gums as your dentist advises! No irritation. No pain.

Round-End Bristle is obviously gentler to sensitive tissues, because every single bristle end is streamline, smooth and dome-like at the point which touches your gums. *Not* sharp, ragged, and jagged, like all ordinary bristle ends in all other tooth brushes.

No other has ROUND-END Bristle

In actual use, Round-End Bristle *stays* round and soothing, while ordinary bristle becomes more split and jagged. This is proved by the photo-micrographs below.

Why be satisfied, then, with any brush less modern, when you can buy a tooth brush *with* Round-End Bristle *without* paying a penny extra for it?

No matter what size you prefer in a tooth brush, you can get it with Round-End Bristle; because the new TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic with Round-End Bristle is available in four sizes. Some adults even prefer a brush as small as our Youth's size. Ask to see all four sizes at any drug counter. *Regular Adult* and *Small Type for Adults,* 50¢. *Youth's,* 35¢. *Child's,* 25¢. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded.

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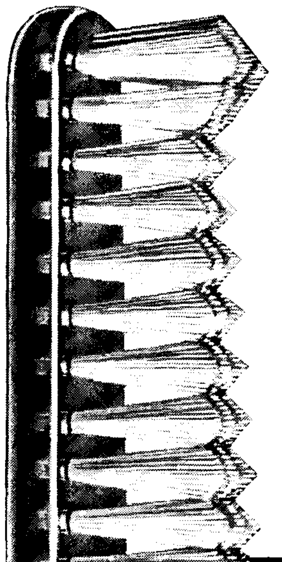

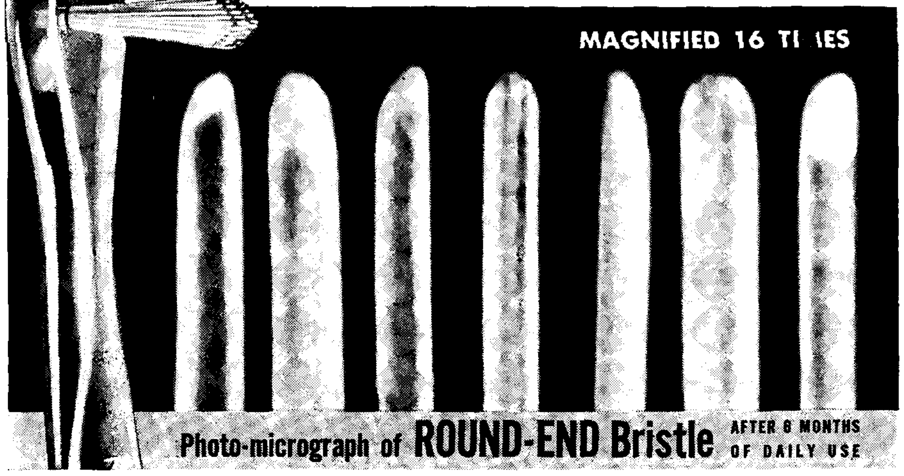

Photo-micrograph of ROUND-END Bristle AFTER 6 MONTHS OF DAILY USE

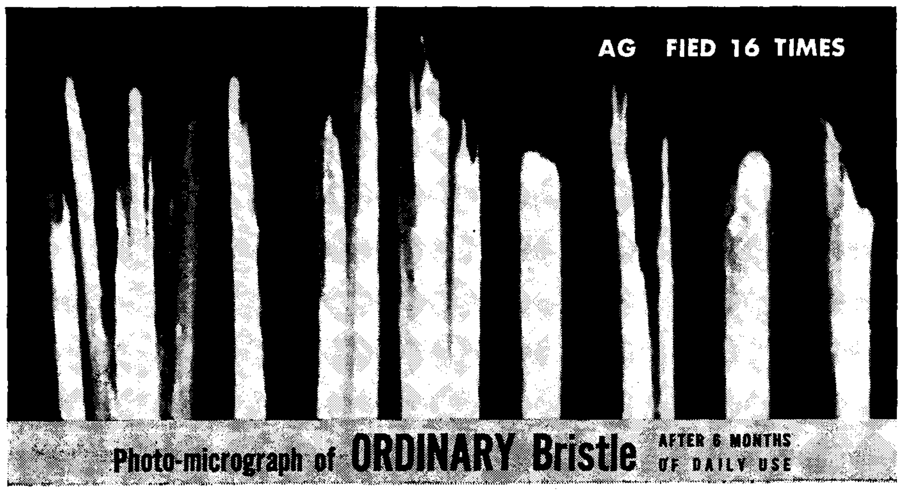

Photo-micrograph of ORDINARY Bristle AFTER 6 MONTHS OF DAILY USE

The Sign of the Lion

Continued from page 40

A coincidence appealing to lovers of the macabre and to the superstitious was that another man had fallen to death from that lofty window a year before.

He was Milo Grippen, who murdered his sweetheart. On the night when the police came to take him in the apartment, he all but eluded them; but they found him in the courtyard. The desperate man, it seemed, had got out a window and balanced against the house wall, toe tips holding for dear life to an ornamental ledge; in trying to reopen and reënter the window he had slipped to the plunge.

Among the superstitious—those whose maps of the undiscovered country do not agree with ours—was Miss Margot Abbat. She urged the stricken Bert to consult Tarat the astrologer. Bert was disinclined to the idea, thinking it frivolous; he did not know that among those who were always glad of the help of the modern magus were such sober-minded and factual gentlemen as the New York police.

In the matter of the Pennoyer death the police did not move in the first instance. There was nothing in the circumstances to indicate crime; unless the crime was that only one, that very grave one, for which the legislature, on due consideration, had prescribed no penalty.

Tarat visited the apartment on a morning a week after the funeral, coming at Margot's request.

"It's simply impossible to imagine Bert's father doing such a terrible thing, Tarat," said Margot, looking pleadingly into the black eyes of the astrologer.

"You had been absent for several months, Mr. Pennoyer," said Tarat, addressing Bert. "Did you observe a change in your father, any evidence of mental distress?"

"I wouldn't say so."

"I was meeting him for the first time, at the dinner," supplied Margot, "but I'd say he was the last man in the world to— Why, he was all fun and laughing, and so strong and sure of himself. Wasn't he, Bert?"

"Well, yes; practically. But I will say, Margot, that he seemed to have something on his mind; some matter of business, probably."

"You know of no business worries?"

"None. In fact, he told me that business was fine. His business was mining—silver and lead in Utah—and the new laws about silver just piled money in his lap."

"YOUR father, born on August 10th," said Tarat, with a bow to Margot, who had given him the date, "was a native of Leo. While natives of this sign—the Lion—are usually of strong constitution, they are peculiarly liable to heart disorders, which would be evidenced by syncope, palpitation, fainting. Feeling faint, he may have approached the window."

"He was at the window, Tarat. Dr. Tarcot saw him there, and saw him stagger or something, and that's why he telephoned. Bert heard the telephone but didn't wake up. Unfortunately, the telephone is right there by Mr. Pennoyer's bed, so Bert didn't hear it very loud with the door closed. When Dr. Tarcot came back from telephoning, it had happened. He couldn't see so well in the dark, but he's pretty close, and he's sure it was Mr. Pennoyer he saw."

"From his apartment across the court, I assume. Why was this physician present at the dinner? Was Mr. Pennoyer in his professional care?"

"It struck me as rather odd," said Bert, "having a stranger at a family affair. Dad knew him for only a couple of weeks. But that was Dad: if he took a fancy to you, right away you were the greatest fellow out."

"Warm-hearted, frank, generous," nodded the astrologer. "A true son of the Lion. Dr. Tarcot was a new acquaintance?"

"As I say. But Dad told me too that Tarcot was a son of an old friend: some miner, I guess, that he knew in the old days in Utah. He was much taken by this Tarcot; called him 'John' and all that. I can't say that he hits me so hard."

"With your permission, Mr. Pennoyer, I shall see this Bangser who was your father's lawyer. If your father had some source of great worriment, his lawyer would probably be in his confidence."

TARAT bent over the twelve-parted wheel, sprinkled with astrological symbols, that was the horoscope of John Pennoyer.

"I do not believe that your father had heart trouble, despite the tendency of the sign; Leo rising, and the Sun afflicted in the fifth is the usual indication. The luminaries here are strong and well aspected. Neptune, which rules the brain and telepathic organs, is also well aspected, which would dismiss the chance of such a psychic ailment as sleep-walking.

"Our inquiry into the circumstances of your father's death, Mr. Pennoyer, while general as yet, must take counsel from the fact that the Lion is the fifth sign and is thus the mundane ruler of the fifth house of the horoscope. The fifth house is the house of children, pleasure, love affairs. And here we have Saturn in the eleventh house, pointing to trouble from children."

"I can assure you about that," said Bert shortly. "I am the only child; we had no trouble."

"And yet Neptune," murmured Tarat, pondering, "while well aspected, is in the fifth house." Tarat rose. "May I see the room?"

They walked from the living-room, down the hallway, to the bedchamber of the late John Pennoyer.

"This was shut," said Bert, opening the white-enameled door. "That's why I didn't hear the telephone well."

Directly opposite the white door was the only window, looking into the court; the bed was between. The only other door gave into a shallow clothespress. There was the customary equipment of dresser, chiffonier and chairs.

The window was fitted with casements swinging out from the sides on hinges, so that the opening was as free as a doorway.

"Rather low," commented Tarat, looking down at the sill beside his knee.

"I spoke to the house superintendent of that," said Bert. "He says there used to be a fire escape out there. It was removed when the house was altered, several years ago."

Facing the window and twenty feet away across the open court was one identical. "I must talk with Dr. Tarcot," said Tarat, looking evocatively at the window opposite. "Even by starlight" — his glance went to the roof cornice above the window and to the blue sky above—"he should be able to see into this room in some degree."

"His door is just a few steps down the hall," advised Bert. "I doubt if he's there now; he has some work in the personnel department of one of the motion-picture studios in Long Island City, and he's there four mornings a week."

"Get me my handkerchief, please, Bert," requested Margot. "It's in on the chair." When he was gone she knelt before the window and pointed down to a shallow ledge of brick.

"Look, Tarat—that's what Milo Grippen was standing on—the man who fell from this window last year." She shivered. "They're calling it 'the haunted window' now. Tarat, you don't believe in—you don't think that what happened to that awful man Grippen could have anything to do with what happened to Mr. Pennoyer, do you? How could it? But it is queer."

"That, Miss Abbat, is a line of inquiry that may be profitable to psychiatrists, who study the aberrant human mind and the mind deluded, but it is not of interest to astrologers; our science is a natural one. You should ask Dr. Tarcot."

"I will; but I don't like to talk before poor Bert. And here's a strange thing, Tarat: Why did Mr. Pennoyer cry out for Bert if he was walking in his sleep or fell out by accident? Bert is sure he heard him. S-sh, here he comes back."

BERT himself was not at all averse to talk of his father's death; on the contrary, his mind dwelt on it always, going about it and about, unreconciled. It was he who broached the topic at dinner a day or two after Tarat's visit. Margot Abbat and Dr. Tarcot were his companions.

The talk began in a Madison Avenue restaurant and continued about the open fire in the living-room of the apartment as the night drew on.

"The deaths of Mr. Pennoyer and the man Grippen may be related," said the young psychiatrist in his soft and throaty voice, his brown eyes large and unwinking behind his glasses. He was answering Margot's question. "There may be psychic phenomena peculiar to that room or window."

"Happening only at two or three in the morning—eh, Doc?" said Bert. "I thought that psychic stuff had been pretty well exposed. The give-away is that they always happen in the dark and under fixed conditions."

"At a certain time and place; precisely, Bert. Just as the lilacs in that vase grow only on lilac bushes and in the spring. Understand me, I do not believe in the spirit world; I say with Heinrich Heine that 'with the last breath all is done'; but I know that there are states of consciousness as yet unexplained by science. Let me tell you of an experience of my own.

"One night, several weeks ago, I woke in my room there across the court. Vacant-minded, I was gazing at the opposite house wall, bright in the moonlight. And then I came sharply awake: there was a man standing there against the house wall, standing, as it seemed to me, on nothing!

"While I stared, the man edged along the sheer face of the wall, to Mr. Pennoyer's window. He opened the window, both sides, wide; and then he fell. I saw one hand so clearly, being pulled loose from the window frame. He was gone; I listened for the dreadful sound of his arrival below. No sound came up *to me; and, indeed, the appearance had* been without sound throughout. I looked down into the courtyard. It was too far to see distinctly, but I could make out the figure of a man down there, standing, head thrown far back, looking up the wall, waiting."

The psychiatrist shrugged, pursed his red lips and reached for a cigarette.

"Imagine," breathed Margot.

"And what had you been drinking, Doc?" scoffed Bert.

"Oh, yes, it was a hallucination; I realized that at once. But, wait! I had never heard of Milo Grippen; I did not know that a man had fallen to his death from that window. The people of the house, you are aware, are not exactly advertising the story. When it came at last to my ears, I went in a spirit of scientific curiosity to the public library on 42d Street, got out a newspaper file and had a look at Grippen's picture. And it was the man I had seen, or thought I had seen, fall from the window."

"Isn't—that—extraordinary! . . . But, Bert—the doctor is telling you what he saw with his own eyes. Oh, no, you can't laugh such things off. The doctor may be scientific about spirits, but I believe in them. Well, don't we all, except atheists? And if there ever was an evil spirit— Well, I can just tell you that I wouldn't sleep in that room for anything."

"Nor would I; nor Bert, I venture," said Dr. Tarcot with an amiable flare of white teeth. "Though the explanation was, of course, natural. I was under a nervous strain at the time, accounting for the hallucination. Its particular form is an interesting instance of thought transference, from the conscious mind to the subconscious. The agent, while showing me the apartment for rent, was undoubtedly thinking of what happened at the window across the court. . . . Yes, Miss Abbat, I do think there may have been a psychical relation between the deaths."

"My father, I can assure you, Doctor, did not suffer from hallucinations! He wasn't the man to see things."

"Bert, I'm not so sure," said Dr. Tarcot. "Something alarmed him, since he called out your name, and what could it have been but some mental phantasm? *Under the same circumstances the same* phenomenon might recur."

THE clock on the mantel made a slithering noise and chimed musically, counting twelve.

"I must be saying good night," said the psychiatrist.

"A moment, Doc." Bert went into his room. He returned, lifted a hand from a side pocket and exposed an Army automatic.

"I'm sleeping in that room tonight, Doc. And I'm taking this friend whose nerves are made of iron."

"You surely are not, Bert! Don't let him, Doctor!"

"Decidedly not. Or if you do I'll sit right here till daylight. You've been under a strain lately, my boy."

"Good night, Doctor," said Bert. "See you tomorrow!"

"You're resolved on it? I can only tell you it's foolhardy. Well, I'll illuminate that window for you, at any rate."

"Bert, if you do, I'll stay here all night! I'll sleep in your room!"

"Threatening me, are you, girl?" said Bert, grinning. "Now my mind is made up for fair!"

A half-hour later, Bert, having persuaded Miss Margot Abbat to kiss him good night, entered his father's room, closed the door and got into his pajamas. He raised the high shade, pushed the casements wide open and switched off the light. He got into the bed.

Almost at once a strong light shone in his face, coming from the bathroom *of Dr. Tarcot's apartment across the* court; the doctor was making good his promise to light up the window.

Thanking the psychiatrist not at all for his aid, Bert shifted his pillow to the foot of the bed, where his face would be in shadow. And after a time he slept.

A bell was ringing, imperatively, insistently, in the land of dreams. . . .

"Yes?" called Bert, jerked up from the depths of sleep. Blinking, purblind,

(*Continued on page* 44)

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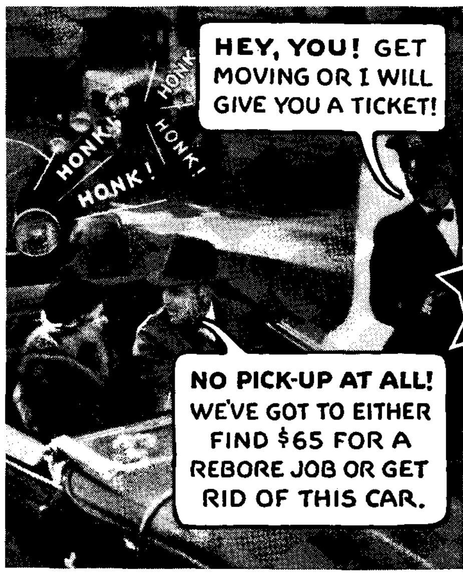
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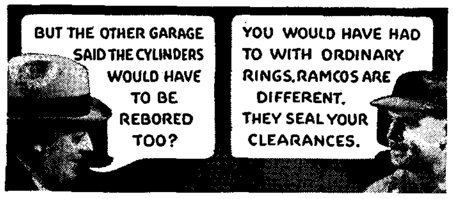
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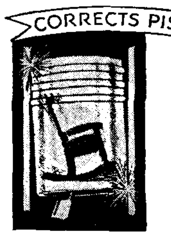

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(Continued from page 43)

he got head and shoulder from the pillow and groped for the telephone. Who in the deuce—

His hand hung. His mouth opened. He was staring at the window. The window was closed. It was illuminated, throwing light into the room through the lace curtains on each casement. And there was something behind it, a human figure, poised out there over the dizzy gulf, showing blackly.

A man was out there, coming from behind the occulting house wall. A shadowy hand and arm came forth and pressed blackly against the window. A head and shoulder issued into the radiance, and the face pressed against the pane; the creature was peering into the room. Bert was conscious of the boring eyes.

The creature, man or wraith, was opening the casements, and moving. They were as silent as death. They parted, silently, widely; the visitor from outer space was starkly outlined, black. It was going to enter the room; it was crouching toward the leap. . . .

Bert's hand found the automatic. He snatched it from the pillow, leveled it full at the creature's breast hardly six feet away and fired, twice.

The room roared, the air was acrid, but there was the visitant yet, unbanished, unaffected, opening the window the final inch, lowering to jump.

From far off a voice cried, high and thin, "Bert! *B-e-r-t!*" It came from beyond the window; and from out there in the nothingness came an eerie pounding of feet, running, frantic. . . .

Bert's scalp crawled on his head; his heart pounded with the feet; he got from the bed; he started for the door.

Light shone in his face; he threw out his hands, groping, fending, and plunged forward. . . .

He did not hear the door open behind him, nor witness the swift leap to his rescue, but his arm was suddenly caught and held strongly. He struggled, but was halted.

"Gently, Mr. Pennoyer," came Tarat's voice in the darkness. "Give us light here, Miss Abbat."

The light went on. "Bert!" called Margot sobbingly.

Before Bert was the open window. He was stopped on its verge.

He recoiled from the perilous edge and looked behind him. There, where he had seen the window, was the door, ajar now, the whiteness of its center panel punctured by the bullets.

"DR. TARCOT is dead," announced Tarat, entering from the public hall some minutes later and joining Bert and Margot in the living-room. "He has been shot down in the street while escaping from the custody of the police."

"Good!" exclaimed Bert with a lift of savage exultation. "If I understand what he did, he was Dad's murderer!"

"Unquestionably, Mr. Pennoyer," said the astrologer. "And his method is now evident. He employed a motion picture, thrown through the window and onto the door, from his room across the court. The police have his apparatus. When he was ready for his murderous attempt on you, he called you on the telephone, which was between you and the door. You awoke, turned to the telephone, and saw—to all seeming—the window, and the intruder. Suddenly roused, startled, confused in direction, you got from the bed, to hurry from the room. The light of the projecting machine dazzled you; your hands went up and out—"

"Oh, Bert. If I hadn't gone out and called Tarat when you insisted on sleeping in that terrible room!"

"I was all turned around, Margot. When Tarat grabbed me, I couldn't believe— Ah, now I remember! I turned around in the bed before I went asleep. There was a light in my face, coming from— And he did this hellish thing to poor old Dad?"

"Unquestionably, Mr. Pennoyer. And he meant to encompass your death too. Had you not responded to this first attempt, he would have shut off the picture, we may suppose, and you would have had only a tale to tell in the morning of a nightmare and an illusion."

"A motion picture is what it was. I might have known it, had I time to think, and had he not filled my mind with a ghost story before I went asleep."

"He may have prepared it from the window in his own room; the apartment over there is a duplicate of this. His employment in the Long Island City studio could afford him the necessary technical knowledge, and access to apparatus. The rest was a problem in psychology; and that was his peculiar province.

"Getting Miss Abbat's summons, I came at once and, with the permission of the house superintendent, who was desirous of laying the talk of a ghostly visitor, I watched from the window of a vacant apartment. I saw the light of the projecting machine in Tarcot's room; and then the telephone rang in here, as it had rung on the night of your father's death."

"YOU had previously suspected Tarcot?" asked Bert. "But why? Why should he do this awful thing? He could gain nothing."

"That, Mr. Pennoyer," said Tarat, after a moment of humane hesitation, "is explained by an irregular love episode in your father's young manhood, before he met and married your mother. Your father was a true native of the Lion—passionate, virile.

"I learned yesterday from your father's lawyer, Bangser, that your father's estate was in Utah, and that he had a legal residence there; distribution would be according to Utah law.

"Mr. Bangser had already instituted, as was his duty, a guarded inquiry for possible heirs in Utah. Briefly, Mr. Pennoyer, there is much reason to believe that Dr. John Tarcot was your father's natural son. Your father, then a poor miner, offered the mother marriage, we understand, but she was not the marrying kind."

"No one need assure me," said Bert, raising his head proudly, "that Dad was, and always was, a man of honor! But why—why suspect such an affair?"

"Neptune in the fifth house of your father's horoscope, Mr. Pennoyer! The import of the presence of the Shadow Planet in the house of children, pleasure and love affairs, is well established in our science."

"Neptune, eh?" said Bert doubtfully.

"Confirmed," added Tarat conscientiously, "by what Mr. Bangser told me of the law of Utah. He said that it was the one state of the Union—because of its unique social history—that empowered illegitimate children, so known in law, to inherit from the father. While seeking the latest decisions he set afoot an investigation into the facts.

"With your father and you removed, apparently by suicide, the fiendish fellow could have come forward at leisure and claimed the estate. No lawful heir remaining, his claim, supplemented perhaps by some trumped-up proof of a secret marriage to allay prejudice, must have had a sympathetic hearing."

"Open the window!" The high and singing voice came from the court. "O-pen the win-dow!"

Margot uttered a suppressed scream. Bert scowled but paled.

"The police," said Tarat, "are still there across the court. They evidently wish to try Dr. Tarcot's apparatus while it is still dark. Would you care to see again the haunted window?"

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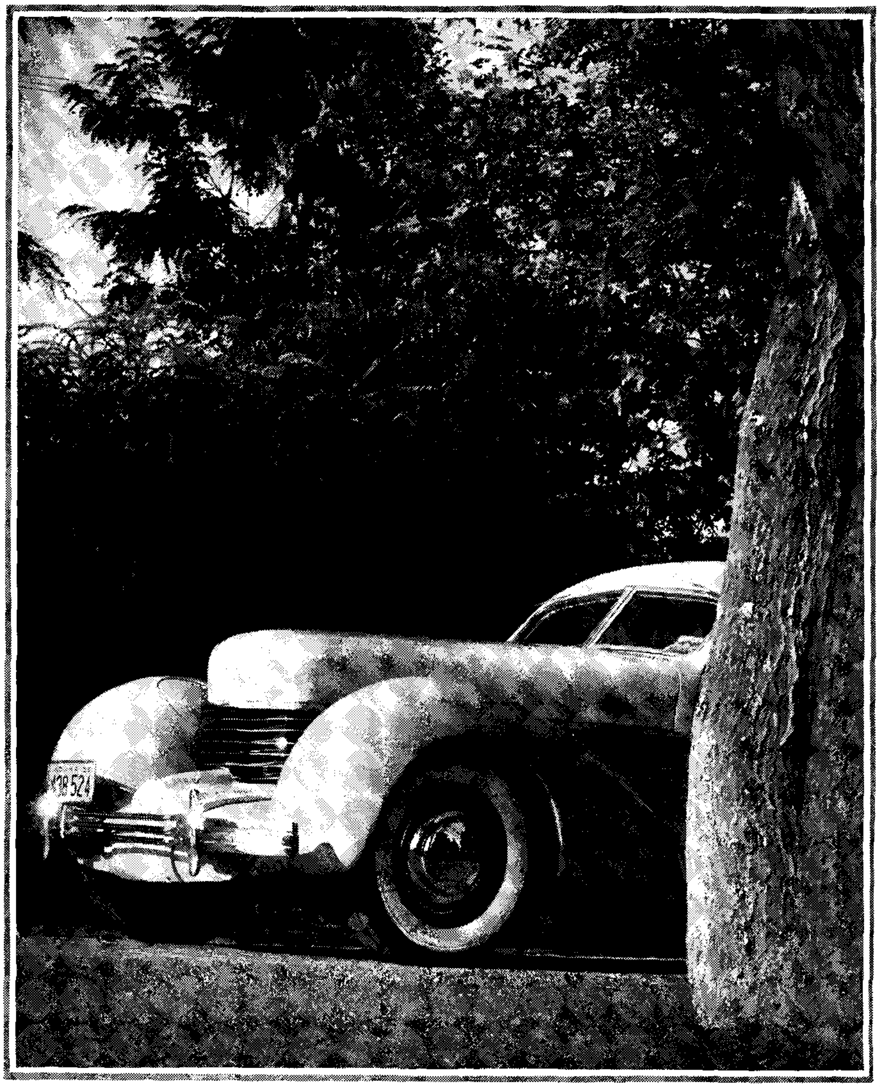

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Jew-Baiter Number One

Continued from page 9

Nazi potentates like Hitler himself, and Goering and Goebbels.

"Der Stuermer" teems with charges against Jews of immoral attacks on girls, of white slavery and financial dishonesty. Sometimes entire pages are given up to accusations against one individual, in which his full name, address and photograph are prominently displayed. Sometimes the paper turns from anti-Semitism to tirades against non-Jewish elements opposed to extreme Nazism—Catholics, Protestants, Freemasons, German intellectuals, university students, and "people of the better class" who, to Streicher, are obstacles in the leveling campaign of Hitlerism.

The foreign press also is often singled out for abuse. During his Sportpalast speech, Streicher kept shooting looks of contempt at the foreign correspondents gathered to hear him and shaking his riding whip threateningly at them.

Streicher Looks at Us

Every issue of "Der Stuermer" carries, on its first page, in big black letters, the words: "The Jews are our misfortune." Scattered through the rest of the pages are assertions such as "German women and girls, the Jews are your perdition!" or "He who fights the Jews wrestles with the devil," or "Jews are masters at lying," or "Germany will live as long as she sees in the Jew the mortal foe of the human race."

Every issue devotes entire columns to court cases—in which, invariably, the accused is a Jew—or to the most brutal denunciation of Jews against whom no legal action has been brought. The fear of libeling those thus accused does not seem to bother Streicher for a moment. Along with the text go cartoons, depicting Jews, with their racial characteristics brutally exaggerated, which are the last word in vulgarity. One, in a recent "Stuermer," showed two men, obviously Jewish, marching around a prison yard with a lot of others, also Jews, attired in convict garb. One of the two was saying to the other: "What are you in for—trying to smuggle money out of Germany?" "No, for attacking a German girl," answers the other. "If we continue to let ourselves get caught this way, German prisons will look just like synagogues!" This is a mild example of the paper's regular style, a considerable portion of its contents are, from any decent point of view, absolutely unprintable.

Streicher's paper pays considerable attention to the United States. Recently it printed a long account of an alleged case in New York of "race-ravishing"—the phrase which it constantly applies to supposed attacks by Jews on non-Jewish women—which, it asserted, has been ignored by the "Jewish-controlled" American press. It also reproduces letters from correspondents in the United States describing the trials and tribulations of American anti-Semites, who are said to be unable to obtain justice in American courts since "every second judge there is a Jew."

In his speeches also Streicher has a lot to say about us. "Three things," he asserted to a German audience recently, "are characteristic of America: the Statue of Liberty, the skyscrapers, and Jews—happy America!" And, speaking before a big audience in Hamburg the other day, he said:

"When a German girl, who has been a traitor to her race, is led through the streets of a German town with the announcement of her shameful behavior hung around her neck, then the whole world shouts: 'Pogroms in Germany!' But, when Negroes are lynched in America, when Communists there are tarred and feathered, nobody bothers about it. We Germans are not concerned with happenings in America; we think that they concern only Americans. But we demand that Americans cease to concern themselves about what happens in Germany."

President Roosevelt's recent rebuke to the Russians on the subject of Bolshevist propaganda in the United States gave much joy to Julius Streicher. To that same Hamburg audience he gleefully remarked:

"Because Germany refused to enter an alliance with her Soviet Russian neighbor, she was called a disturber of world-peace. But those who called her that have got themselves mixed up in such an alliance and are obliged to write sharp notes and protests to Moscow because Bolshevism, rampant in their cities, is plotting bloody massacres there."

Streicher's position as Nazi chief in Nuremberg gives him great power, which—as one would expect—he uses largely to make the life of the local Jews as unhappy as possible. Next to Frankfort-on-the-Main the city has the highest percentage of Jewish population in Germany—about two per cent out of a total of about 400,000 inhabitants. Since Streicher got supreme control there something like half of these Jews have left the city, the constant indignities to which they were subjected having at last become intolerable. They got tired of reading "Jews not wanted here" over Nuremberg shops, or "Jews enter here at their own risk," over the door of a Nuremberg school; they realized that their non-Jewish friends, only too well aware of the ruthlessness of Streicher's methods, were fighting shy of them; that non-Jewish customers who had dealings with them were likely to see their photographs published in "Der Stuermer" with insulting captions.

Streicher delights in giving proofs of his unlimited power as Czar of Franconia and Nuremberg. Recently a foreigner called upon him for a talk over the situation. Streicher was most affable in giving information. At that time the dispute between the Nazis and the German Protestants had led the Hitler government to appoint a couple of bishops to administer the interests of the Nazi-created German Protestant church in Franconia.

At His Beck and Call

"Would you like to talk to one of our new bishops?" Streicher asked the foreigner. The latter nodded. The ruler of Nuremberg imperiously summoned an underling.

"Tell Bishop So-and-so to come here right away," he commanded. In a few minutes the prelate appeared. After he and the foreigner had talked a while, Streicher asked:

"Would you like to have a chat with the chief of police?"

"I would," said the visitor.

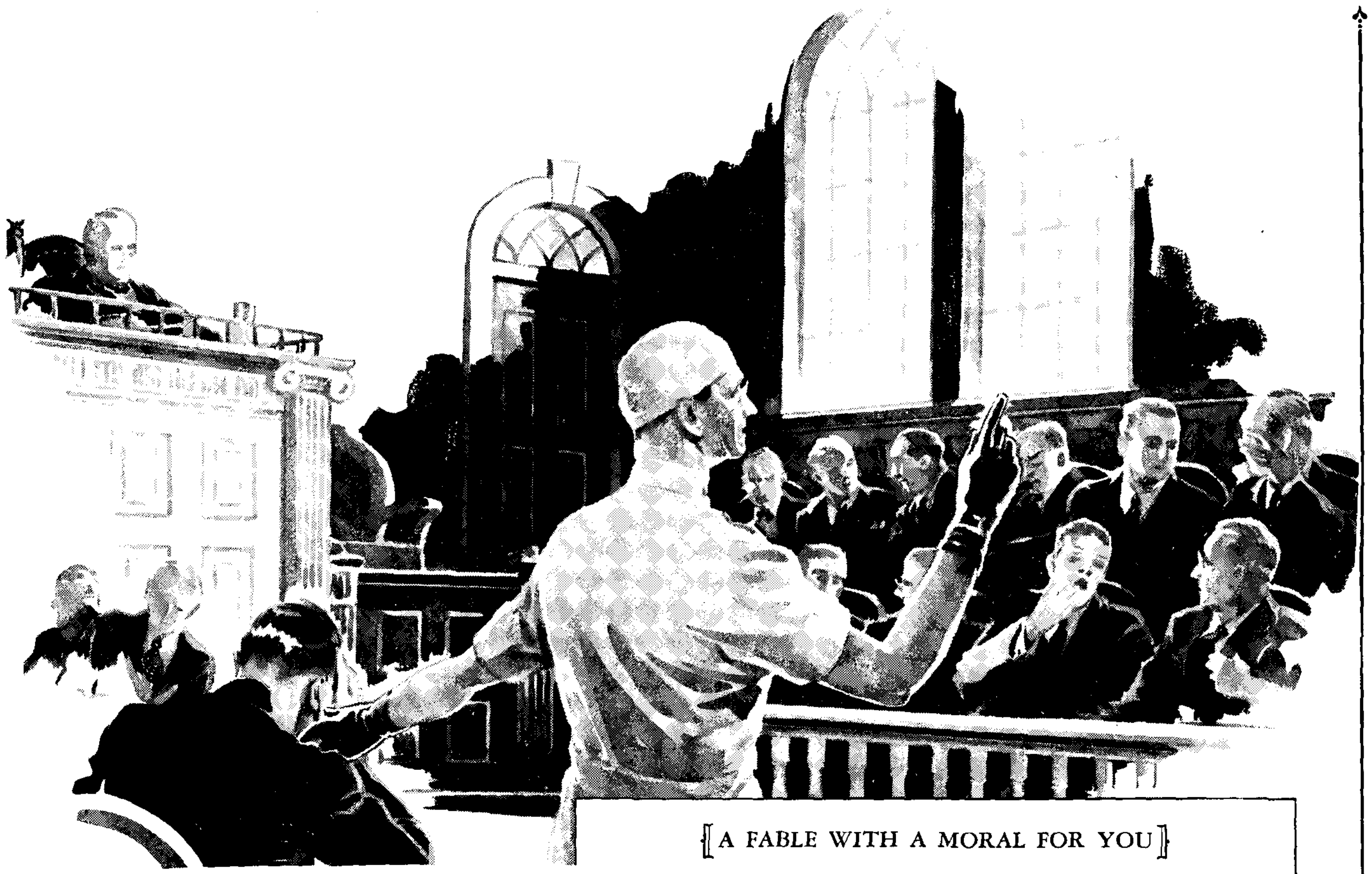
Again an imperious summons brought an underling on the jump.

"Get the chief of police!" commanded the Franconian czar.

In a few minutes that dignitary bustled into the room.

"Tell this gentleman what he wants to know," ordered Streicher. The official proceeded to obey, while the visitor, greatly embarrassed at the cyclonic re-

(Continued on page 48)



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HE LET HIS DOCTOR PLEAD HIS CASE

. . . and he lost

A man got into a legal tangle. He looked about for someone to handle his case. His logical choice was a lawyer who was noted for his ability and experience. But he said: "I'll get Doctor New-Comer. He did a neat job on my appendix last year and his fee wasn't stiff." So he persuaded the doctor to act as his counsel. The good "Doc," not being experienced in matters of this sort, overlooked a few important technicalities and lost the decision.

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Jew-Baiter Number One

Continued from page 46

sult of his modestly expressed wishes, listened respectfully.

Streicher likes to boast of his closeness to Hitler. Among the Nazis he is one of the few who call Der Fuehrer "Du"—meaning "thou"—which, in Germany, is only used by persons bound together by close relationship or intimate friendship. Recently the editor of "Der Stuermer" told an audience:

"They say that Hitler came to me in a rage, took away my riding whip and struck me with it. That's a lie! The fact is this: I lost my whip a short time ago and the Fuehrer presented me with another one. This is it!" And he brandished a whip triumphantly in the faces of his hearers.

A Post-War Crusader

Julius Streicher was born fifty years ago in the small Bavarian town of Fleinhausen. His father was a schoolteacher; from his mother he inherits the blood of generations of Bavarian peasants. To this day he speaks with a strong Bavarian accent; and, even when haranguing audiences in Northern Germany, far from his native soil, he constantly spices his speech with tremendous oaths—such as "Himmelherrgottsakrament!"—typical of the Bavarian peasantry, which are received by his auditors with shouts of delight.

Young Julius was one of ten children. His parents, poor all their lives, had a hard time supporting their big brood; whenever any one of the children got old enough to earn a little money the father and mother were only too glad to apply it toward meeting the family budget. So, when Julius decided that he wanted to be a schoolteacher like his father—which meant a longer time at school before he earned anything—the family problem grew more complicated than ever.

But it was solved somehow. Julius went to a teachers' preparatory school. At the age of twenty-four he was appointed to a teachership in Nuremberg. He still likes to go back there and give impromptu instruction to the children who are the successors of his class there.

The World War abruptly interrupted his teaching. He saw active service in a bicycle battalion and as a machine-gunner. He was awarded the Iron Cross, likewise an Austrian medal, for distinguished service in fighting beside Germany's Austrian allies.

Soon after the end of the war Streicher embarked on his career of furious anti-Semitism. He became a violent opponent also of the post-war German Republic, whose government he denounced at public meetings, before which he spoke as a member of a couple of short-lived political parties, afterward swallowed up in the rising tide of Hitlerism. In the first post-war years he also founded two newspapers, which, in the brutality of their style, were worthy forerunners of "Der Stuermer."

Sticking With Hitler

Such a man was sure to be attracted by Adolf Hitler and his Nazi doctrines. As early as 1921 Streicher was prominent among Hitler's partisans. Soon afterward he founded "Der Stuermer." When Hitler staged his 1923 coup in Munich, Streicher marched with him through Munich's streets and stood by his side when a volley of rifle fire, from soldiers and policemen loyal to the government, stretched sixteen Hitlerites dead on the pavement.

It looked as if Hitlerism was as dead as those sixteen. But, like his chief, Streicher refused to give up. "The fight will continue!" he boasted to a crowd on the Marienplatz in Munich, immediately after the street battle. And he hurried back to Nuremberg to make good his boast. But, as he stepped from the train, he was arrested.

The republican authorities locked him up at the Bavarian town of Landsberg, where Hitler was also a prisoner. On the door of the cell at Munich police headquarters, where he was imprisoned on his way to Landsberg, there is today a commemorative tablet. And, in "Der Stuermer," Streicher likes to remind people of those days, only a few years back, when he was a helpless prisoner instead of a political power. In a recent issue he ran a picture of a bare, little room, in which, on a rough, wooden table, was a loaf of coarse bread and a tin cup of water. Underneath was this caption: "Still Life: Julius Streicher's Cell at Landsberg."

After his release, he returned to editing his paper. Soon he put it in a class by itself as an organ of vindictive anti-Semitism. The outrageous nature of his attacks occasionally got him into trouble with the authorities; several times the "Stuermer" was suppressed. But Streicher returned to the charge each time with unimpaired virulence.

Then Hitler seized power in Germany. He lost no time in rewarding his Franconian ally. First, Streicher was made head of a committee for combating Jewish anti-Nazi activities. Then he was appointed Nazi leader in the whole of Franconia.

Growing in Influence

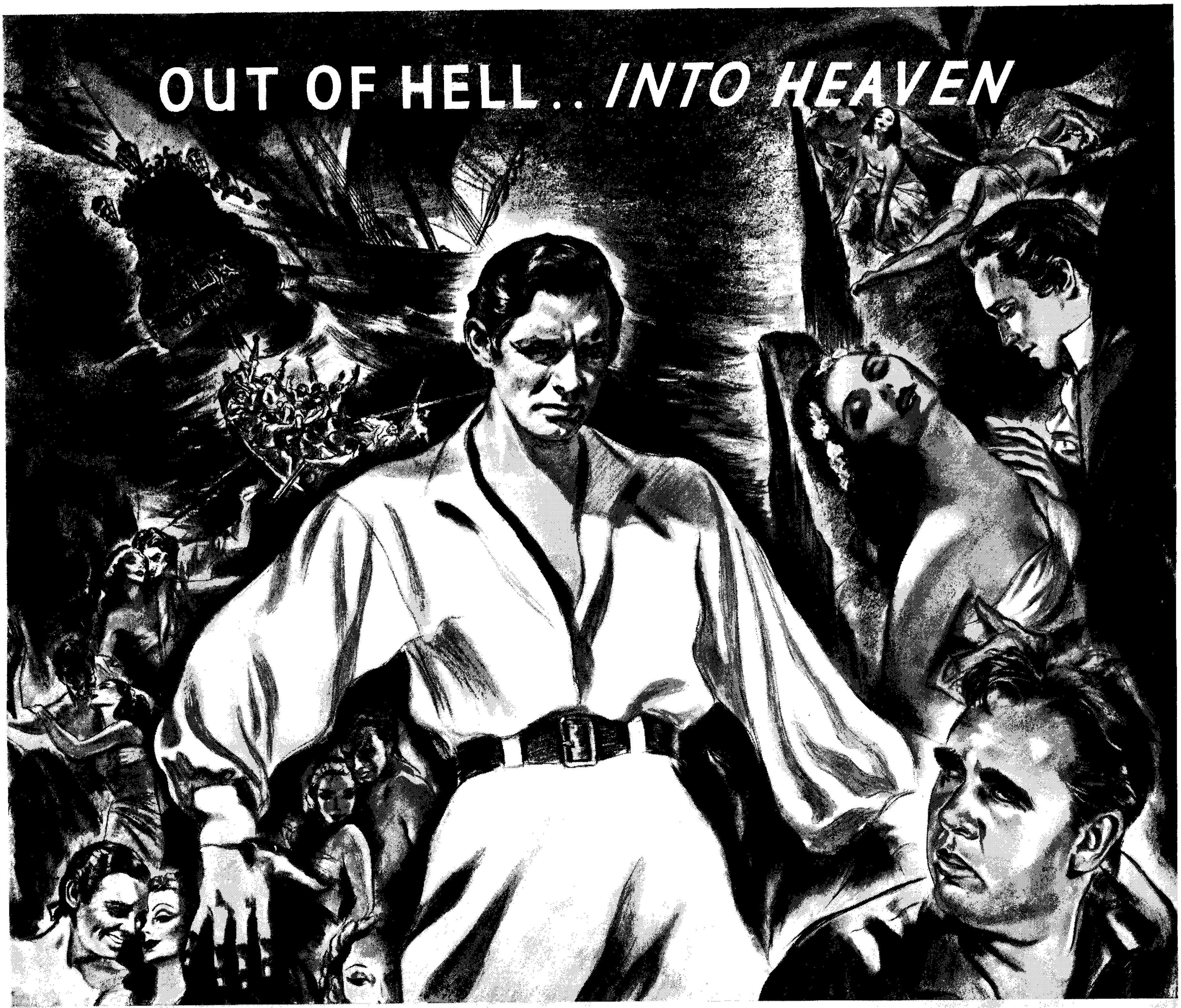
The venom which he now instilled into his anti-Semitic campaign was at times too much even for the Hitler government. Not only was the notorious "ritual murder" issue of his paper stopped but several other issues were withdrawn from circulation by orders from above. Nevertheless, editor and paper continued to grow in importance and influence. And when, at the Berlin Sportpalast, he was allowed to speak, unmuzzled, from the platform sacred to the great leaders of Nazidom, he seemed justified in believing that he had definitely downed all opposition.

How long he will be entitled to think that way remains to be seen. In Berlin and elsewhere in Germany you may hear all sorts of bets as to the next stages in the career of Streicher.

The strength of Hitler's loyalty to old friends is well known to the Germans. They are fully aware that it takes him an incredibly long time to act against those who have succeeded in winning his confidence. But, when he once makes up his mind to do so, he can act with devastating thoroughness—as those who remember June 30, 1934, and what happened on that day to Captain Ernst Roehm, fully realize.

This thought may lead Hjalmar Schacht, Nazidom's financial czar, and others hostile to Streicher's blind persecution of German Jews, to hope that their efforts may one day lead to the permanent suppression of "Der Stuermer" and the permanent elimination of its editor as a power among the Nazis.

But as these lines are being written—with copies of Streicher's sheet on sale even in the lobbies of Berlin hotels, and with the fruits of his ruthless anti-Semitism visible on every hand all over Germany—there seems little chance, for the time being at least, of any such drastic change in Nazi policy.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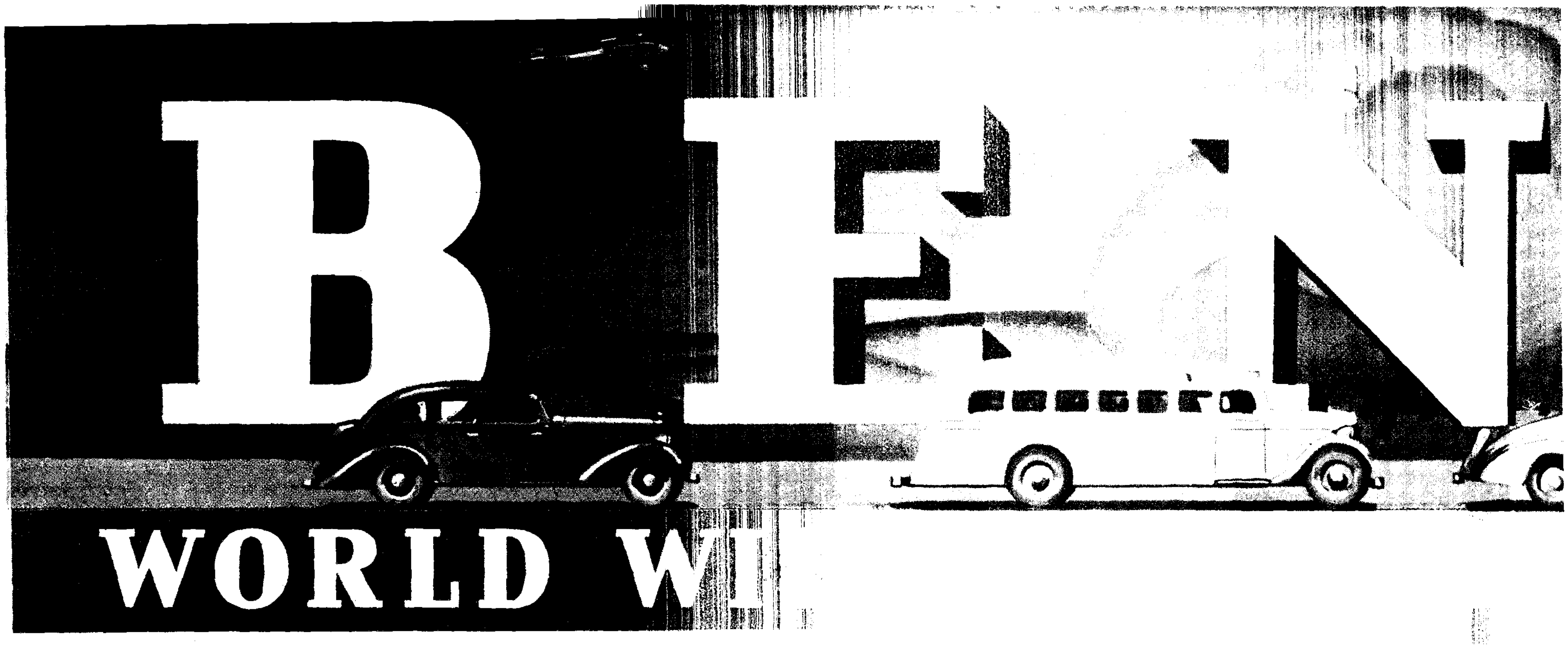

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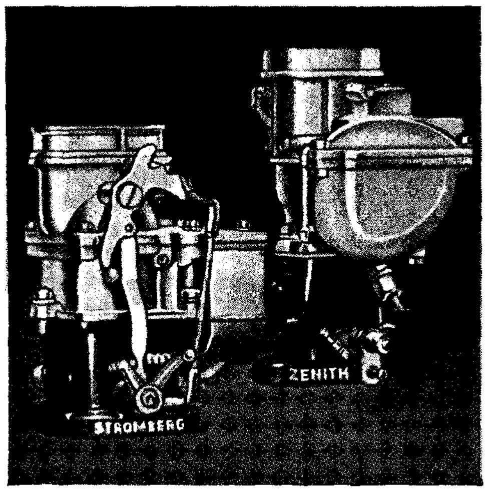

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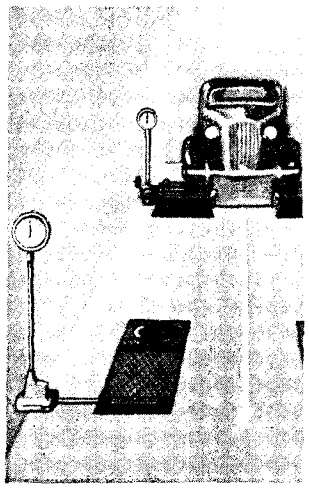

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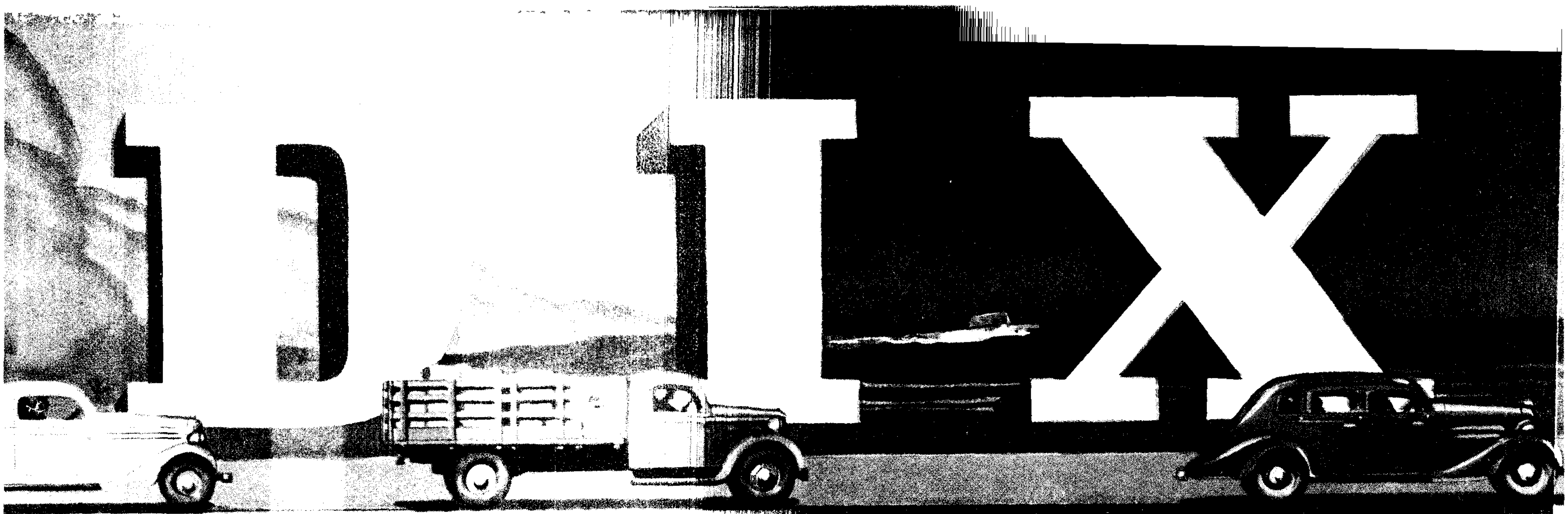

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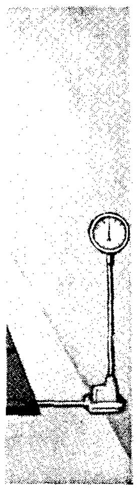

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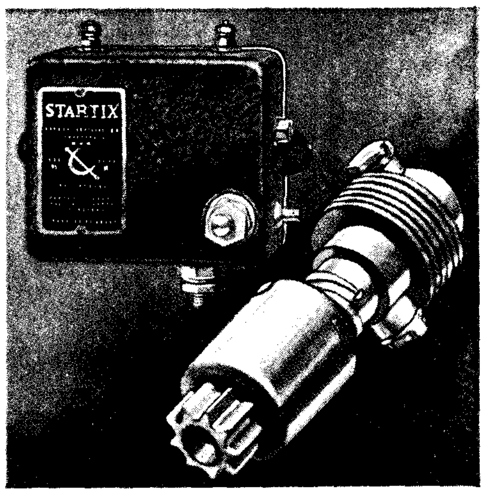

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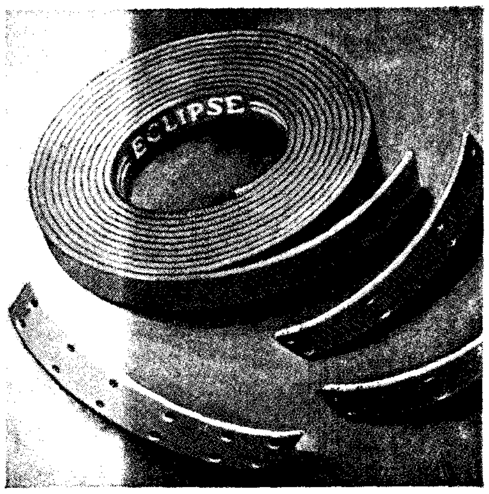

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Beer in cans is just a "natural" . . . one of those things that make people say: "Why didn't they do it long ago?" Thus far Continental's production is far behind demand. But before long you should be able to enjoy your favorite beer in this new and better container. Watch for it . . . ask for it.

●

Tastes better ● Easy to open

Protected from light

No deposit ● No empties to return

Cools quicker ● Takes up less space

No danger of breakage

Sanitary—used once—thrown away

Holds 12 fluid ounces, same as bottle

Use any bottle opener

Drink right from can if you wish

●

Continental Can Company

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

Don't Worry About That

Continued from page 11

face. "Listen, Chick," she said icily, "if you want me to keep quiet, I will. I won't say another word. You needn't be nasty. I just thought you ought to know a few things about last night, for your own good, so you can apologize or something. You say you remember everything that happened, but you don't. If you did, you wouldn't sit there acting so smart. But I won't say another word if you don't want me to."

"I didn't say I remembered every little thing. I admit I was going pretty good there for a while. But you don't *have* to act as though my mind were a complete blank. I just want to know what I did that you think was so bad. So far, I can't see I did anything so terrible."

"That was only the beginning. Then we went in to dinner. But I won't go into *that*."

"Tell me. I might as well know, I suppose." There was a pause. "Go on, tell me," he insisted.

"Well— If you really want me to—"

He squirmed. "Yes, yes; tell me."

"WELL," she went on, "Ann's table was right in the center of the dining-room and simply lovely; slews of gorgeous roses, and she had her grandmother's candelabras. Of course when we went in, everybody at the other tables turned around. I almost died and so did Helen."

"Why?" He looked up quickly. "Oh, I know," he said. "About us changing our places, you mean."

"Yes. It was too awful. Here Ann had gone to no end of trouble, seating everybody. I must say she did it well, too. At least nobody was next to somebody he simply loathes, and that's quite a feat in this town. Gerald was on Ann's left, and that Thompson man—the dinner was really for him—on her right. It seems this Thompson person's a lawyer in Cleveland and supposed to be terribly brainy. Ann's crazy about him.

"Well, anyway, you were between Helen and Kate Ashby, and Phil was somewhere, I don't know just where. When we were ready to sit down, you and Phil decided you wanted to sit next to Ann. So what did you do but march right up to the head of the table. It was too ghastly. Here was this Thompson man, a complete stranger; and you and Phil up there with your arms around Ann, saying you weren't going to let any old shyster from Cleveland steal little Annie away. 'Not our little Annie, by gosh!' you said. Ann got *simp*-ly crimson."

"You're making some of this up," he said irritably; "the 'shyster' part, anyway."

"Indeed I'm not. You can ask anybody. The whole dining-room was watching; not missing a trick. Then Ann sat down. I guess she hoped you and Phil would go back where you belonged. But did you? You did not. The four of you stood there, arguing about who was to sit where. You and Phil were so noisy that finally Gerald had to give his place to Phil or there would have been a scene. Heaven knows it was bad enough anyway. And the Thompson man came down and sat between Helen and Kate. Helen almost passed away, she was so embarrassed. Gerald ended up next to Lil Dana. They haven't spoken since the time she got tight and told him he was too repressed."

"Good old Lil."

"It was all just lovely. I'm sure Ann must have enjoyed everything too. Here she is, almost thirty, and mad about this man. It's her last chance; there's nobody else. So she goes to no end of trouble. Asks him down for the week end. Wants to show him a good time; impress him, sort of. And then this happens. I wouldn't be surprised if he went back to Cleveland and never saw her again. He was *wild*."

"I don't think it's as bad as all that," he complained.

"And all this time Mother's crowd was right across the room, taking everything in. It's a wonder you didn't waltz over and put on an act for them. I guess you couldn't have seen them till they got up to go out. *That* was bad enough."

He looked up, alarmed. "What?"

"What you called Father. 'Well, if it isn't the old souse!' you hollered. Told him to meet you at the bar later; you'd have a poke together. 'Two or three pokes, in fact!' you hollered."

"I didn't!"

"You *did*."

"Oh, for the— Wha' did he say?"

"Nothing. Just smiled. Smiled and looked at you as though you were a little boy, showing off. I don't think he thought it was so funny though. I don't know what Mother thought, I'm sure. It's lucky your own family are away."

"Yeah, that's a break," he agreed.

"Of course it doesn't matter how you act in front of my family. Not in the least. I suppose they can stand anything. After all, we've been married three years. They must know what to expect by now. I don't imagine they're surprised at anything any more. Just the same, I'm glad they left after dinner. I'm glad they went in to Otts' and played bridge, instead of staying for the dance. That would have been *too* much."

He sighed wearily. "Listen, baby," he said, "I think you're making this sound much worse than it really was. I admit—"

"I won't say another word," she said. "I just thought you ought to know for your own good. A few people aren't going to act any too friendly the next time you see them and I thought you might like to know why. But I won't have you think I'm making all this up; calling me a liar."

"Now don't get sore," he retorted. "I didn't call you a liar. What I mean is that those club parties are always pretty peppy. Probably things do look bad—worse than they really are—when you're cold sober. But nobody ever is— Well—hardly anybody, anyway. Almost everybody is high and nobody thinks much about it the next day."

"REALLY? Well, I must remember that. I shouldn't want people to think I'm odd. I must get drunk at the next party. Trip over furniture, and all that. I'll watch your friend Mrs. Hazen. She can give me a few pointers."

"I don't see anything wrong with her," he said. There was a pitcher of water on the table. He filled his glass a third time. "What I mean is, I can't see why you and the rest of the dames don't like her. Just because she's been divorced a couple of times—"

"I won't say a word."

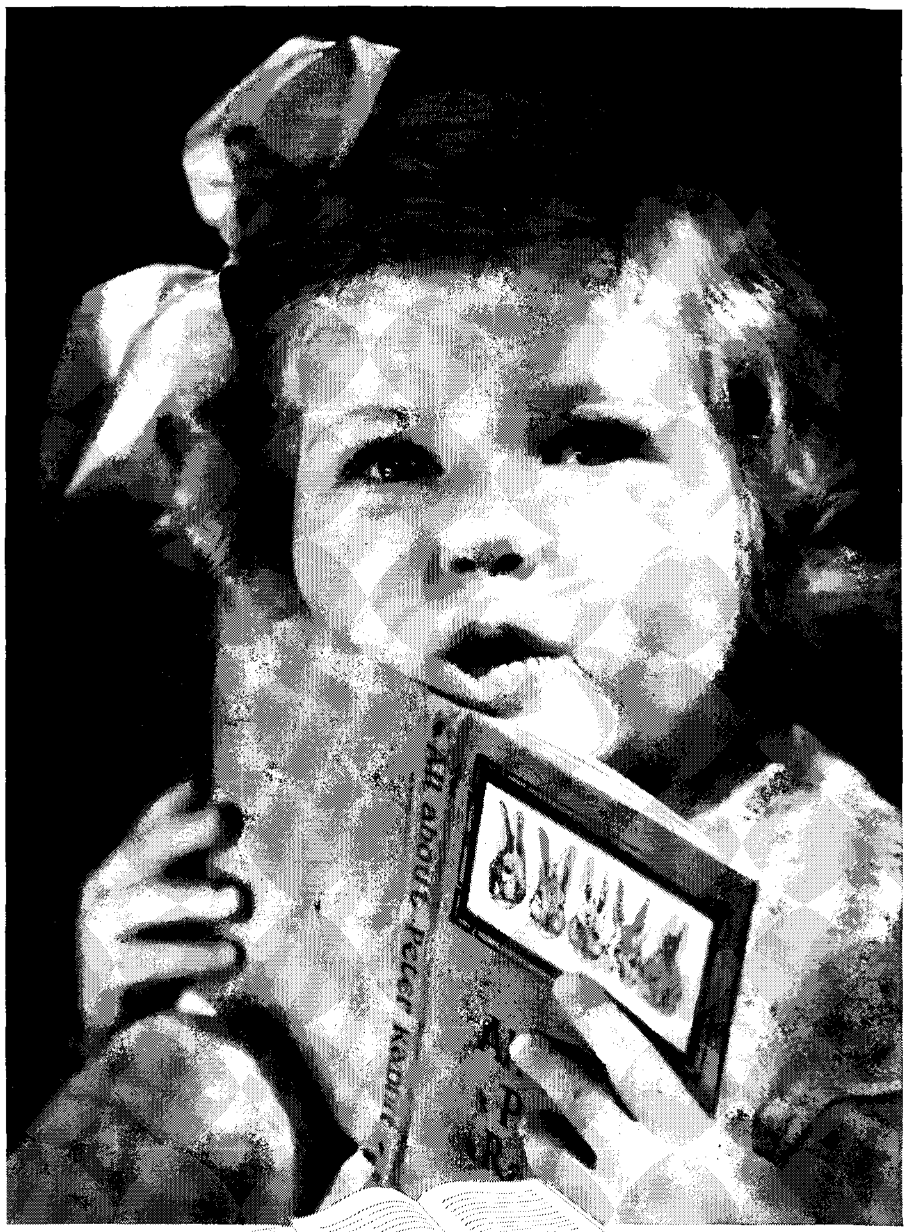
There was an electric toaster beside her on the table. He handed her a slice of bread. "Maybe I'll have some toast now," he said; "and some more coffee."

She put the bread in the toaster and turned the switch. "I'm glad," she said. "You *ought* to eat something. You didn't eat much last night. Didn't you like the dinner?"

The toaster made a steady clicking sound.

"Swell dinner," he mumbled. "I just wasn't hungry, I guess."

(Continued on page 54)



THE DANGEROUS AGE

A WONDERFUL AGE . . . when life is an unending voyage of discovery. A dangerous age . . . because young eyes must keep up with inquisitive young minds, and three-fourths of all a child learns must come to him through his eyes! Yet many parents have never learned the simple facts about eye protection during the critical growing years of childhood!

The eyes of a child *work hard* even during hours of play. And *over-strain* during this period of development may do irreparable damage. There are two common, avoidable causes of eyestrain: uncorrected defects of vision . . . improper light. One school child in every five has defective vision! And not one home in ten provides enough light for eyes to read or work or play without strain.

If there is a pair of young eyes in your home, *give them their chance in life.* Guard them from strain by adopting these two eye-saving rules for your household:

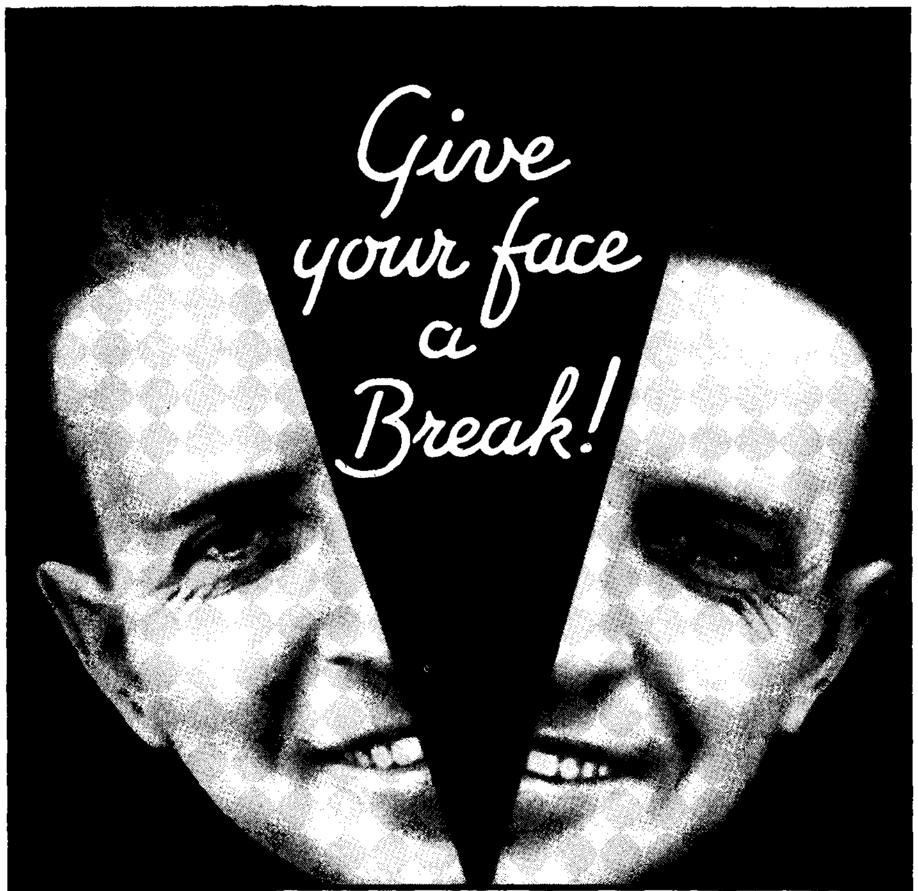
1. Have *every* pair of eyes examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist.

2. Have your lighting checked by an expert. Many electric service companies provide this advisory service without charge.

I. E. S Better Sight Lamps are scientifically designed to protect eyes. They give an abundance of soft, diffused, glareless light. See them at your department or furniture store, lighting company, or lighting fixture dealer. And look for the I. E. S. Certificate of Approval.

FREE: A new booklet, "Light—For Seeing Safely" is full of useful information about sight and light. Write for it. General Electric Company, Department 166-15, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC


Give your face a Break!

Shoot a dime to make this shaving test

W. G. Mennen speaking:

Do you KNOW whether or not you are giving your face the best shaving treatment?

There are two main types of skin . . . and each type needs a shaving cream different from the other. If the oil glands in *your* skin are active, your beard and skin are coated with a film of oil. But if your oil glands are lazy or inactive, your skin and beard are dry. And that's how the shaving world is divided—into men with *oily*-type skin, and men with *dry*-type skin.

The most important shaving question for you to answer is: which type of skin do *you* have? Answer that . . and I'll tell you how to get a lifetime of greater shaving comfort. Because—I make a shaving cream for each of the two main types of skin.

Mennen *Lather* Shave (plain or menthol-iced) is for the so-called oily skin. It removes the oily film from the beard—does a wonderful job of whisker-wilting—flushes out oily pores, removing embedded grease deposits—makes your skin healthier and handsomer.

Entirely different is Mennen *Brushless* Shave. It is for *dry* skins. It *preserves* skin-oil instead of removing it. If *your* skin is dry, *this* brushless will soothe and relax it. Roughness, redness, tightness will disappear.

Make this Test

Now here's the way to find out which type of cream *your* face needs: Send for my Skin Tester Kit. It contains five Mennen products. Among them are trial sizes of both Mennen Lather and Brushless. Try them both. Then you'll know what kind of shaving cream you really ought to use. Also in the Kit are trial sizes of Mennen Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men. All this for just 10c.

After the shave . . . Use Mennen Skin Balm —*A refreshing after-shave lotion in cream form. Conditions the skin, prevents rawness, irritation, chapping. Quickly absorbed. Greaseless.*

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SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

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Name..............................

Address..............................

(Continued from page 53)

She went over to pour him more coffee. "That's what Ann must have thought. When you got up and left, I mean; you and Phil."

"Huh?"

"Right after the soup," she said. "You got up and left right after the soup."

"That's right, we did, didn't we? I remember now. We went downstairs and had a drink."

"It must have come out of a hose; you never came back," she said. She brought his coffee back and sat down.

"I THINK you're wrong there," he informed her. His voice was coldly polite.

"Ask anybody," she challenged. "When they were taking the soup away, Phil spotted that Hazen woman out in the hall. All three of you gave a whoop. 'Yeow, yippee!' you yelled. With that, you and Phil got up and went yipping out. The three of you barged down to the grill. You never came back."

The toaster gave a snap and stopped clicking. She took out the toast and handed it to him.

"Ann was left sitting there by herself," she went on. "None of the men budged. They thought if you came back and found somebody in your places, you might start another fight. We all thought of course you'd come back. So Ann sat there by herself through the rest of dinner."

"That is pretty bad," he said gloomily. "I musta had a snootfull."

"Well, cheer up. Everything may blow over."

"Maybe I won't eat this toast after all."

"Well, don't look so glum."

"How can I help it? I feel low anyway and then you tell me all this stuff. I wish you wouldn't tell me every time. —What else happened?"

"The rest of the evening I didn't see much of you. Most of the time you were with the Hazen woman, at the bar. At least I suppose that's where you were. Once some kind soul—Gerald, I think it was—took pity on me; took me down to the grill and bought me a drink. You were there then, you and Phil and she. The next thing I heard, Phil had gone to sleep. Helen had to take him home."

"I wondered what became of him."

"That left the center of the floor to you. Kate Ashby came upstairs and told me you were a perfect scream; quite the life of the party, in fact."

He frowned. "Now listen, that's an exaggeration—"

"And Ann told me about Mrs. Guthrie. You were telling that Mae West joke and Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie walked in. Nobody could shut you up. They tried to, but you kept right on. Mrs. Guthrie pranced out in a huff."

"Are you sure it was the Guthries?" he said.

"It was the Guthries," she said. "Absolutely! Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie it was."

"I wonder if she heard the end."

"Probably," she said cheerfully. "But the worst thing that happened was that business with Mr. Blake. That was just lovely. Of course you know who Mr. Blake is. I believe you work for him, don't you? Isn't he president of the Union Trust?"

"I remember talking to him; nothing wrong in that."

"Gerald told me about it. Mr. Blake and some other men were sitting at one of the tables. You plopped yourself down and proceeded to tell them a thing or two. Told them what was wrong with the country. From what I hear, it must have been quite enlightening."

"WHA' did I say?" he asked, looking unhappy.

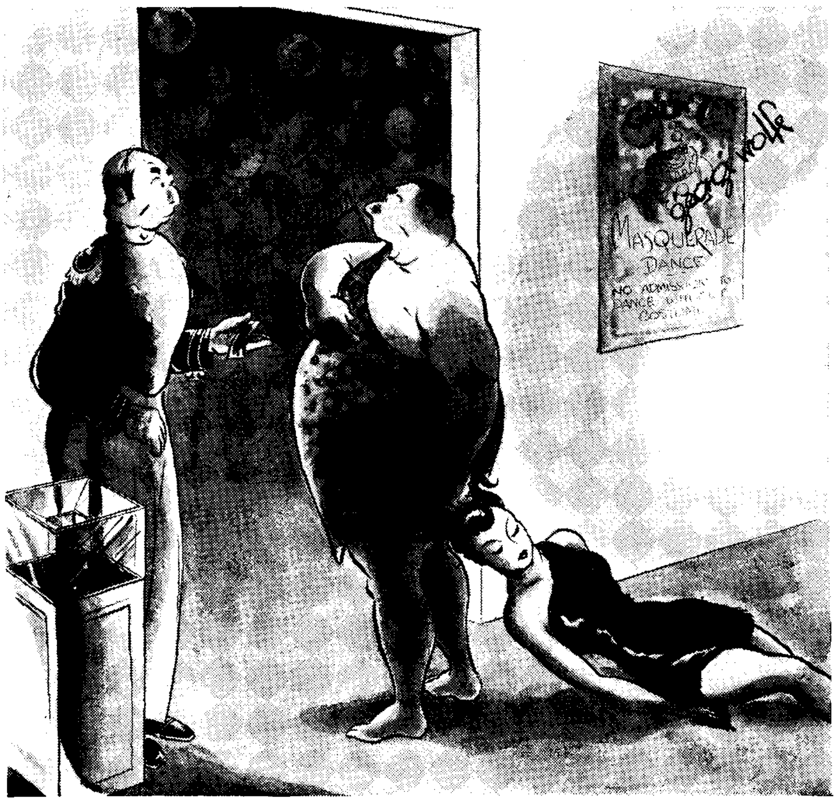
"You told them the country was being run by a lot of old soaks who didn't know what it was all about. 'A lot of old beezers who'd never known what it was all about and never would,' you said. 'That's the trouble,' you said."

"It's a good story, anyway."

"You *did*. Ask Gerald. Or ask your friend Mrs. Hazen. She was there. She laughed till she got hysterical. Gerald said she simply *shrieked*. You told them to take a back seat. 'New blood is what we need,' you said. 'Give the *young* men a chance.' Asked them if they'd ever heard of the French Revolution; if they didn't get wise they'd all end up with their heads in a basket, you said."

"I didn't call them old soaks," he growled, "or old beezers either. I *know* that. But go ahead. It makes a good story."

"You told Mr. Blake that that was the


MASQUERADE DANCE
NO ADMISSION TO DANCE WITHOUT COSTUME
George Wolfe

"Two tickets nothing! This is part of my costume!" GEORGE WOLFE trouble at the bank. It wasn't progressive, you said. Asked him why he didn't retire the Rip Van Winkles and move the young men up faster. He must have loved that. You even suggested that he retire. 'You've got plenty of jack salted away,' you said. 'Why don't you travel—take a world cruise or something?' " She looked at him and melted a little. "Well, don't worry about it," she said. "Everything may turn out all right."

"Yeah," he said sulkily.

"Listen, Chick, I'm not trying to make you feel badly," she said. "I have to tell you these things though. You might as well hear the rest, too. About two o'clock you came up to the ballroom, you and the Hazen woman. You were both a sight; thank heaven most of the older people had left. You started to do the rumba; I suppose that's what it was meant to be. But pretty soon the orchestra stopped. So you went over and gave the leader thirty dollars—"

"Thirty bucks?" he exploded. "Are you sure?"

"If you don't believe me, go and look in your wallet. You and your lady friend flopped around till three o'clock. It was quite an exhibition. Once or twice everybody stopped dancing just to look on. When the music finally ended, you spent half an hour saying good night, you and Pooky. That's what you called her: 'Pooky.' You called her Pooky and she called you Lambkin. 'I have to kiss my little Lambkin good night,' she said to me. She was *simp*-ly reeling."

He lighted a cigarette. She waited, expecting him to say something. He didn't say anything.

"Gerald had offered to leave his car at the club and help me get you home," she went on. "So he and I waited while you said good night to Pooky. We were the last to leave. The Hazen crowd left and then we left, Gerald and you and I. After much arguing and coaxing, Gerald and the steward got you outside and into the rumble. It was just lovely."

He was resigned now. "Well, quite a gala evening," he said flippantly. "I trust that was all."

It seemed it wasn't. "Not quite," she said. "When we got to town, you decided you wanted to eat. So Gerald had to drive to a dog-wagon. Then you passed out."

"Well," he said.

"Gerald drove out here with me and between the two of us we got you to bed. Then Gerald walked home. I wanted him to take the car but he said we might need it this morning and anyway, the air would do him good. So he put the car in the garage and walked home. He was awfully sweet about everything."

HE DIDN'T say anything right away. He puffed nervously at his cigarette. Then he said: "Listen, baby, I'm really sorry about last night. I didn't mean to get plastered. It was those cocktails at Phil's. What I mean is, don't ride me any more. I felt awful low when I got up and now I feel worse."

"I had to tell you though, didn't I, for your own good?"

"I suppose so. But let's forget about it now."

"I just hope everything turns out all right, that's all."

He quashed out his cigarette. "I admit I've been hitting it up a little, lately," he said. "I guess it's no go though. You just feel worse afterward; have a hangover. I think we ought to cut it out."

"*We?*" she retorted.

"Well, *me* then," he amended. "*I'm* going to cut it out. I don't say I'll go on the wagon. That's almost impossible in this burg. There are times when you've got to take a drink. But I have it figured out. What I'll do is drink just so much and no more. Week ends—Friday, Saturday, and Sunday — I'll limit myself to two or three cocktails before dinner and one or two highballs later in the evening. Say three cocktails and two highballs. The rest of the week, unless there's a holiday, I won't drink anything; nothing but beer and ale." He sat back, pleased as a hen that has just laid an egg.

She wasn't enthusiastic. "I think I've heard this before," she remarked, "the same tune, anyway. Only the last time it was no more than one cocktail and highball a day."

"This time I'll stick," he insisted. "I mean it. You can believe me this time. I've had enough. I thought about it lying in bed this morning. Here it is, a swell sunny day, and we've spent all morning lolling around. Next Sunday we'll get up early. I'll shoot some golf and you can go to church or something. Then in the afternoon we'll take a swim."

"How nice," she snapped.

"SAY, why don't we do that today?" he continued. "Why don't we drive out and take a swim? We'll find a place on the beach and have a picnic supper. You can fix some sandwiches."

"Aren't you forgetting something?"

"What?" He looked at her suspiciously.

"It seems we're throwing a cocktail party."

"What's the idea?" he demanded irritably. "I didn't know—"

"Neither did I; but we are. The telephone rang at five this morning. I was sound asleep and the telephone rang. It rang and rang, so finally I had to get up. I was afraid something might have happened; afraid it might be bad news. It was. It was your friend Pooky. Imagine calling at five in the morning!—She was at somebody's apartment—I could hear a lot of noise and laughing. She wanted to speak to Lambkin. When I told her you were indisposed, she seemed disappointed. Said they were having a party and she wanted you to come over. Said to tell you you were a sissy. Then she said she'd see you today, anyway. Told me to tell you they'd all be here and you'd better order up another case. It seems you invited them for cocktails this afternoon, the whole Hazen crowd."

"They won't come," he said calmly. "She'll forget all about it today. She won't feel like another binge so soon."

"*Won't* she? She phoned again while I was getting breakfast. Asked what time the brawl began. Said she wanted to be here early and get a good start."

He groaned. "Oh, for the love— Can't we call it off or something?"

"I don't see how."

"Maybe we—"

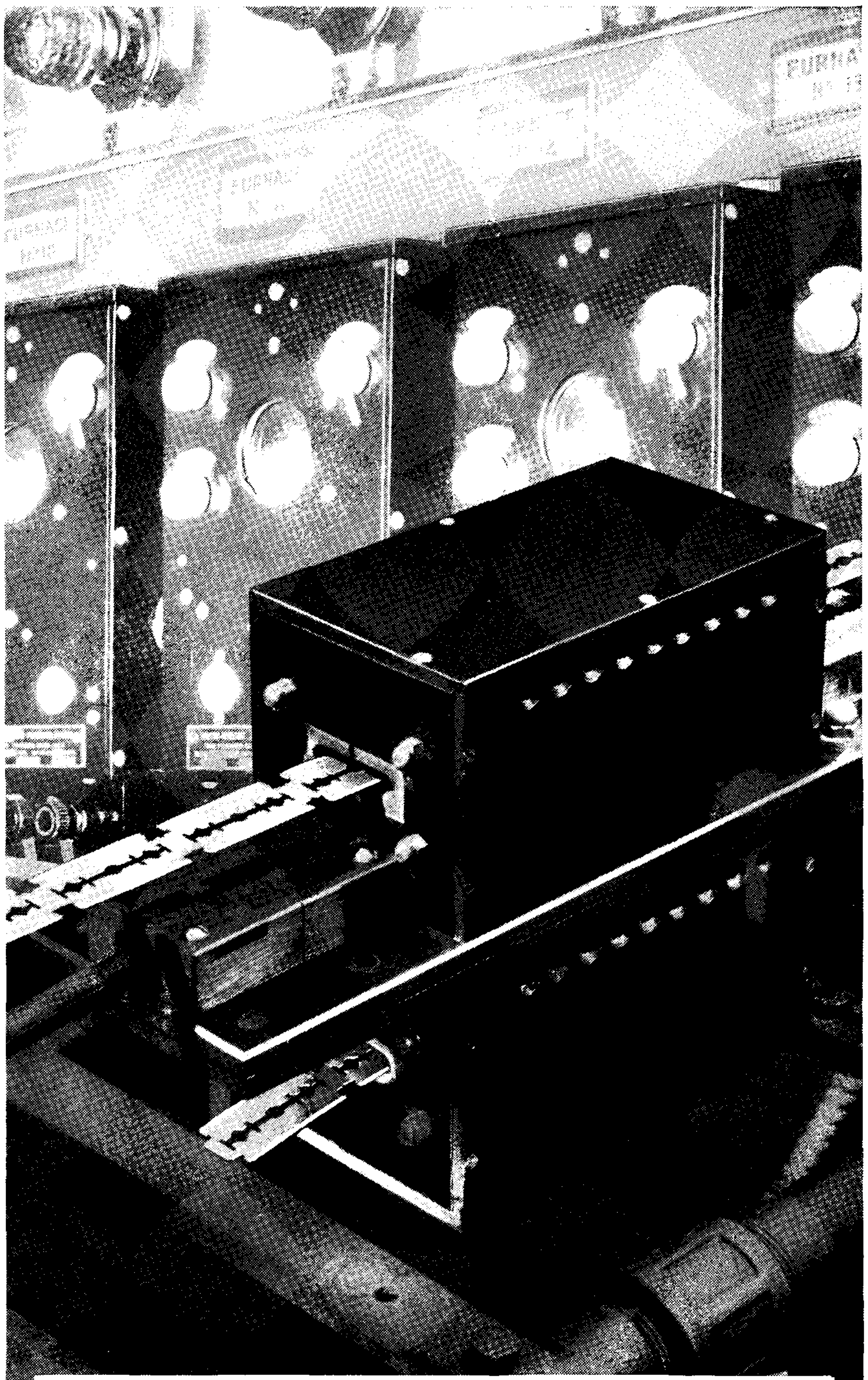
"Anyway, everything's arranged now," she went on happily. "I've asked a few of my own friends in to keep me company, Gerald and Ann, and a few queer people like that. And Hilda said she'd come and help with the canapes. You can give her a little extra next week."

"Why didn't you tell me before you went ahead and—"

"Now don't blame me. It's your own doings. I've merely tried to fit in with your plans, that's all; so Pooky will have a good time. She's the guest of honor, isn't she? . . . Well, isn't she?"

"I thought you were going to shut up about that," he sulked.

"I won't say another word. Now go and get dressed. Take a cold shower. And you'd better hurry. We're going to Mother's for Sunday dinner and we have to pick up Aunt Carrie. Well, don't look so depressed. Cheer up. Maybe everything will be all right. Don't *worry* about it," she said.



10 BLADES
Gillette
BLUE
BLADE
King C. Gillette

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GLOBE
BATTERY

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Asafetida, the offensive-smelling juice of the plant which has been so fittingly called "the polecat of the vegetable kingdom," is used in cooking in France, the country whose fame in culinary art has long overshadowed that of other nations.

Those who favor the abolition of juries frequently point out, among other reasons, that juries are not only unreasonable but costly. In one case in which 789 men were examined in order to get an unprejudiced panel of twelve, the jury acquitted the accused in the face of the clearest evidence of murder. In another case in which 4,821 men were questioned for fitness, the jury fees amounted to $13,000.

Lord Howe Island, 360 miles east of Australia, is an earthly paradise. This beautiful islet, only nine square miles in area, is owned in common by the majority of the 150 inhabitants, who are supported in comfort through their gathering of wild palm seeds, work which requires less than two hours of each man's time a week. —*By H. J. van Gorder, Santa Cruz, California.*

Inbreeding is not invariably harmful. Many breeds of cattle, horses, sheep and dogs, and several species of plants and parasites, have been closely inbred and have shown no signs of degeneration. One experiment on albino rats, in which brothers and sisters were mated for 50 generations, actually improved the stock, increasing the average weight, fertility and life span of each individual.

The average height of men throughout the world is about five feet six inches. The shortest race are the pygmies of the Belgian Congo, who average four feet six inches, and the tallest race are the Tehuelches of Patagonia, who average six feet two inches. As individuals, men vary normally from four feet one inch to six feet six and three-quarters inches.

Centuries ago, before orthography became standardized, nearly every English word was spelled in a number of ways. Scissors, it is said, had 6,000 different spellings. Even printers cared little about consistency, frequently spelling a word several different ways on one page in order to fill out lines.—*By Joseph Graham, Chester, New York.*

During the World War a French spy, who constantly carried information into France from occupied territory in Belgium, hid his notes ingeniously from the suspicious German officials who frequently detained and searched him. These memorandums were written on fine tissue paper, rolled into pellets and concealed in the hollow of his glass eye.

The most complete collection of order, decoration and medal ribbons in existence is owned by a Londoner. The collection, which contains 3,500 ribbons representing institutions and governments of 68 countries over a period of more than 1,600 years, even possesses a ribbon of The Sacred Order of St. Constantine and St. George of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which was founded in 300 A. D.

One of the world's strangest punishments for homicide still is practiced by several African tribes. All they demand of the murderer is that he produce a life for the one he has taken. Consequently, they make him live with the widow or a sister of the deceased until a child is born.—*By J. De Kreko, St. Louis, Missouri.*

Gases, as well as solids, do strange things under high pressure. For example, hydrogen gas flows freely through a steel plate two inches thick when under a pressure of 300,000 pounds to the square inch.—*By K. O. Pfeiffer, Portland, Oregon.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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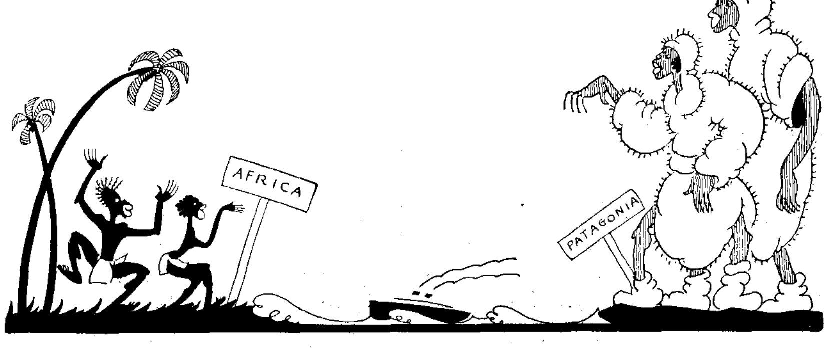

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So, buy a 1936 car if you can. *But*, if you can't afford a new car, you can afford the new car gas and oil economy provided by an installation of Sealed Power Sta-Tite Rings, as shown by the prices below.

Either way, *you can't lose!* And, in any case, be sure to visit the "Show" - and buy a new car if you can!

STA-TITE COMPLETE SET PRICES

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FORD A - - - - -	$4.80	CHEVROLET 6 - -	$7.20
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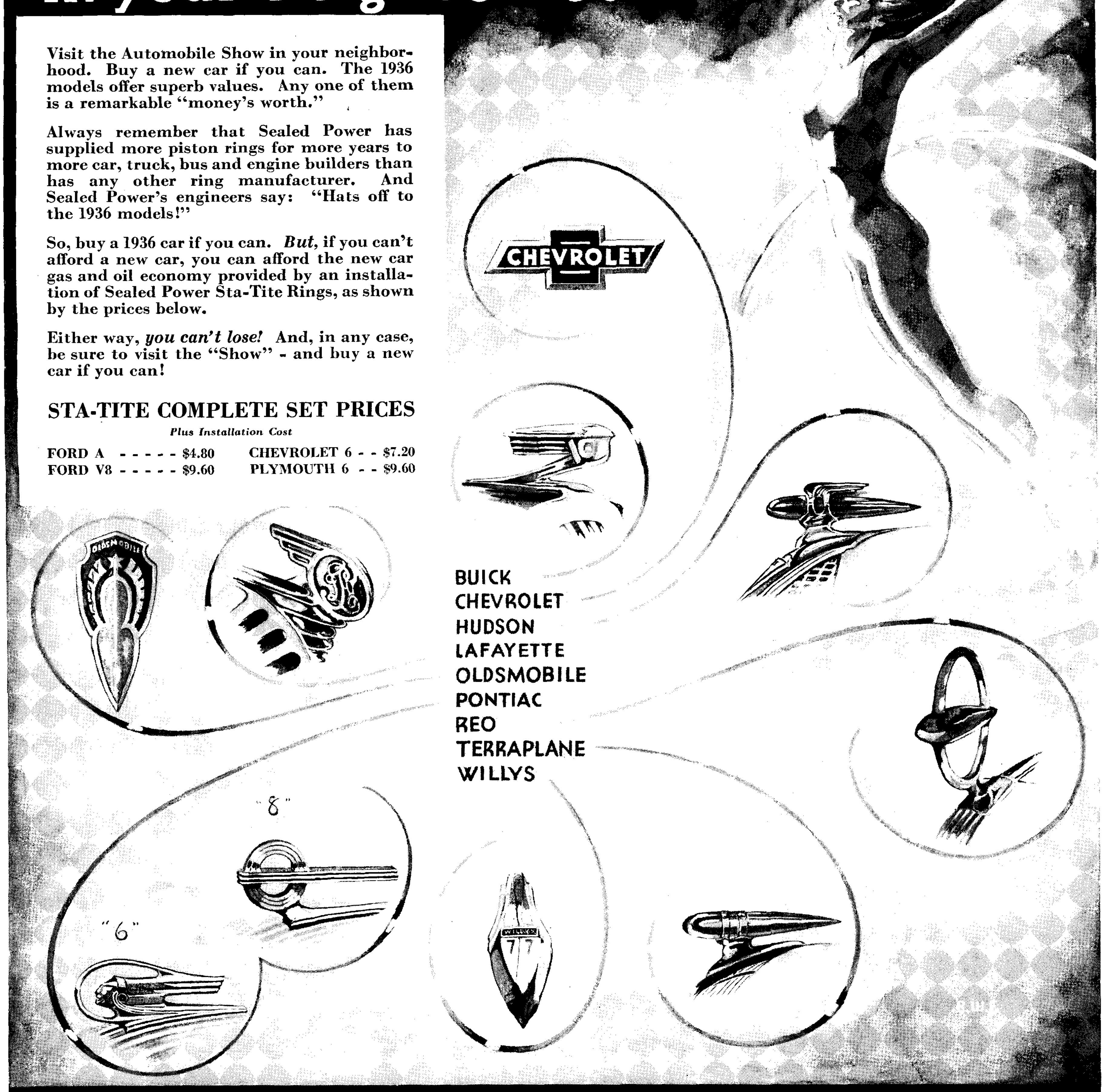

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Did you think it was nicotine?

Cheer up, it's only TAR★

MAKE THE HANDKERCHIEF TEST

Everybody's making the Bōst Handkerchief Test. Try it yourself and prove to your own satisfaction that this tooth paste really removes tar stains caused by smoking. Blow a big puff of your favorite smoke through a clean white handkerchief and note the tar stain (not nicotine) left behind. Now wet a toothbrush, squeeze on a half inch of Bōst and brush the stain away. A few quick strokes of the brush are sufficient. No other tooth paste will remove that stain.

MOST people labor under the delusion that it's nicotine that stains a smoker's teeth.

But that's a fallacy, as every chemist knows. Those ugly brown stains are caused by tar, present in all tobacco.

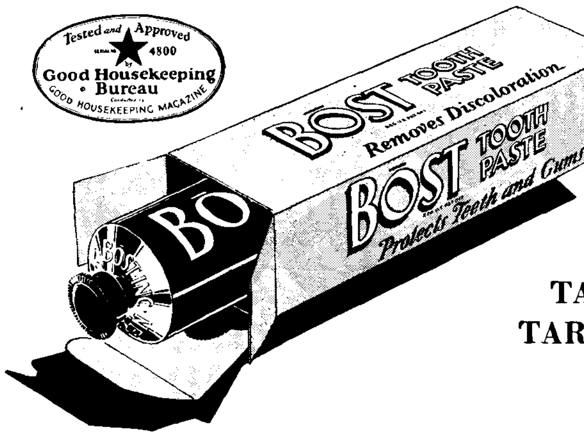
Now tar is harmless enough, but it doesn't improve the appearance of your teeth. And Bōst Tooth Paste will remove it.

Everybody's talking about this new smoker's dentifrice that a famous chemist has developed to remove tar stains from smokers' teeth.

Bōst contains no harmful grit, no dangerous acids; only harmless emollient oils which dissolve tar and remove it from the teeth.

Get a tube of Bōst and test it at once. You'll be delighted with the refreshing flavor and especially pleased to see those disfiguring tar stains vanish from your teeth.

[Rather use powder? Then try Bōst Powder.]



TAKES THE TAR OFF YOUR TEETH

★ IT'S TAR, NOT NICOTINE, THAT STAINS A SMOKER'S TEETH

Rich Girl's Choice

Continued from page 15

"What," begged the countess, "is shortening?"

"A sort of frustrated butter," said Jim.

"It's not," said Sue. "It's lard, Countess."

"Don't take her seriously," said Jim to the countess. "She's a little fool."

Nina smiled, but she felt curiously forlorn: they were so polite to her, and so happily rude to each other. She realized, quite suddenly, that she wanted Jim Knowlton to talk to her in the way that he talked to Sue Tennant.

After the dishes were washed, Sue left her two guests alone together. She must run across the hall, she explained, to see a friend who was sick in bed. Nina was pleased. She settled down before a small, crackling fire with Jim Knowlton, who was pulling at his pipe and looking very handsome—his lean, young face patterned by the firelight. And now, Tinker the cat came to lie on an old rag rug before the fire. He turned his round, contemptuous eyes upon the countess, and flicked his little red tongue in a mighty yawn, and promptly fell asleep.

"It's like the atmosphere in some sweet, old-fashioned story," said Nina.

Jim laughed.

"It's Sue's atmosphere," he explained. "She says it's good coffee and enough ash trays. But I think there's more to it than that." He knocked the ashes from his pipe. "You can't have the jitters with Sue anywhere around. She's so damned *sane,* you know."

Nina looked at him dubiously. But if the man wanted sanity, she could give him sanity, too.

THE most extraordinary thing about Nina was the fact that she didn't really exist. She probably hadn't existed, as a single personality, since the time of her sixth birthday. There is something mesmeric about fame, especially when there's no work attached to it. It soon becomes easy to slip into any attitude—as if it were one's own skin. It would be quite unfair to say that the tears which sprang to Nina Giralda's eyes were not very real tears.

She whisked them away, and cupped her pretty face between two small palms.

"I want you to tell me about your work," she said, quietly.

"Oh, an occasional cartoon—but caricatures mostly—theatrical caricatures."

"I want to see your work," she said.

He threw her an amused glance.

"It's not as good as all that," he told her.

But she brushed this aside.

"Why don't you come to see me?" she demanded. "I'm sure I could introduce you to—well, to people who'd be good for you to know."

"Thank you," he said gravely. "But I think I'd better not."

She stared at him—her eyes as round as the rust-colored cat's.

"You see," he explained, "I've never seen a butler in my life. And it's too late now. You've got to see your first butler before you're seventeen. Otherwise you can't cope with the fellow. He's on to you. He sees through you. He knows that, ordinarily, when you want to see anybody, you just yell down the air shaft. The way I do with Sue, you know," he added. "I'm on the fourth floor."

"But you're not serious—this idiotic business about butlers!"

"Well, the whole layout. I'd be absolutely sure to knock over the priceless Ming whatnot." He smiled at her, impishly. "But it's been swell—running into you here in Sue's place."

She could not have been more astonished. And she might have been hurt. But old Abner Cunningham had not got what he wanted by pausing to brood over his hurts. And Nina was Abner Cunningham's daughter.

THE following day she informed Miss Bishop that she—Nina Giralda—was nothing but a tired child.

There was some justification for this attitude. Anybody might have been tired after such a morning. Since nine o'clock this pampered member of the leisure class had suffered under the hands of a masseuse and a hairdresser; she had spent half an hour posing in silver fox furs at an obscure benefit for somebody's milk fund; she'd endured being fitted for a suit that was being made by a tailor with a soul; she had been interviewed, at length, by a tiresome young woman who was getting up a symposium for a syndicated Sunday supplement; and she had spent forty-five minutes in a shoe shop quarreling violently about a pair of riding boots.

But it became evident that these activities had not tired her. She made this clear when Miss Bishop suggested a pine-needle bath.

"I'm tired of all *this!*" she cried, flinging wide her arms. "I'm tired of living in a—a mausoleum! Where in a place like this—I ask you—is there any room for *spiritual growth?*"

"Spiritual growth!" said Miss Bishop blankly.

"Yes. You know yourself that the people in this world who amount to something are the people who live simple lives. Do you think they're hemmed in by—by *butlers?* Of course, they're not! They have their simple little meals and afterward they sit before the fire with a cat curled up someplace and maybe a good book and a pipe—and that's what I need so *terribly!*"

Miss Bishop assumed—by means of one faded eyebrow and a thin shoulder—an attitude which might have been interpreted in any one of seven ways. She had learned that any uncompromising stance might leave her high and dry—and looking rather foolish—upon the morrow. She had served the Cunningham heiress as governess before she had served her as secretary. And she could remember the time when Nina, at seventeen, had decided to be a modern Messalina. ("And I'm going to live in a palace!" she had cried, drunk on the Messalina idea. "Do you think I'm going to be satisfied with this—this *hovel?*")

So now Miss Bishop, with her poker face, waited for further revelations.

They were not long in coming. Nina was going to be another Marie Antoinette. She, too, was to have her Trianon. Or so did Miss Bishop translate the plans—Miss Bishop always having had a secret and roguish weakness for French history.

THE modern Trianon—where this latter-day sovereign was to escape the piffling pomp and ceremony of the court—was a very modern apartment in the Eighties, an apartment so modern that it seemed to be entirely constructed of chromium, glass and hammered aluminum.

It was to this retreat that Jim Knowlton received a summons almost imperial in its tone. And Nina met him at the door, dressed in a simple little frock of checkered taffeta, with a frill like the frill of an apron around its hem. She put out her hands to her bewildered guest, and laughed, and looked at him with the clear, confiding eyes of a child. But after she had made her explanations, he sank down into one of the sleek, improbable-looking chairs and stared at her in utter stupefaction.

"I don't really *get* it," he said at last. "Do you mean that you actually—because of any crude little cracks of mine—"

"Of course! But it was just because you had made me see the emptiness of my life—well, not that it's empty, exactly—it's not empty enough—"

"Whatever it is," he said, "I refuse to be responsible."

Nina laughed.

"I'm quite serious about this," she insisted. "I've been realizing, lately, how much time I waste on footling things that don't get me anywhere. The house alone—"

"You aren't going to sell it!"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that exactly. After all, that house is sort of like an heirloom—and anyhow I'll get more if I wait ten years."

The countess had spoken—and then old Abner Cunningham's daughter.

"Yes," said young Knowlton, with his eyes still dazed. "Yes, I see!"

"But in the meantime I did need some little *nook*," she told him happily.

Jim Knowlton looked about the little nook—and the first tremors of a gigantic laugh were quelled at once. He was, after all, too dumfounded to laugh.

He began to realize, finally, that the little countess was modeling her conduct on Sue Tennant's: she was like a prettier Sue, acting out her life in a musical comedy.

THE table in the diminutive glass-and-chromium dining-room had been set very daintily—and the caterers had sent up a delectable little supper for two. They were to dine, of course, by candlelight. Jim helped in the important task of conveying the supper from the refrigerator to the dining-table. There were any number of jellied delicacies, a cold meat pie, several salads, a variety of biscuits and cheese, little cakes and candied trifles. The coffee percolator was on the table, and the countess herself made the coffee.

They had their coffee—with cognac—in the living-room. It seemed that the supper dishes were to be cared for afterward—by more menial hands. And the fire in the grate was laid; at Nina's request Jim struck a match and thrust it under the kindling. Then she stretched out her little feet in their little silver sandals, and sipped her cognac, and sighed in gentle content.

"Listen to me, Jim," she said, "—is it all right to call you Jim?"

"Yes, Nina."

"Well, I want you to realize how sincere I am—about my new way of life, Jim—"

"Do you always talk about life like this?" he demanded. "As if it were some sort of profession?"

"I have no other," she told him, bravely.

"Check."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing. You got off a good one, that's all."

It was the occasional flair for getting off "good ones" that confused him more than anything else about her. And so he reported to Sue Tennant.

"Nina's been talking to me—about my work. She's really enthusiastic about it, Sue. And she thinks it's time I was making a splash—getting out a book of drawings, for instance."

Sue was silent.

"Well? Out with it, my girl!"

Sue, by this time, was rearranging the marigolds in a cracked blue pitcher.

"Well, you've said yourself," she reminded him, over her shoulder, "that you didn't think you were ready for the big success—that you had to serve your apprenticeship—"

"But what if I happened to be wrong?" he asked her, sulkily. "And what if someone else happened to be right?"

"Why, then," she said, smiling at him, "it would be easier to pay the rent."

And, with this unsatisfactory remark, an entirely unsatisfactory conversation came to a close.

BUT another conversation of a not dissimilar nature was taking place uptown.

"Carlos!" demanded Nina. "Have you noticed anything different about me?"

"Different?"

"Different from what I used to be!" she said impatiently.

"Well—"

"Carlos, don't look at my hair—it has nothing to do with my *hair*. But you're not a very sensitive sort of person, are you, Carlos?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, Nina."

"Well, you don't vibrate, that's all—An earthquake wouldn't make you vibrate. Never mind. I want you to help me, Carlos. I have a friend who's a caricaturist—"

"Who?"

"Nobody you know. But he's a very gifted artist and he's never had any encouragement—any chance to meet the right people and so forth. And so I want you to see that he's introduced to some big publisher or somebody—"

"Why don't you pull your own strings?" demanded Carlos, rather peevishly. "Why don't you try old Vandenberg? You practically own the Vandenberg Press!"

"Why, so I do!" said Nina in amazement. "Carlos, you *are* rather an old doll—aren't you?"

Nina walked across the room and rang for her invaluable secretary.

"Miss Bishop!" she said, "I want you to arrange a small tea, please—some afternoon very soon—not here, but in the apartment—and feature the Vandenbergs. Make out a list of eight or ten people—you know the type. A sort of mentholated atmosphere, and every one talking about the Pulitzer Prize. . . . Carlos! I don't want you to come to my party. You'd be a jarring note."

Miss Bishop frowned—in thought, not in anxiety.

"I'll arrange everything," she said.

"Good!" The countess turned again to Carlos the faithful. "You know it's wonderful to feel that you're really doing something for people—that you're not just living for yourself alone!"

He scowled at her.

"Yes, it must be swell," he said.

"I don't know what's the matter with you today, Carlos—honestly I don't."

"Oh, I feel as if I'd been left out in the rain all night. Low. You know—very low. Nina, do you think there's the faintest possible chance of your ever marrying me?"

"No," said Nina truthfully. "No, darling, I don't."

MISS BISHOP was a most remarkable woman. She had a personality like crumpled crepe de Chine—and yet there were few obstacles which could stand long in Miss Bishop's path. By noon of the following day the countess' tea had been arranged to the last lemon peel.

"I've already spoken to Mr. Vandenberg," she explained.

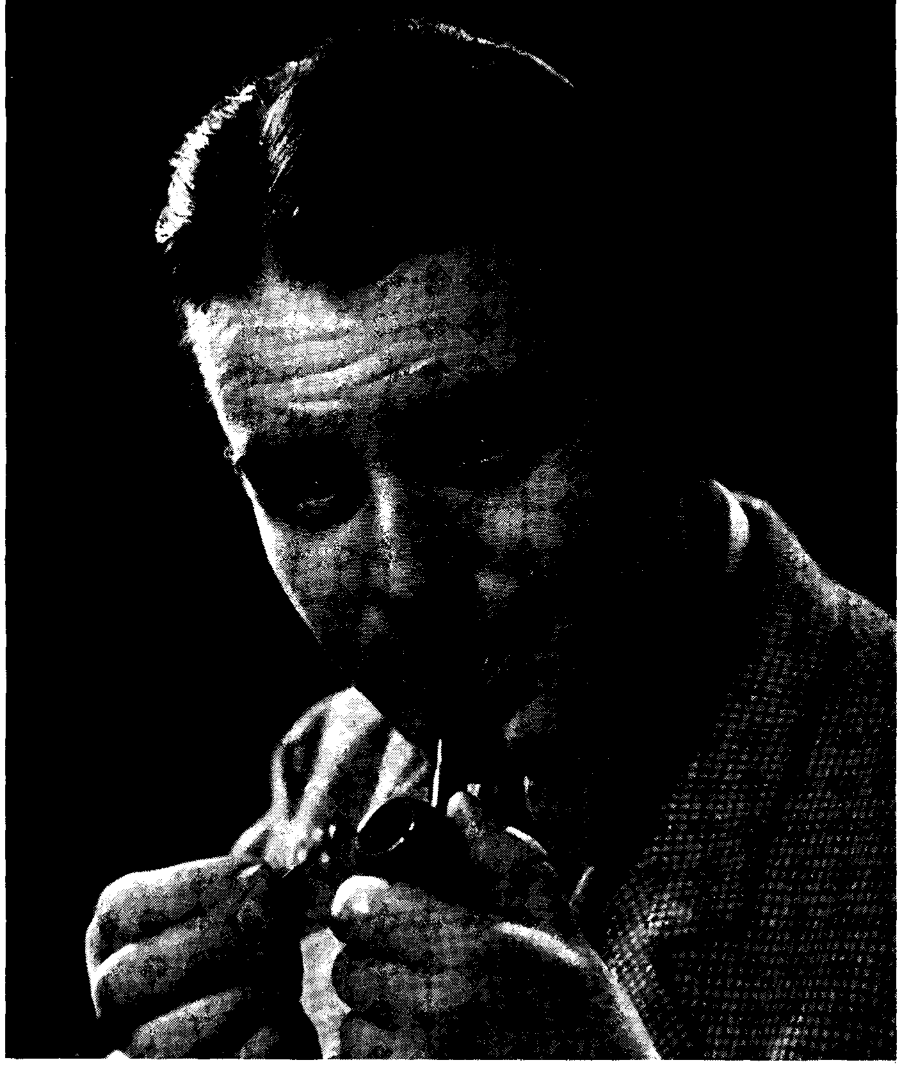
"Had he ever heard of me?"

"No-o. But he was tremendously interested in you, Jim. And I sent him a batch of your drawings. I'm sure he'll publish a whole book!"

Well, it was beginning to creep over

(*Continued on page* 60)

"A million dollar smoke ...for a dime!"



WALLACE FORD, well-known motion picture star, Union Leader smoker since 1931

SURE, I fall for expensive things—often—they're usually best. But I've learned this rule works with reverse English when it comes to smoking tobacco. So, no more fancy mixtures for my money. Union Leader gives me all the luxury that can be packed into a pipe—at just 10¢ for a man's size tin. There isn't any tobacco finer or mellower than Union Leader's *old* Kentucky Burley. That dime price is okay, too—I'm not too proud to accept a bargain any time. (Fine in cigarettes, too!)

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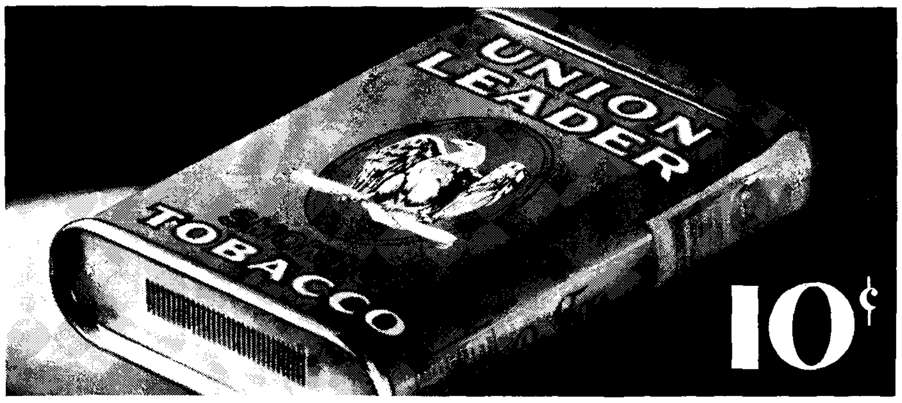

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Vitamin-tested and vitamin-protected.

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Delicious, nourishing, rich in vitamins B and G.

SQUIBB
A Name You Can Trust

(Continued from page 59)

him—the anesthesia of great wealth. This pretty young woman took so much for granted—it was quite natural that she should be taking Jim Knowlton into careless possession, and that she should be tossing his talents to Vandenberg as someone else might toss peanuts to a monkey.

Jim came to the party. And it wasn't the ordeal that he had expected. Three or four celebrities talked to him quite affably; they were ordinary people who worried, like anybody else, about taxes, their children, and colds in the head. Mrs. Vandenberg was a motherly old soul in bottle-green silk, who ate a vast number of little pastries with a childlike and guilty zest. The great Vandenberg himself was a genial person who peered at one, almost timidly, through his gold-rimmed spectacles. He had a long talk with Jim, in a secluded corner of the room.

The Vandenbergs stayed after everyone else had gone.

Nina smiled at Mr. Vandenberg.

"Well!" she said, "I suppose you've arranged another meeting with Mr. Knowlton—haven't you, Mr. Vandenberg?"

And she continued to smile in that pretty little manner of entreaty and trust. But her victim stirred uncomfortably.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that we've struck something of—er—what you might call an *impasse*."

"But how could you have?" cried Nina.

Vandenberg lowered his voice.

"I made a mistake, perhaps, in being quite frank with your friend, Miss Cuningh—Countess! I told him, you see, that his work was very clever, but that he wasn't ready—he hadn't had the recognition that would justify our presenting a complete book to the public—" He paused at this point, and looked at her more owlishly than ever. "I had to make the thing clear, you see. It was a question of my own integrity—as a publisher."

"How too ridiculous," murmured Nina.

"But I told him," continued Vandenberg hastily, "that all that made no difference, that you were quite prepared to stand back of the book—to take care of any possible losses."

"Of course!"

"So that it could be considered, more or less, as a private printing—I told him all that."

"And he said—"

The publisher turned a sort of mottled pink. He was a timid person—who liked to keep his romance in the printed chronicles of the seventeenth century.

"Well, he said—he gave me to understand, Countess—that he was—so to speak—in love with you. And he couldn't think of entering his married life on the strength of anyone's efforts but his own." Vandenberg looked, in owlish remembrance, upon Mrs. Vandenberg, who was whisking crumbs from her bottle-green bodice. "I must say that it seemed to me—er—a rather commendable attitude."

NINA said nothing: she had to deal with an emotion which she could not dramatize.

Miss Bishop listened respectfully.

"If I were to be married again," said Nina, "I think I should want to elope."

"Well, I guess it's the first wedding that's most important to a woman," said Miss Bishop. "That's just what I was saying to Miss Tennant."

Nina looked vague.

"Miss Tennant?"

"Yes," said Miss Bishop, firmly. "I'm sure you remember her, Countess."

"I had forgotten," said Nina, "that she was a friend of yours."

"Yes, and her mother before her. She's the salt of the earth—Sue Tennant! But I've been rather worried about Sue—lately. I don't think everything's been going so well between her and young Knowlton."

She met Nina's eyes quite steadily.

"I'm fond of the child," she added.

"I see," said Nina. "But if she's been disappointed about anything or anybody—it's hardly my fault, Miss Bishop."

The secretary considered this statement, apparently, from all angles.

"No," she said at last. "I don't suppose it is."

And Nina, not detecting any ambiguity in this remark, was nevertheless rather chilled by Miss Bishop's attitude.

"I want you to see about sailings," she said, stiffly. "The sailings—within the next few weeks, please—for Tahiti."

"Tahiti!"

"Well, any of those places," Nina commanded. "Just so I have islands—and moons—and palm trees!"

"Yes. Is there anything else, Countess?"

"No. I'm seeing about clothes. But—oh! Will you stay here and take care of things while I'm gone?"

Miss Bishop bowed. Then she left the room—her shoulder blades being very expressive, had anyone been interested in Miss Bishop's shoulder blades.

JIM KNOWLTON came to the glass-and-chromium apartment early that evening. He had the manner of a man who is about to deliver a speech carefully rehearsed. And there was something so boyish about his hesitation that Nina was tempted to prolong his doubts and fears. But she had the South Sea literature close at hand, and even the steamship tickets.

"Jimmy—"

"Nina—"

She laughed aloud.

"Go on, Jimmy—tell me what it is!" she said.

But he was embarrassed. He looked at his own fingernails, for a moment, as if he had never seen them before.

"Well—I wanted to thank you for the introduction to Mr. Vandenberg. I wanted you to know that I appreciate it, Nina, and to explain—"

"I know!"

"He told you what I said?"

"Yes. But you tell me!"

He glanced at her in faint surprise.

"The exact words?"

"Yes!" said Nina.

"Well, I said—well, that 'the countess was the most gracious woman in the world, but that I couldn't accept so much from her, because when a man married he wanted to feel that—well, that he'd been the one to lay the foundations.' I think those were my exact words—but what's the matter, Nina?"

"Nothing! This idiotic place is—is *stuffy!*"

He flung open a window.

"That better?"

"Yes. Well—"

"Well, I talked it over with Sue, and she agreed with me absolutely. That was before—you see, we ran off and got ourselves married yesterday."

THERE was a little silence. Then Nina heard a strange voice saying that it was so glad—that it wasn't surprised, of course, but so glad.

"Yes," he said, with a pleased smile. "I *told* Sue you would be!"

Nina's hand described a slight gesture of conclusion. It was a gesture which she might have learned from the count, but which in all probability she had learned from old Abner.

She had half an hour alone in the apartment. Later on a servant observed that someone, apparently, had picked up a crystal ash tray and smashed it to a shining powder upon the chromium-colored hearth.

But now Nina was going down to the street—Weston was waiting to drive her home.

And home, as everybody knows, is not to be defined in terms of bricks and mortar: it is, essentially, a state of mind. So it came about that upon a gay spring morning, one week later, young Mrs. Knowlton was thrusting a newspaper under her husband's nose.

"Read that!" she said.

And Jim Knowlton read:

"Among the departures yesterday was that of Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Anthony Hoyt, who left for San Francisco, from which port they plan to sail for a honeymoon in the South Seas. Mrs. Hoyt, who was formerly Countess Giralda, née Nina Cunningham, was married to Mr. Hoyt early yesterday morning. She explained to newspapermen that she had planned an elopement but that her plans had gone awry. She laughingly disclaimed any intention of making her permanent home in the Islands. Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt will return to New York in the fall, to reside in the Cunningham house, which is one of the last of the old Fifth Avenue mansions."

"What wuz 'at crack about Brooklyn?"

JAY IRVING

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Guard these teeth especially at the place of greatest danger—the *Danger Line,* where teeth and gums unite.

In these areas which make up the *Danger Line,* care of the teeth is most important. Particles of food are caught in the V-shaped spaces between the teeth—in the V-shaped crevices where teeth meet gums.

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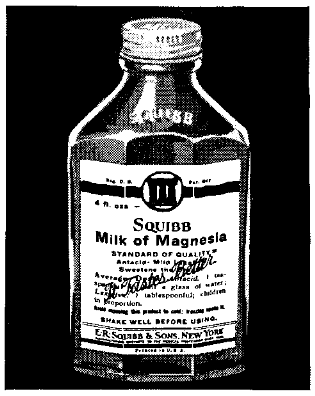
They can be neutralized. Squibb Dental Cream was developed not only to do the most effective cleansing possible—but especially to neutralize all acids which are present—so that the teeth may be safeguarded at the *Danger Line* from even the beginning of acid action.

The Squibb Laboratories incorporated in this Dental Cream a powerful antacid—one that neutralizes three times as much acid as bicarbonate of soda, and yet is soothing and beneficial to mouth tissues. That antacid is Squibb Milk of Magnesia*.

When you brush your teeth with Squibb Dental Cream, Squibb Milk of Magnesia is forced into the most remote crevices, arrests fermentation, and neutralizes all acids with which it comes in contact.

You must consult your dentist regularly, to make sure your teeth are safe. And, every day—at least twice a day—guard the *Danger Line* by brushing with Squibb Dental Cream.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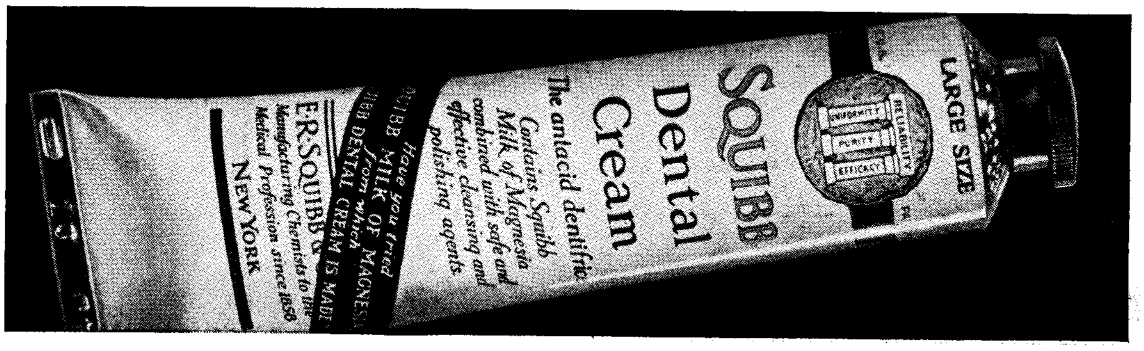
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BUILT WITH THE FLEXMORE PROCESS

A Book of Merit

Continued from page 33

happen to spoil my natives—that is all. I might as well tell you this at once. I am a direct man."

McPetrie looked mildly puzzled. "I appreciate your directness," he said, "but I dinna see what I can do about the situation. I get my orders from headquarters in the old country."

"The orders must be changed," Osterhout said. "Tomorrow morning we are calling at Semarang. I will wire an official protest. That I can do, since I happen to be administrator at Meram. I will have you transferred. What place would you prefer? Macassar? That is a pleasant spot."

"I'm not wishing for a pleasant spot," McPetrie said, with sudden and surprising force. He looked at Osterhout steadily. "I chose Meram myself, to tell you the truth, because of the conditions which your own compatriots told me existed there."

OLD Bommer's eyes flitted nervously from the face of the Scotchman to the face of the administrator. He thought: Here is a pretty situation. Am I, a man of peace, to be cooped up with these two for twelve days?

"Do you speak Dutch?" Osterhout demanded.

McPetrie shook his head. "A wee bit of Malay only. But that should suffice."

"I am so glad," Osterhout said caustically. "At least you cannot save the souls of my two Dutch assistants."

Captain Bommer remembered his own position of dignity and authority. Being a modest man, he had frequently to remind himself of it.

"It would be unreasonable," he told Osterhout, "to transfer this young man at once. You would put yourself in the wrong. We must all pull together, here in the colonies. I suggest that you suffer him to do his good work for a period of two months. If, when my ship returns to Meram at that time, you do not find his presence beneficial you can then make a fair protest to the authorities—isn't it so?"

Osterhout said ungraciously: "I will not quarrel with you, Captain, and you know it. You are a shrewd old devil. You happen to be my only means of communication with the outer world. I will accept your proposal. Mr. McPetrie may preach his texts upon the Meram beach, but he cannot enter the compounds, which are my personal property."

He wiped his mouth with a large scarlet bandanna, and proceeded to fling sliced fish, bananas and grated coconut into his already heaping plate of *ristaefel.* He made one further remark to the Scotchman. It referred to the native women of Meram, and was altogether obscene. This was his contribution to the evening's gayety. A gale of laughter wracked him, and his face became congested. Captain Bommer wondered why he was suddenly in so amiable a frame of mind. . . .

The Van Overbeck ambled southeastward in her placid Dutch way. She touched at Ampenan in Lombok, and at Timor and Flores. The heat grew daily. In forty years Captain Bommer had not known a more trying voyage. Sometimes the ship sweltered in three fathoms of water, while the Malay crew loaded copra or nutmegs from some heat-stricken village that shimmered on the horizon beyond the glassy sea. The lower decks were a bedlam of Malays, Papuans, Chinese and parrots. When they breasted Timorlaut the sea was a sheet of hammered gold, and the smoke climbed from the Van Overbeck's yellow funnel like a straight brown vine into the burning sky.

At Timorlaut Captain Bommer noticed that McPetrie was looking pale and haggard. There was a transparency to his white skin. That was the trouble with the modern world, the captain reflected gravely. Trade, church and government, all of them turned out young students, visionaries, without the correct physical or mental equipment to face the ancient realities. A dreamer like that—to cope with Osterhout alone in Meram! Pfui! Where the very corpses rotted on the beach, because there was no burial appropriation available, after Osterhout had had his hands in the till. . . .

McPetrie was a perpetual reader. An avid bookworm. Captain Bommer realized this, and Osterhout realized it, too. Osterhout seemed to be waiting for something, though. . . . Beyond Timorlaut, in a lacquered sunset, McPetrie approached the captain, who was consuming lager with Osterhout under the awning of the after-deck. Captain Bommer, apart from his personal predilections, believed in maintaining a general diplomacy.

"I've a mind to consult the Scriptures," McPetrie said. "Would you be having a Bible in your library, Captain? Mine is in my trunk, down in the hold."

"Ah!" said Osterhout, grinning. "Preparing angel food for the benighted heathen of Meram, are you?"

McPetrie, flushing, managed with some dignity to ignore the remark. Captain Bommer said hurriedly: "Yes, yes. There is a Bible in the bookcase, Mr. McPetrie. But you will have to see the steward, when he comes on duty at seven. He has charge of the key."

AT TEN minutes past seven that evening McPetrie asked the steward to get him the Bible from the bookcase. The steward, a Malay, was apologetic.

"Tuan Osterhout borrowed it," he said, "only a few minutes ago."

At dinner McPetrie said to Osterhout: "I'm thinking you borrowed the Scriptures from the bookcase just now."

"I borrowed several books," Osterhout said.

"I had in mind to consult the Scriptures," McPetrie said doggedly.

Osterhout appeared only mildly interested. He remarked to the captain: "Do you know, I haven't looked at the Bible for years. It is a book of considerable merit, when it is not employed as propaganda."

McPetrie flushed, but his voice was calm. "I would like to have it, as soon as you are finished with it."

"I'll remember that," Osterhout said.

Captain Bommer, observing the malice in Osterhout's tone, felt vaguely uneasy. He decided to watch developments carefully. That there would be developments, of some specific and unpleasant nature, he had no doubt.

He did not have long to wait. On the following morning Osterhout's ingenious little strategy, or ingenious form of torture—according to the way you looked at it—became evident. He made a point of carrying that large black Bible under his arm, wherever he went about the ship. To the dining-saloon; to his deck chair; to the smoking-room when he was having his sundown drink of schnapps. It was always with him, yet he was never seen reading it. For two entire days the relentless performance continued. On the third day out from Timorlaut, McPetrie asked Osterhout politely: "You're intending to read the entire Bible, sir?"

Osterhout shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps yes. Perhaps no. I am a very slow reader, Mr. McPetrie."

"May I remind you, sir, that I would like the book the moment you have finished with it?"

"I will remember your request. So far, I have only read the Genesis."

The Genesis, only—in three days. Three torrid, almost unbearable days. Three nights, too, in which the very facing of one's cabin required an especial brand of courage. McPetrie walked away, spasmodically opening and closing one fist—a gesture ill-suited to a man of the cloth. Osterhout saw the gesture, and grinned. Captain Bommer, who happened to be passing by, saw it too. But he did not grin.

AT LUNCH-TIME the captain didn't miss the tightening of McPetrie's long, serious young face as Osterhout strode into the saloon, the black book still under his arm. And Captain Bommer suddenly, amazedly, realized the true basis of Osterhout's tactics. A single flash of temper, a single word of rudeness on McPetrie's part, and Osterhout would use his privilege as administrator to the island of Meram. He would bar McPetrie's admission. Captain Bommer could visualize the official report. Undesirable—subversive—insolent. . . .

There had been an American, a vagabond oil driller, on the Van Overbeck's last voyage to Macassar. A lean, hard-bitten fellow, who had been practically everywhere in the Archipelago. He hadn't even missed Meram.

"That guy Osterhout," he had declared to Captain Bommer, "has a pretty good racket. He's got that island sewed up, ten different ways. But there's a flaw in his system. He rides anyone who's agin him, until he breaks him. But that won't work forever. Sooner or later someone will come along and throw the rider. It's happened before, and Osterhout's got it coming to him."

He rides anyone who's agin him. . . . Captain Bommer savored the phrase judiciously. It was pungent and apt, and he liked it.

Off the coast of Dutch New Guinea the sea-water temperature reached ninety degrees. The air temperature was far more spectacular. Captain Bommer, trusting that his conservative lady sovereign would forgive him, left off his high-necked white tunic for the first time in his career, and wore a sleeveless cotton singlet on the bridge.

The island of Meram was a mauve specter on the horizon when McPetrie came up on deck one dawn after a sleepless night. He had lain in his bunk for six hours, counting the rivets on his cabin ceiling. They looked like marshmallows, and there were forty-four of them. The little electric fan had squeaked and pivoted bravely, but it had brought no relief.

At the forward starboard angle of the promenade deck McPetrie encountered Osterhout dozing in his deck chair. He was naked but for a sarong, his mouth was open, and the Bible lay on the deck beside his chair. He was like an obscene, three-bellied image of some aboriginal deity.

Something happened to Rufus McPetrie at that moment. A dull rose color suffused his lean cheeks. He stooped down and seized the book.

Osterhout awoke, and jumped up from his chair. "Give me that book!" he shouted, so loudly that Captain Bommer, on the bridge above, heard him.

But McPetrie had discarded, for once, his chosen life role of humility.

"Ah, no," he said. "You'll not have this book, my friend! I need it. I've been waiting for it. For five days and nights, I've been waiting for it!" Which was wholly accurate. He had counted the days—even the hours.

Osterhout tried to seize the book. They scuffled. And in the scuffle Osterhout shouted an epithet, in English—which even a man of the cloth, and a bookworm, too, could not honorably suffer. McPetrie's blow was sudden, sharp and powerful. It caught Osterhout under the chin. Its motive power was a blend of frustration, indignity, and the accumulation of five days' torturing heat. Osterhout reeled backward toward the deck rail. But there was an opening in the rail just behind him, at the top of the steep stairway leading to the forward well-deck. Osterhout clutched at the rail, but missed it. He toppled down the stairs. He lay on his back on the well-deck, motionless, his head in a widening darkening stain.

Captain Bommer, who had heard strange sounds from the bridge, was kneeling beside Osterhout two minutes later. McPetrie was down there on the well-deck, too, pale and silent, fists still clenched, his angular body trembling as if stricken with some miasmatic chill. Captain Bommer looked up at him, just as the diminutive Chinese cook and his smaller assistant appeared.

"He is dead," the captain said quietly. "The skull is completely fractured."

McPetrie's eyes were wide and staring.

"I have killed a mon," he said softly, as if to himself. His voice had a far-away, unreal quality. "I, Rufus McPetrie, have killed a mon!"

"I must ask you," Captain Bommer said sharply, "to go to your cabin, to await orders. There will be an inquiry, you understand? This is a serious matter, Mr. McPetrie."

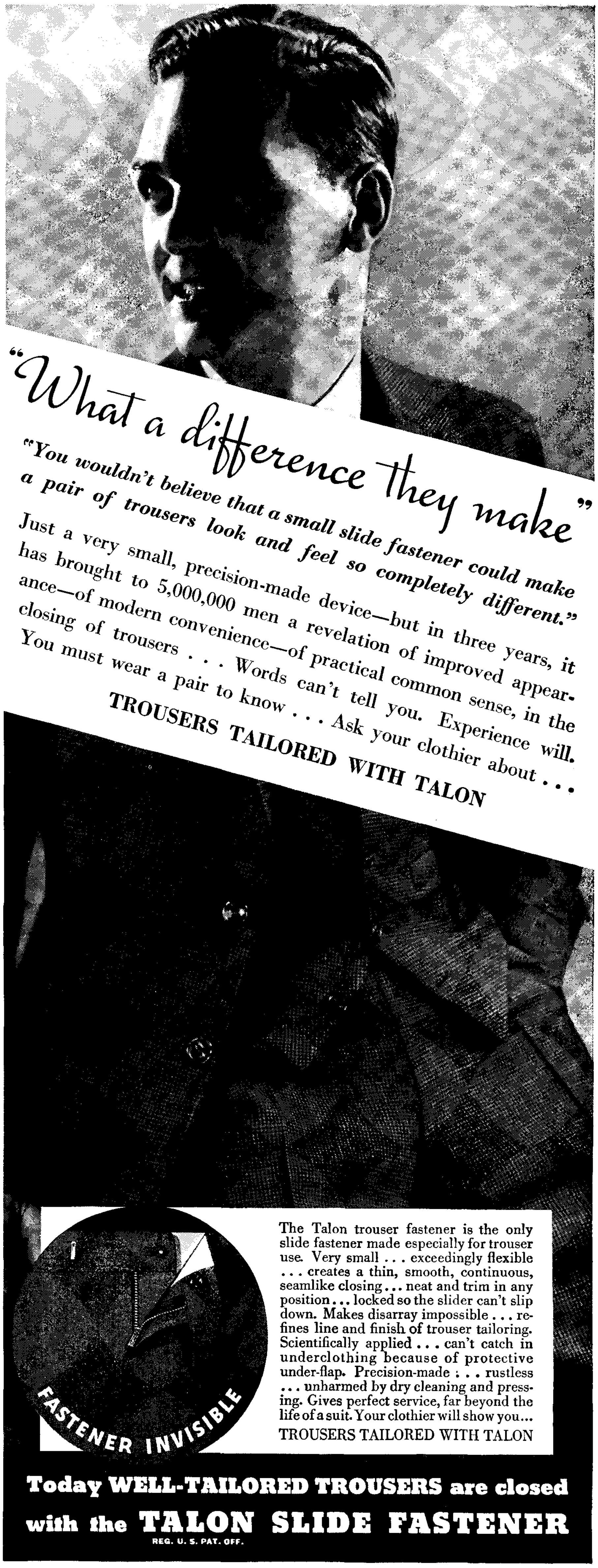
McPetrie walked away, his head bowed. The Chinese cook and his assistant approached slowly with little flute-like sounds of commiseration.

AFTER Captain Bommer had given his orders to the slowly gathering crew, he picked up the large black book which was lying face downward on the deck, a few yards away from the dead man. He glanced at it, and his eyes widened. Then he climbed slowly, unhappily, up to the chart room.

Before he made his entry in the ship's log, Captain Bommer glanced again at the book on the desk beside him. The book was the Holy Bible, printed in Amsterdam. The captain suddenly and sharply chided himself. I am getting very old, he decided crossly. I should have remembered that the book was in Dutch, and consequently useless to McPetrie. I might, perhaps, have saved a human life. . . . It was Osterhout, though, who had teased McPetrie the first night out from Tanjong, for his ignorance of the language. Osterhout, then, had known all along that the Bible would be useless to McPetrie! The captain's aged eyes blinked, appalled by the fundamental baseness of certain human natures.

He wrote in the log: "At sea. September 4th, 1935. Klaes Osterhout, cabin passenger from Tanjong Priok to Meram, died at 6:45 A. M. Cause: fractured skull. The deceased slipped on the promenade deck, and fell down the starboard well-deck ladder.—Cornelius Pieterzoon Bommer, Captain."

The captain looked out of the chart-room window, and saw ahead of him the island of Meram. It was still but a cloudlike hint on the horizon. For many years Captain Bommer had witnessed that landfall with an uneasy heart, because of the infamous rumors that emanated from it. But this time, curiously, he was glad to see it. He picked up the battered black volume beside him. It was not, he reflected, the first time that the book had delivered some segment of mankind from misery. It was, as Osterhout himself had remarked, a book of considerable merit.



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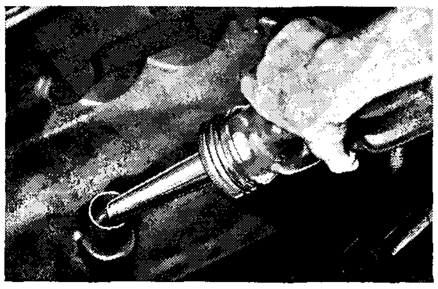

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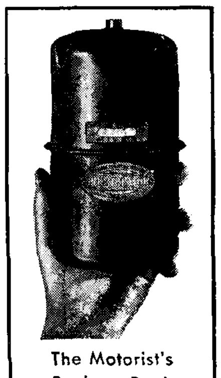
Here's a timely suggestion. When you change to winter oil, check your Purolator. If it has gone 8,000 miles it is full of the sludge it has removed. Renew it. Keep the new supply clean and effective. Then you'll have good lubrication, rather than a black, viscous substance, full of harsh abrasives.

Your garage man will give you this service while you wait.

But be guided by your own eyes and the overwhelming choice of automotive engineers. Insist that the replacement is a GENUINE Purolator. Motor Improvements Inc., Newark, N. J., makers of



The Motorist's Savings Bank

PUROLATOR
The Oil Filter on Your Motorcar
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One-Round Hopkins

Continued from page 37

end of a hard day, he is easily the fastest, hardest worker in the federal service. In addition to his own job, he served on the President's Drought Committee, also on the Committee on Economic Security, handled the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation, bought and retired thousands of acres of submarginal land, and is now a member of the National Emergency Council and the National Resources Board.

The dream of almost every Washington official is to have a fine imposing building of his own, with a private elevator, a shower bath and buzzers enough to galvanize his whole army of employees into instant and frenzied life. Harry Hopkins has the shabbiest building in Washington, barren of every modern convenience, and, aside from four assistant directors, does his tremendous job with about seven hundred helpers.

The Hopkins eyes—darting, luminous brown eyes, set flush with his face—are the only indications of the nervous energy that he must possess and of the quick impatience and hot temper that characterized him before he came to Washington. He is a gifted listener as long as the talker has something to say, and not even violent disputes have ever shaken his cool, detached impersonality. When he told General Johnson that his codes were "lousy," dumped over the whole Ickes' public works program as being "all haywire," and met complaints against some of his "white-collar projects" by remarking that the critics were "too damned dumb to understand," all of these comments were without heat. Just calm statements of facts as he saw them.

In almost every way he is amazing. His whole adult life, for instance, has been spent in social service. After leaving Grinnell College in 1912 with his A. B. degree, he went to New York to take charge of a boys' camp maintained by Christadora House, a settlement on the East Side's Avenue B. He stayed on there for a year, running boys' clubs, and then went to the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. His first job was to study the living conditions of New York's poor and unemployed, and the salary forty-five dollars a month.

Up in the World

In two years he was assistant director of the Board of Child Welfare, sitting at the right hand of Bill Matthews, a Homeric figure famous in the world of public service for his courage and warm humanity. The job of the Board was to administer widows' pensions, and Mayor John Purroy Mitchell figured that $300,000 a year would be ample. The budget presented by Messrs. Matthews and Hopkins called for $7,000,000 and they justified every cent.

Rejected by the Army in 1917 on account of defective eyesight, he went to New Orleans as head of the Gulf Division for the Red Cross; October, 1922, saw him back with the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor as assistant director at a salary of $8,000, and 1924 found him director of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, drawing down $10,000 a year.

An ardent supporter of Al Smith in 1928, the campaign brought him into close association with Franklin D. Roosevelt, and when the latter came to be governor and wanted someone to head his Temporary Emergency Relief Administration, he turned to Harry Hopkins. In that job the rising young man spent $140,000,000 fairly and effectively, and when Mr. Roosevelt, as President, needed a director for the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, again his choice fell on Hopkins.

Twenty-four years out of forty-six devoted to charity work, and yet Harry Hopkins never became professionalized or dehumanized. That's news! More than that, he has no real faith in charity, declaring flatly that he has small use for any permanent program of relief that does not remedy the underlying causes of destitution. Even so, nothing disgusts him more than those loose-thinking souls who confuse rainbow-chasing with progress, and are always springing forward with grandiose schemes for bringing about a millennium between sunrise and sunset.

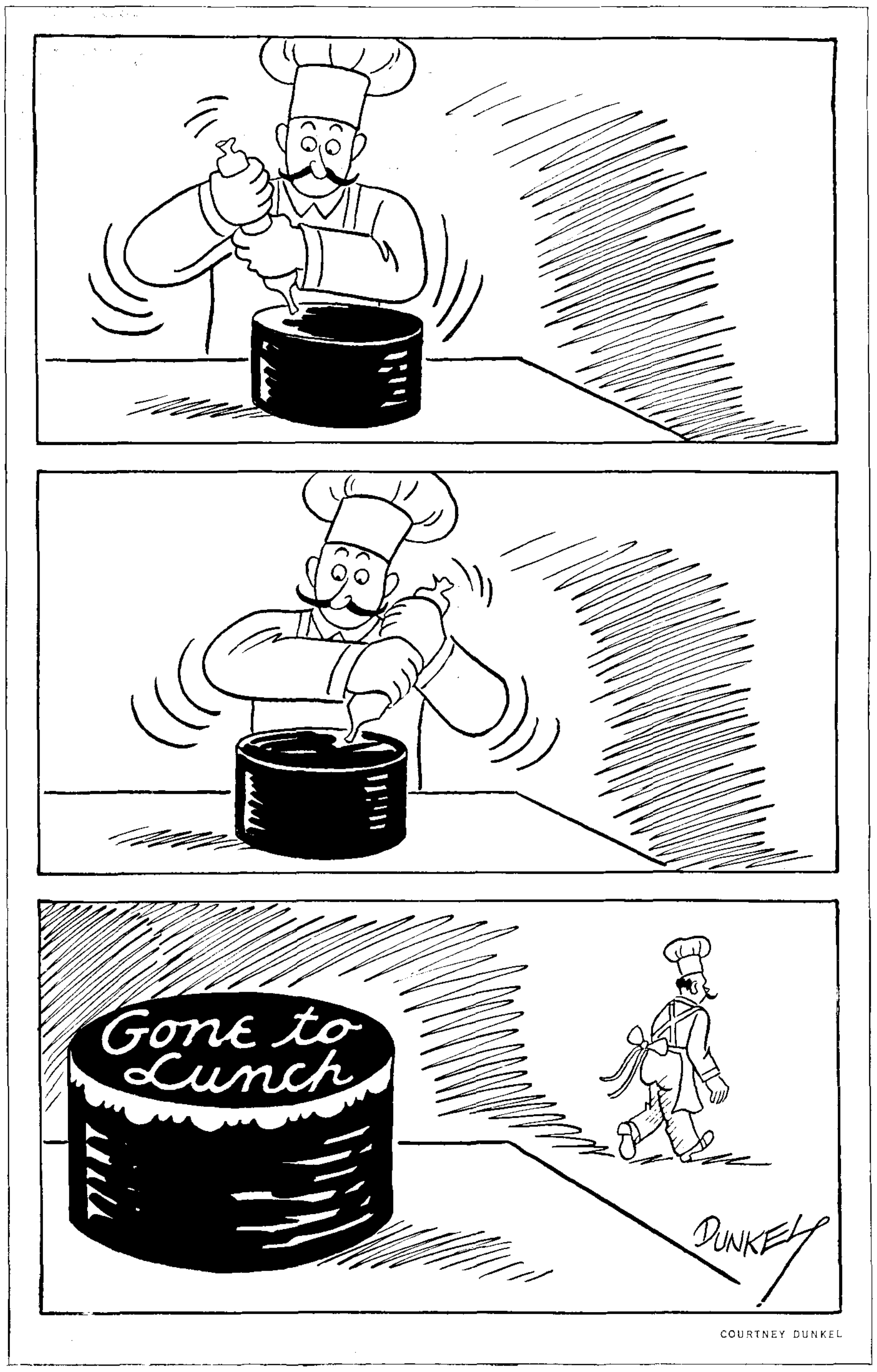
A hard-boiled realist, he accepted his relief job as something that had to be done without argument or theorizing, nevertheless he never quit trying to have the money produce larger results than mere subsistence. For instance, his Emergency Educational Program taught 2,000,000 adult illiterates how to read and write, gave vocational training and rehabilitation training to thousands of unfit and misfits, making them ready for jobs, and enabled some 100,000 boys to earn their way through college.

Then there was his scheme for rural rehabilitation that took close to 200,000 families—homeless, landless and hopeless—and restored them to independence and self-respect by providing loans for tillable acres, work stock, seed and equipment. It will be another year before final judgment can be passed on the experiment, but it is noteworthy that half of the borrowings have already been paid back.

Comfort on the Land

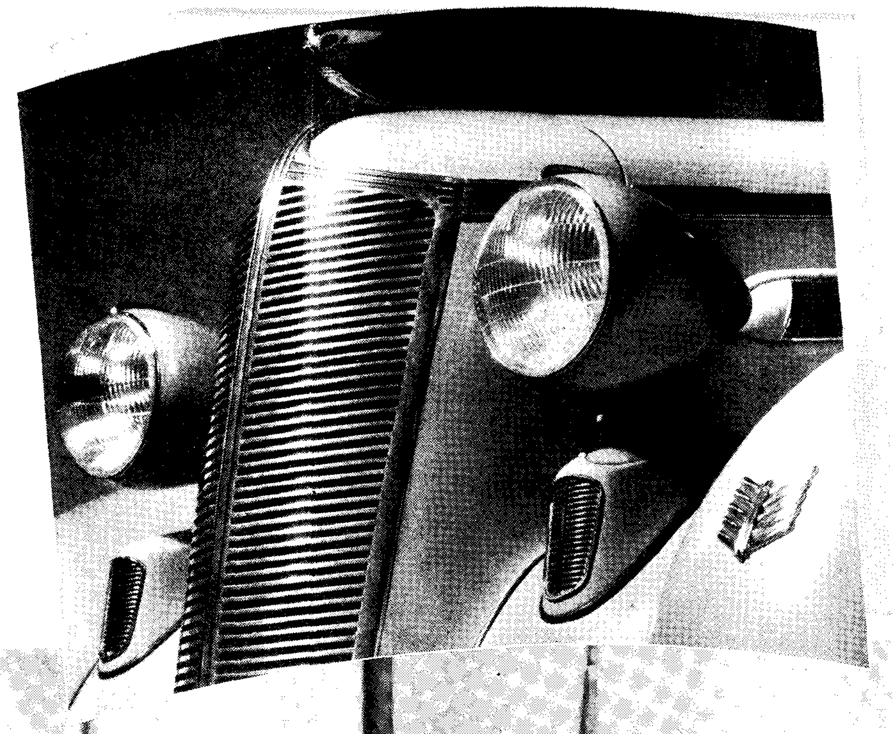
A book could be written about what he did for "stranded populations," meaning families left without prospect of employment due to exhaustion of natural resources or the death of a local industry. Before he turned them over to Doctor Tugwell, he had eight going "rural industrial communities," brand-new towns built on land bought at an average price of $2.50 an acre, and cleared by the newcomers themselves; clean towns with clean, comfortable homes, and such combination of industrial employment and subsistence farming as will enable the inhabitants to achieve economic and social security.

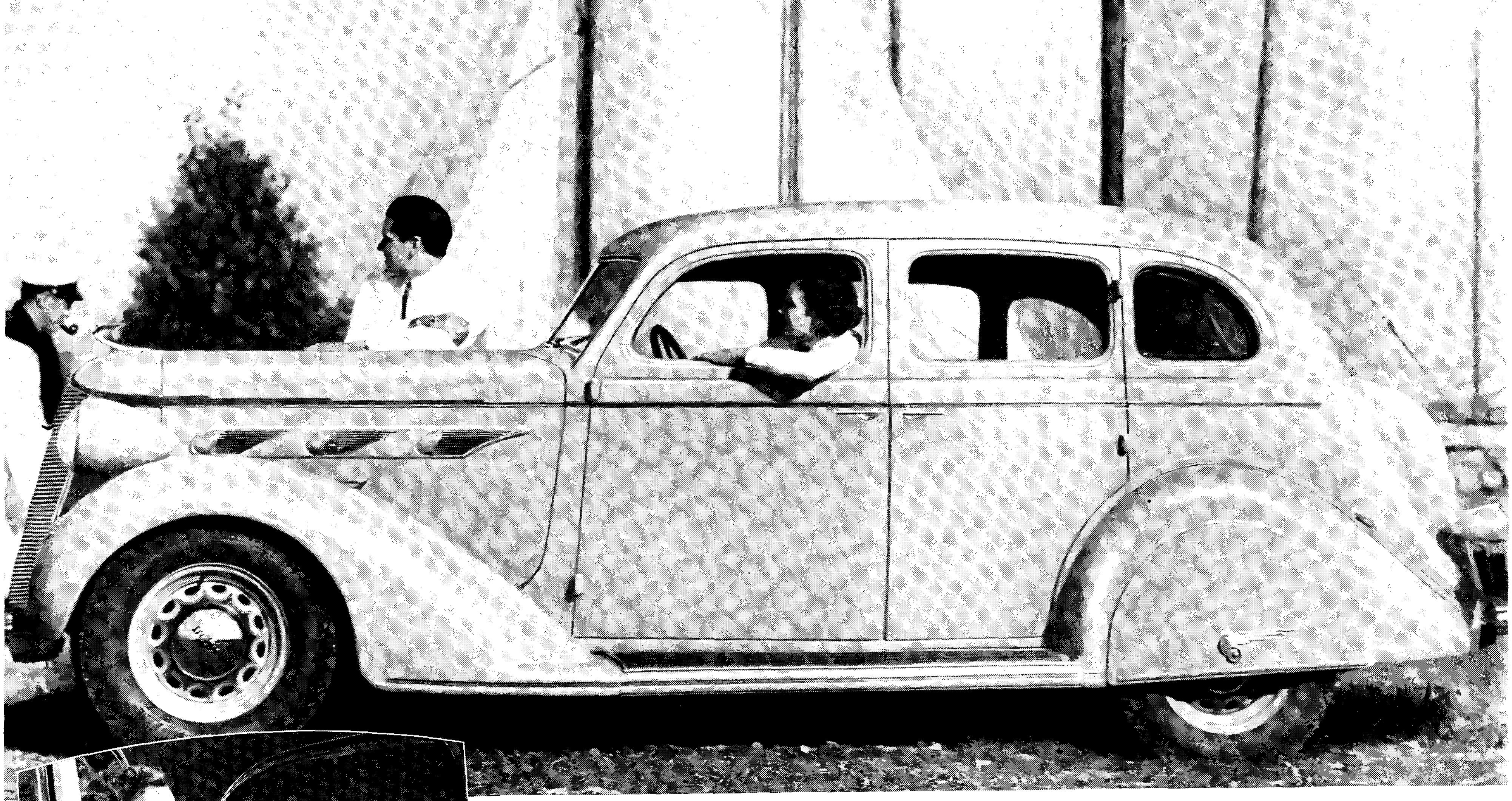
Taken all in all, quite a man, this Harry Hopkins, and if anybody can make a go of the work relief program, he seems to be about the best bet.



COURTNEY DUNKEL

There's a New "Who's Who"





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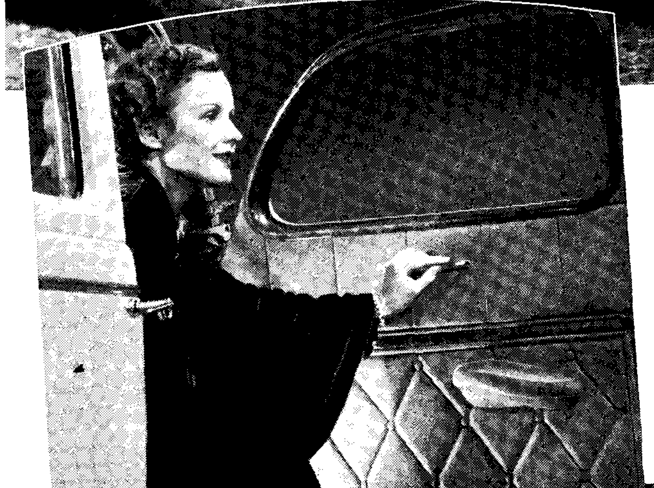

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War on the Range

Continued from page 38

miles to Winnemucca, Nevada, calmly loaded them into stock cars and shipped them to Chicago for sale.

When the ewes turned up in the yards, even Chicago was surprised and wired to Winnemucca, asking if, after all, it wouldn't be wiser for the sheep to become mothers 'way out thar in them great, wide, open spaces. So Winnemucca investigated and located the rightful owner, and the whole flock was shipped back to its home range for two thousand blessed events.

Loot on the Hoof

The point is that the sheepman owned and leased so much territory, and ran so many sheep, that he never missed two thousand of them. He's just one of Oregon's scores of big-time cattle and sheep raisers. And to patrol Oregon there are just three state men, working over a country where one county is as big as Maryland and another is bigger than Massachusetts. In other cow states it's the same story, with minor variations. Which is why Arizona chalks up an annual loss of twenty thousand cattle to rustlers—and why the forty-fives bark and the thirty-thirty bullets whine across the rangeland.

In the old days, rustlers consisted of bands of outlaws with hideaways in almost impregnable forts in the bad lands—in hidden valleys, lonely gulches, sometimes amid the infrequent rocks of a prairie hill. From these forts they would swoop down on a cattle herd, looking for bands straying from the watchful eyes of the honest buckaroos. The band would be driven away under its own power, brands blotted or reworked and the cattle sold in another part of the country—still on the hoof.

This sort of thing resulted in many a gun battle and not a few of the songs about the lone cowboy being buried out where the coyotes yowl. Rustlers were fair game wherever found and it was the custom to shoot them first and try them afterward. Occasionally, for a Fourth of July celebration, a selected few would be brought into the main ranch spread and formally hanged as an example to children whose opportunities for learning morals were slight, due to the nearest Sunday school being five days away by buckboard.

But in the old West the worst offense was horse-stealing. Even today, it is the racket that brings the steel into the ranchman's eyes and the square jut to his jaw. This is mainly because of the sentimental affection of the plainsman for his horse. It is also due to the fact that the range rider was—and sometimes still is—as lost without his horse as a New Dealer without a brief case full of projects.

For many years, horse thieves were hanged regularly, while mere cow and sheep promoters were shot. Shooting in those days was practically a natural death, but a hanging carried a stigma and the victim was taught a good lesson. The cattle thief was just regarded as vermin and abolished as such.

For some years, the value of range horses declined steadily. Midwest farmers bought these new gasoline contraptions and went trundling across their acres, while Betsy and Beauty were sold down the river. So little value was attached to horses that they weren't branded and great bands of them ran wild on the ranges. In some parts of Oregon, Montana, Washington and the western Dakotas they became pests and wild-horse round-ups were held every year to destroy hundreds of them.

As times changed, and farm prices declined, tractors became uneconomic. Farmers discovered it was cheaper to grow fuel for horses than to buy it for engines. So the demand for horses came back. For two or more years, Montana horse raisers have had more orders than they could fill, and on the ranches there have been great round-ups and brandings. But it is sometimes hard to tell just who owns a band of wild horses and the free-and-easy days of the depression encouraged the idea that the man who threw a rope on a horse became its owner. This idea the horse raisers have been at some pains to correct, but not altogether with success.

It is harder to rustle horses than cattle, because the brands must be reworked and a dead horse is practically worthless. Working over brands is a job for an expert—and there are experts on the other side, too, ready to spot a reworked brand at a glance. So horse-stealing isn't a great problem, although plenty of it goes on—enough to keep brand inspectors and stock detectives and state police out of mischief.

In the old days, it was comparatively simple to hide a band of rustled cattle until opportunity came to drive them over the trail and out of the country. But today the chances of running into a couple of smart young patrolmen, with immense curiosity about permits and certificates and brands, are pretty plentiful.

Even if the rustlers manage to cut out half a dozen fat beeves and get them to town, they may drop into a saloon that afternoon only to hear Radio KOAC broadcasting the news of the theft, and perhaps their descriptions. For Oregon is fighting rustlers with radio and telephone and telegraph.

In the Webfoot State every carcass carried along a highway must bear a tag, showing its owner, its brand, and where it was killed—and it must have the hide, too, so that the brand agrees with the tag. Salem, the Oregon capital, is the nerve center of the fight, with Dr. W. H. Lytle of the Animal Industry Bureau, as general. From anywhere in Oregon, day or night, any stockman can flash a fifty-word collect message to Salem, reporting rustlers. When that happens, radio broadcasts the facts, state police swing out on the highways and those mystery men of the ranges, the stock detectives, go swiftly into action.

Silencing "Singing Bill"

But behind this organized battle there goes on a constant guerrilla warfare—rancher against rustler. How great the human toll is, no one knows. Both sides are tight-lipped and each side buries its own dead. Stock detectives appear—and disappear. It's wide country, a still wild, untamed land where the law is upheld by trigger fingers and they don't fool—much. John Law is on the side of the cattlemen, and the outlaws find stockmen's rifles and state police guns and detectives' forty-fives lined up against them.

Most big western stock outfits employ detectives and some states have a few—not the sleek sleuths of fiction, but men who seem to fit into the country and fade into their background—silent, unknown men whose lives depend on their ability to remain unknown and unsuspected.

A typical rangeland sleuth was "Singing Bill." He worked for a big outfit whose herds ranged in southern Oregon; ostensibly he was a coyote hunter and fur trapper, traveling over the hills with a scrub team and an old wagon. Hidden in the wagon were a pair of powerful binoculars and a couple of the swiftest-action forty-fives in miles.

A shy sort of fellow was Bill, but those who came upon him at his sundown camp used to hear him singing old English music-hall songs and sometimes a snatch of opera. He spoke, when he spoke—which was rarely—with a slight Cambridge accent. About this time there was a raid on the ranch herds—a raid that was planned in a cow-town saloon, with "Singing Bill" sitting over in a corner singing The Chisholm Trail while a waddie thrummed a guitar.

The raid failed with the flash of guns and the scream of a hit man—failed in a grassy draw, with an abandoned truck and five dead Herefords and two trim state policemen thoughtfully blowing smoke out of their guns.

Nobody saw "Singing Bill" after that. But a line-rider, some days later, spotted an abandoned wagon, with two half-starved horses tied to a wheel, alongside a cold fire. The line-rider took the horses to the ranch spread and left the wagon there.

"Talked, probably," was the range verdict.

Rustling has its castes just like any other crime. Down at the bottom is the little starvation rancher who has discovered that spoiling sod with a plow won't make a living for him. So he hitches up his gaunt plow horses to a sagging buckboard and heads through the summer range of the Lazy M or the Circle Dot or the Bar Nine. In a secluded draw he spots a bunch of beef standing drowsily under the trees in the noon heat. With a glance around to see if any riders are near, he quickly drills a fat steer with a bullet, butchers it then and there, tosses the meat into his buckboard, buries the hide and drives away.

Hides are always buried because it's almost impossible to burn them—you can hardly burn them in an electric furnace.

So the rustling homesteader drives to town with a canvas tossed over the stolen beef, and peddles it to a butcher who knows it's stolen, and pays half price for it. Each of these one-cow rustlers may get away with a surprising amount of stock in a year—and the depression made thousands of them.

To understand how the depression ruined the homesteader you must go back fifty years, to the time when the rangeland swept from horizon to horizon, without a wire. Then homesteads began to dot the prairie and barbed wire grew overnight across the free range. The cowman glowered and fought the sodbusters, the nesters, the Hunyaks, as he called them. The sod had taken centuries to grow. Once plowed, the land blew away in the baking heat of summer. Slowly, the weather-stained shacks of the nesters fell into ruin. The wire rusted and the posts leaned at crazy angles.

The Return of the Range

But the homesteader hung on, though the land had been ruined for a lifetime. It takes years to produce good grass sod in the high sweeps of the rangeland. But toward the end, many a sodbuster, desperate and defiant, took down his gun and went out to get his beef on the hoof and a few dollars from a crooked town butcher.

The crack of the thirty-thirty or the drift of blue haze from the six-gun has made corpses of some of them. Then the wire has rusted slowly around the dusty, deserted barnyard and the sagebrush has surged back across the plowed land and the tumbleweeds have rolled before the wind through the windblown door of the gray, sagging shack. The cow country has beaten another nester.

In the stock country, for a few years now, the wire has been coming down and the range has been coming back. "God made it for cow-critters," the stockmen tell you. "In its history, the sodbusters were just an incident. It's cow country again, and always will be."

A cut above the starvation rancher who rustles only because he must eat comes the small-spread rancher who raises some cattle himself. Or maybe he does a little farming or runs a small business in town, and uses his ranch for a rustling layout. He owns a motor truck and has a partner, or maybe an employee he trusts. Either the rustler himself, or his partner, rides over the country and spots a likely band of cattle cut off from the main herds. At night, the two men drive the truck as near the selected band as possible.

"Anything that Runs"

Coming up to the herd, the rustlers hold the cattle in the glare of the headlights and, with a silencer-equipped rifle, drop as many head as they can handle. The slain animals are quickly butchered, loaded into the truck, and sped away. On the highway, they take a chance of meeting the patrols. Their truck is speedy and perhaps they can outdistance pursuit. They don't fool with the little town, but head for a city, where a "fence" or a crooked dealer will handle their "hot beef." The carcasses disposed of, they drive home, leaving no evidence and are again respectable farmers or small merchants by the time the sun comes up over the eastern rim.

Better roads, radio, airplanes, faster trucks—all have helped the rustler. But they also have helped the battle against him. Just what the annual loss runs to, nobody knows. Many cattlemen prefer to be a law unto themselves, neither reporting thefts nor the summary justice they mete out to caught rustlers. Men who live far from cities, relying on themselves, a bit contemptuous of courts and legal technicalities, see little use in "letting the law take its course." And range opinion is with them.

While each state has its laws, those of Oregon are perhaps the most stringent, the kingpin of them being the famous "gasoline cowboy" law, which attempts to block the highways to stolen beef. In Oregon a rancher must have stock in his possession thirty days before butchering it; it must be branded and the brand registered. Only one person may own a brand, which becomes his private trade-mark and property.

Before a beef producer can sell a beef he has to obtain a tag from the sheriff of his county. This costs him a dime. He slaps the tag on the carcass, rolls up the hide, with its telltale brand, and ships his beef to market. Along the highway somewhere a state patrol car is likely to wave the cattle truck to the roadside. A smart trooper will check the carcasses for tags and check the tags against the brands. And the tags and brands had better agree—or else.

Other states have similar laws, but the cattleman is not the power he once was in the West. Washington State's laws are antiquated, and prodding of the legislature by stockmen has accomplished little. But E. F. Banker, who is director of conservation and whose One Bar brand is well-known in the Northwest, says even old laws are sufficient—if enforced.

If you ask them, out west, what rustlers will steal, they'll tell you: "Anything that runs, mister!"

That's right, too. In the Washington fruit country last year a sheriff rounded up a bunch of youthful rustlers. They'd been rustling the electric motors used on the ranches to pump water into the irrigation ditches.

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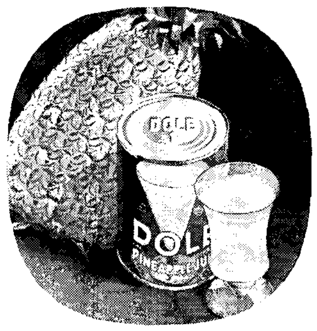

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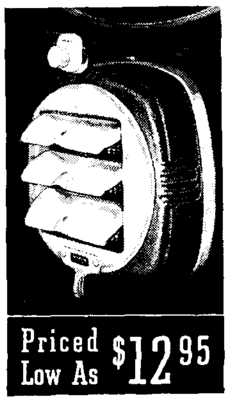

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Lowdown on Heels

Continued from page 22

to carry your weight balanced between the big toe muscle and the front part of your heel—the arch is there to distribute the load and relieve any one part of the foot from strain. When you pitch your weight forward you are continually off balance, and every part of the body is thrown out of its normal relationship to other parts in order to keep you from falling on your face.

What's more, the matter goes even beyond the physical. It's no accident that Ina Claire puts on her highest heels for her highest comedy scenes, and that beside Marlene Dietrich's flat-heeled daytime shoes there stand evening sandals with heels very near three inches tall. Nor is it by chance that young actresses like Hepburn and Jane Wyatt walk into Frances Robinson-Duff's studio and kick off their shoes before they attack a new role under the teacher's guidance. Miss Duff smiles at their murmured apology—they probably don't realize the instinctive impulse to get right down to earth before they attempt an important piece of work.

So now the moral is plain. We aren't being asked to climb down off our high heels for good and all. These "flats" they're handing us are not a revolution, but the peak of a long, slow climb toward more and happier variety in our lives. Shoe history of the past ten years records our progress back to earth; the straight leather heel for "walking," two inches high; the sport shoe or brogue or oxford, fourteen-eighths as the shoemakers measure, or an inch and three quarters. The standard new "flat" is as high as ten-eighths, and you can go as much lower as you like and still be right, provided you wear the right clothes and the right state of mind.

Not So Sober

For evening the choice is infinite. You can wear a three-inch heel or no heel at all, or you can stop at any of the way stations in between.

For daytime and business clothes the low heel is as natural as the tailored suit or dress, both in looks and in psychology. That you should have both feet on the ground for the serious work of the day is so obvious you'll soon wonder how you ever managed any other way. Not that the new low heels are so deadly sober as to take all the fun out of daylight hours—on the contrary, designers have exerted themselves to make them look like anything but "old ladies' leaping boots," as one shoemaker calls them. You won't bear the slightest resemblance to an English schoolmarm all tricked out for an Alpine climb. You will be wearing anything from sandals to trim little step-in pumps, with lots of interesting mellow colors besides the usual black and brown. Don't say your feet aren't getting lots of attention this season.

Perhaps you'll think that's a catastrophe, especially if you are one of the long-limbed lasses with strictly modern size nines. But the shoemakers have thought of that, too. They've turned out these low-heeled affairs with neat little roundish toes, or with square toes and heels, that seem to cut inches off the length of the foot.

So much for the extremes of day and night. The in-between times are when you'll have to use your best judgment. If you are petite and on the girlish side, these little-girl shoes like the patent leather dancing slippers may be just the thing for your afternoon dress. There are some silk afternoon dresses to be worn under a coat that simply can't be imagined except with highish heels, and you will have to be ready to climb back up on them when the occasion and the costume demand.

All this begins to sound like hard going for your feet. You'll be asking them to go up and down like an old-fashioned tragedian's eyebrows, all day and half the night. How are they ever going to stand up under the strain, you wonder, and you remember with a twinge the way the poor things hurt after you'd been wearing tennis shoes for a couple of hours during the summer. Maybe you'll join the cohorts of women who have been saying for years, "I'm never so comfortable as when I'm in high heels," and, bless their hearts, believing it.

Will It Hurt?

If you do, you'll be missing the boat. It is not only your feet that need a change, it's your head as well. After all, if Ina Claire and Marlene Dietrich do it every day of their lives, it may be worth trying. Salesmen in retail shoe shops have told me that it is only the first pair of flats that is hard to sell.

"But it does hurt at first, doesn't it?" you'll ask. That's the question the good husband of our first paragraph had to answer, and to do it he lined up fifty girls who had been confirmed high-heelers and fitted them out with flats. Every one of them reported discomfort only for one day.

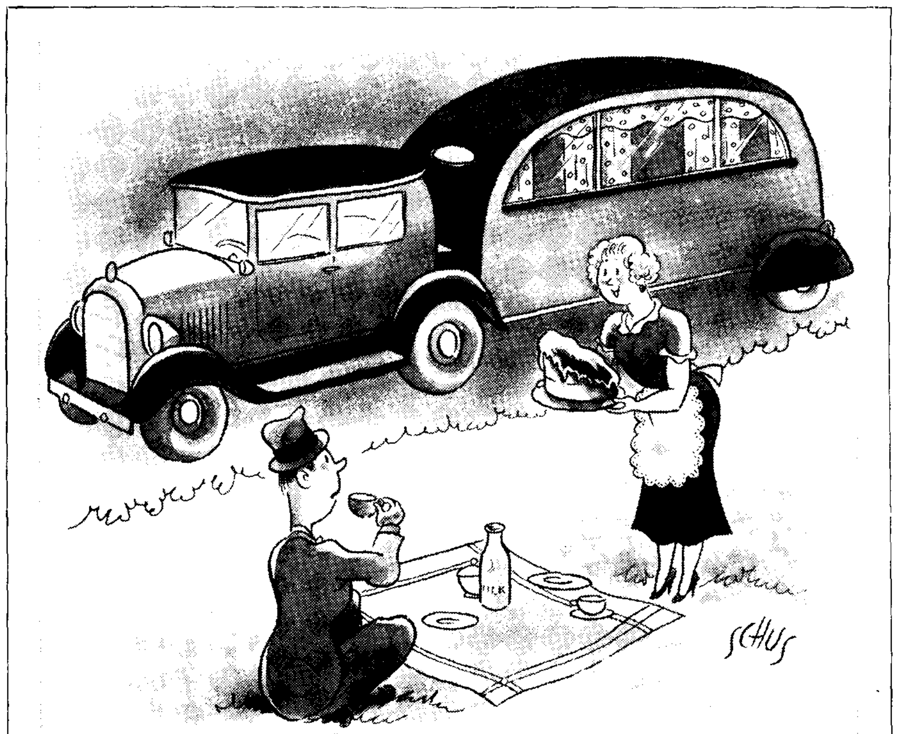
There are ways, though, to eliminate most of that initial discomfort and to strengthen your feet so they'll enjoy both flats and high heels and go from one to the other without a struggle. Your high heels have shortened the tendon at the back of your leg, have weakened the long outer muscles that run *down to your heel and very likely have* flattened out your metatarsal arch, the little arch under your toes that is supposed to give spring to the front of your foot. A modest amount of footwork before you go to bed at night will lengthen and strengthen those remarkable pieces of engineering we treat so casually.

When you are sitting in your bedroom at night, having just taken off your shoes and stockings, try limbering up your feet a bit. Stretch your legs out a few inches above the floor, and wriggle your toes up and down and to the sides. If they seem stiff, work them with your hands, bending the toes as far back as you can and curling them as far forward. Then make circles in the air, first toeing inward and then reversing the direction, with the legs held still and all the movement through the ankles. Now bend your knees up and stretch your legs out straight in front of you, leading with your heels, and bring your feet slowly down to the floor again, pushing out through your heels all the time.

Here are two exercises Miss Duff gives her young students of acting to start them walking properly. For number one, stand barefooted on the floor, toes pointing straight ahead, feet parallel and about six inches apart. Now bend the ankles outward as far as you can, until your weight is resting on the outer rims of your feet and you feel the pull of those muscles down the outside of your leg from the knee. Come slowly back to first position, and repeat a dozen times or so.

For number two, begin in the same position and now, standing so that your line of gravity runs straight down through the center of your body, sway your weight from the toes through the outside of the feet into the heels, and back by the same route to the toes. Be sure to keep both toes and heels on the floor throughout the exercise, and do it smoothly and slowly, without jerks.

Now walk the length of your room a few times, transferring the weight of your body from the back foot to the front one the moment the front one touches the floor, and moving the weight forward through the outside of the foot to the toes as you advance for the next step. Remember always to keep your *hips under you and your head upright* at the top of your spine—your spine will naturally tip forward in the direction you're going, and your head will come over your front foot where it belongs. If you do this conscientiously a few times each night, and then remember to walk this way when you get into your first pair of flats, you will pretty soon begin to feel you are walking like a Greek goddess. And you won't be very far wrong.



"I baked it going up a hill!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

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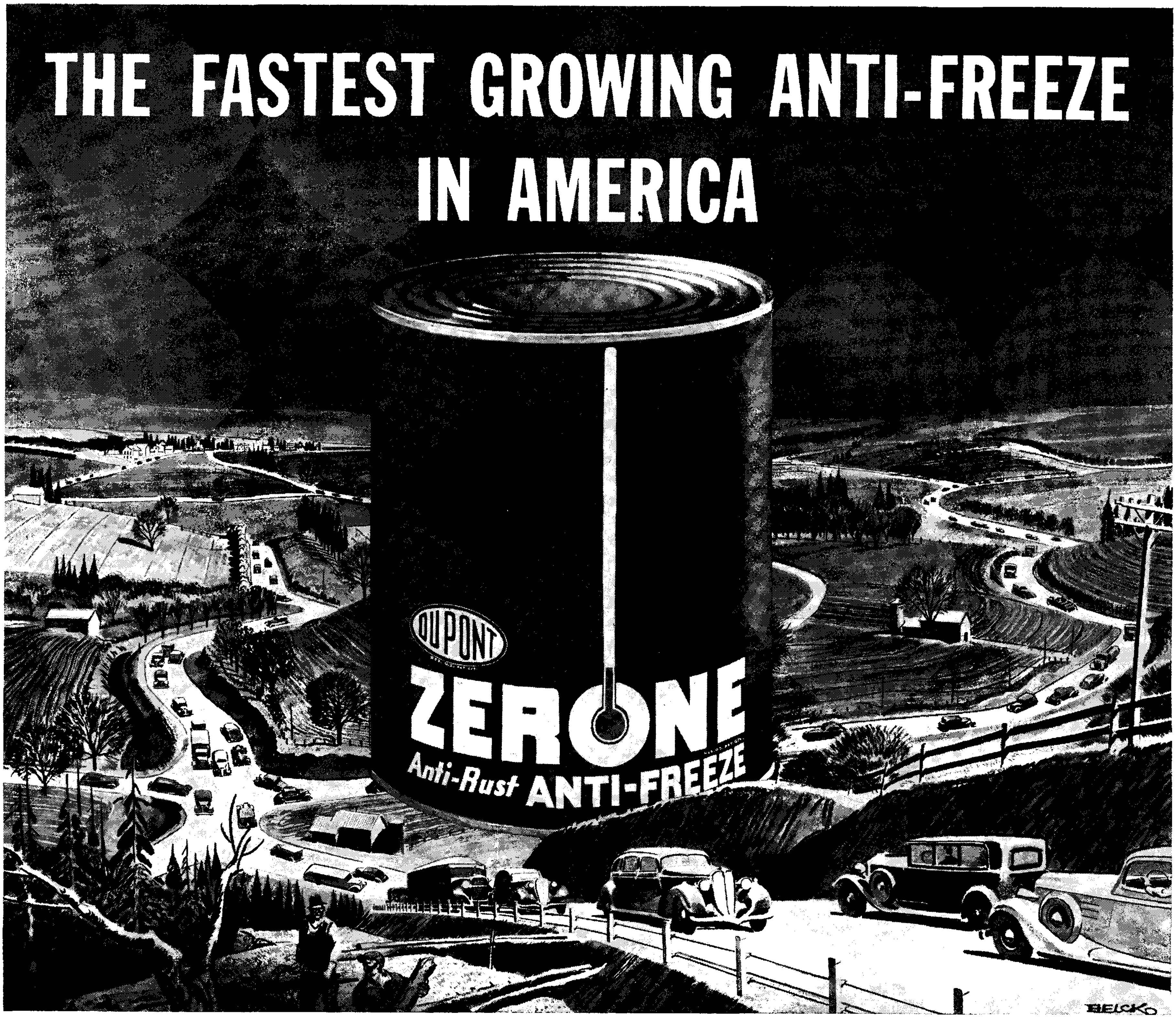

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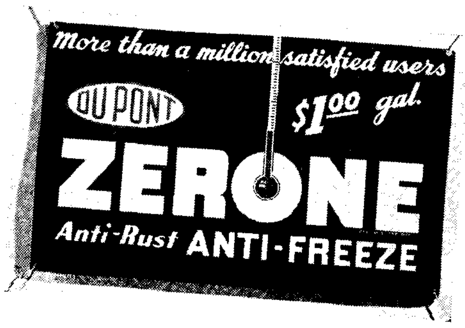

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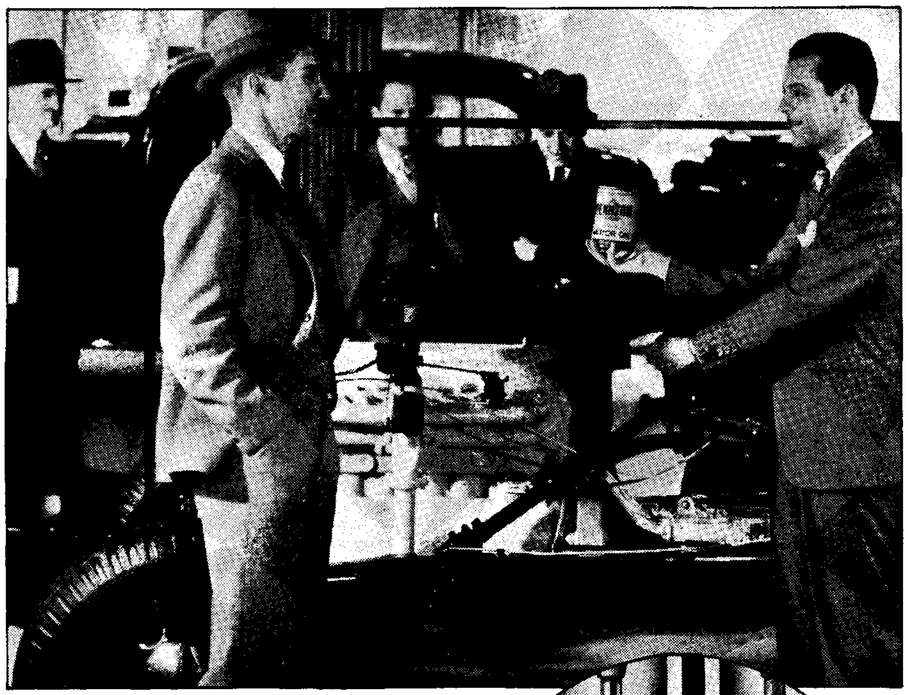

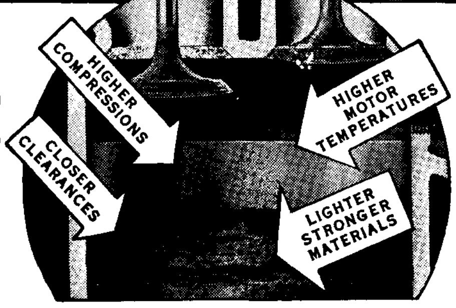

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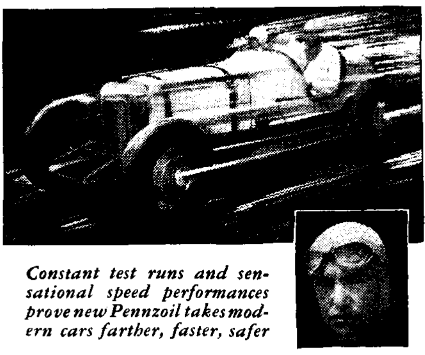

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THE OIL THAT GOES FARTHER... FASTER... *SAFER*

The Last Fan

Continued from page 8

Yes, they needed a good megaphone man. They always needed good megaphone men, rare birds. They required men familiar with the movies, familiar with Beverly Hills and Hollywood, and in Charlie they were getting a first-rate megaphoner, for he knew the stars personally—although he concealed that fact—knew where they resided, had their eccentricities at his fingertips, could tell what they paid for their palaces, how many dogs they owned, motorcars, swimming pools, polo ponies, divorces, wives, husbands and informal friends.

Charlie was aware of many little items which he would never call out through any megaphone. The salary was twenty-four dollars a week to start, the work was light and airy, kept a man in the open, and so the sight-seeing company presently had a new speechmaker and informer de luxe. He was known to the bus people as Charlie Williams, to avoid comment.

ALMOST at once, the company manager wished to know why the new man didn't shave every morning and look trim, like the other megaphoners. They liked, so they said, to have employees neat and spruce. Charlie replied that for excellent reasons, he had to keep his toothbrush and muff and there was some debate about it, but as he was such a manifestly superior megaphone man, they let him get away with it.

The twenty-four dollars helped Emma with the groceries and gas bills, and twice a week Charlie telephoned Joe Shendel and was assured nothing was wrong—just the ordinary delay in starting a motion picture.

"Maybe in a week or two," Joe promised. "Might be three weeks."

So Charlie stood up in front beside the driver, braced himself at corners, aimed his megaphone over the heads of the eager tourists and recited thrilling tidbits. Each day he passed his own residence, with Emma inside, whittling down carrots and cooking corn bread, and his grin broadened: "Here we pass the home of Charlie Baron, a movie star well-known to you all. Mr. Baron at present is touring around by motor, keeping out in the open air for his health."

Then around a corner and down the street and—"Now the residence of John Barrymore, who, as everyone knows—" Whenever he felt so inclined, he invented interesting sidelights and tossed them at the snapping tourists, and then one afternoon the bus started away from the downtown terminal with a full load of sight-seers. Among them was Mrs. Peavey from Sisterville, Vermont.

At first, Charlie didn't know it was Mrs. Peavey. All he noticed was a little old lady in a black silk dress, with white ruching about her throat and an old-fashioned hat, old-fashioned shoes and a hand-bag that came in with General U. S. Grant. She climbed up spryly and sat down in the front seat, gave the driver a birdlike nod, folded her hands and looked expectant.

She was like anybody's friendly grandmother and seemed interested in everything over one inch high.

Charlie pegged along with his customary chat about the stars and their homes, and presently, as the machine swung around a corner, he lifted his megaphone and began:

"On the right, ladies and gentlemen, is the home of Charlie Baron, a motion-picture star known to you all. Charlie has not been on the screen in recent times, owing to the fact—"

Whatever the fact was, he was not permitted to explain, for the little old grandma dame stood up and took him by the arm.

"Would you please stop the bus a moment?" she asked timidly.

"Why, sure, madam," said the driver, grinning at Charlie and the brakes squeaked. The machine halted in front of Charlie's house, opposite the walk leading in.

"Thank you," she said gratefully. "I'm from Vermont and of all the movie stars, my favorite is Charlie Baron. I never missed one of his pictures. My daughter Anna is the same way. I wonder if—if I could see Mr. Baron and—and—just shake his hand, so I could tell Anna?"

Charlie stared at her soberly. The driver was still grinning and the passengers leaned forward to look at the little old dame.

"Would you wait just a minute, while I run in? I'll hurry. You see, I probably won't ever get to California again."

The driver glanced at the smiling faces behind him and decided.

"Why, certainly, madam," and while the onlookers beamed, the Vermont lady bustled down from her perch. Charlie was off ahead and helped her alight and there was an odd look on his face. She trotted up the walk, rang the bell and Emma Baron opened the door, gazing first at the visitor and then in amazement at the waiting bus and her Charlie standing there with his megaphone.

"I hope you'll forgive me this once," began the little old dame. "I'm Mrs. Peavey and I come from Vermont. The megaphone man said this was the home of Charlie Baron, and he was always my favorite movie star. It's awful bold of me, I know, but I hoped I could see him just once—and maybe shake hands. It would make me very happy."

Emma's eyes widened in further astonishment and she cleared her throat. "I don't know, madam," she said haltingly and staring again at Charlie. "I don't believe—I'm sorry, Mrs. Peavey, but Mr. Baron isn't at home."

"Oh," said the caller. "It's too bad."

"No, he isn't home. He's out of town. I know he would be glad to meet you if he were here. I'm Mrs. Baron."

"Well, then, thank you, Mrs. Baron," and the visitor from Vermont turned and retraced her steps, moving briskly. Charlie hopped down again to help her, the tourists grinned afresh and the sight-seeing lorry rumbled away. "On the left," Charlie boomed, "is the vast estate of Mr. Lionel Barrymore, one of the greatest stars of stage and film."

BEFORE the ride was ended, Mrs. Peavey and the megaphone man were on the best of terms. She asked questions and he answered glibly.

"When are you going home, Mrs. Peavey?" Charlie asked, at last.

"Tonight on the eight-o'clock train. That's why I hoped I could see Mr. Baron today. Wasn't I the nervy one, though?"

The bus unloaded its sight-seers, so full of information that they bulged, the day's work was ended and Charlie said goodby to Mrs. Peavey, climbed into his own car and hurried out to Beverly Hills, and when Emma greeted him, she was smiling.

"Now wasn't that the funny old lady?" she demanded.

"Mrs. Peavey—oh—sure. I talked to her on the bus."

"She didn't know you?"

"No chance."

He strode down the long hall to his

dressing-room—the special room he had ordered built into the residence when money was free and easy. He sat down before a three-faced mirror and when Emma came by, he was peering at himself intently.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, having seen nothing like this in a long time.

"Thought I'd fix up a little."

She stood in silent astonishment, and the fixing process began, but certainly was not a little. It looked major. He began by shaving off the mustache and beard that were to earn him ten a day with Joe Shendel. He darkened the gray places in his hair, clipped and smoothed up the eyebrows, grown a bit shaggy, made them raven black again, and when Emma beheld the finished result, she was puzzled anew.

"What are you trying to do? Now you won't get the job with Joe."

"Just trying to be young again," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "No harm in a person looking young, is there?"

A blue suit was hanging in a near-by closet, worn only on state occasions, of which this was one. He dug up an ancient Panama that still looked prosperous, a nippy butterfly bow tie, and it was a remade Charlie Baron who walked forth to be admired by Emma. She saw before her a figure not vastly different from the old Charlie, who had jammed them into the movie theaters from Maine to Mexico. His final gesture was to pick up an ordinary suitcase, empty as a drum.

"Where in the world are you going?"

"I am going calling on a dame. To me, she is a very nice dame, and hence the dolling-up."

HE WAS in the railway station shortly before eight o'clock. Leaving his car at the curb and carrying the empty suitcase, he strode out to the yards, walked down a long platform beside a standing train, and when he turned into the station, it was with the casual air of one arriving from a journey. The first to see him was the stationmaster, an old friend, who broke into a broad grin and hurried forward.

"Well, well, Charlie Baron," he cried heartily. "I haven't seen you in a coon's age. Where have you been?"

He seized the actor's hand and pumped vigorously. Charlie grinned at his enthusiasm and his eye roved about the familiar waiting-room. Passengers were sitting on benches with the numb resignation of waiting wayfarers, and one of them was little old Mrs. Peavey from Sisterville, Vermont. She had been leaning back with her hands folded, a bag beside her, but she rose to her feet and her eyes began to sparkle. She walked slowly toward the two men, staring at the spruce figure in the blue suit, and when the stationmaster paused for lack of breath, she spoke up timidly.

"Mr. Baron," she said, and Charlie turned to her with his famous smile. "I'm one of your admirers. I saw all of your pictures. I hoped I would be able to see you while I was out here. I'm so glad."

"And I am very glad to meet you, madam."

"I'm Mrs. Peavey from Vermont," she went on beamingly and she told of her afternoon on the bus and her call at the Baron home and her great disappointment. He listened attentively, led her back to the bench and sat down beside her. It was half an hour to her train time and Charlie made good use of it. They had a grand talk.

When it was time to depart, he saw that her section contained flowers, books and a basket of our famous California fruit, and he told her seriously that he was mighty glad he met her and pleased to hear her words of praise, as it uplifts and encourages a movie star to talk with genuine people who like the pictures.

They shook hands solemnly again. Just before the train started, Charlie patted her on the shoulder, dashed down the aisle and went home with his empty suitcase. Emma was waiting for him, in a dubious state of mind.

"How'd you make out?"

"The whole thing worked like a charm. She was tickled pink, and believe me, so was I. I am yet. I never did anything that pleased me so much. And, anyhow, the bus people always complained about my whiskers."

On the following morning, he deemed it only fitting and courteous to report to Joe Shendel, with news that the mustache and beard were gone. When he entered the studio, he felt a twinge of disappointment, a momentary unhappiness for, after all, a job is a job and here was the only opportunity he'd had in ages. Joe glanced up from his desk and blinked.

"Yes, they're gone," Charlie said grimly. "Had to shave them off, and with a good, personal reason. Now I don't get the job."

Mr. Shendel slowly shook his head. "You see, Charlie, we simply must have an old-looking duck with a beard. You know that as well as I do."

"I realize it. I only thought, if there was time enough, I might start in and grow a new outfit of whiskers."

Apparently this remark fell upon deaf ears, for Joe continued to stare at the actor. It was a long time since anyone had seen Charlie Baron looking as he now looked, and it was startling. Joe swung himself around in his swivel-chair, clasped his hands behind his head and stared fixedly at some pepper trees outside.

"Well, Joe, I'll be moving along. Sorry I had to shave myself out of a job. Maybe another time."

He started for the door and the producer swung back and called to him:

"Wait a minute, Charlie. I've been thinking. I'm thinking right now. You know, you look pretty good—pretty dang good. Sometimes I believe the public would be glad to see you old-timers back on the screen again. I really do."

He paused and apparently gave himself over to further deep reflection and Charlie stood where he was, his mouth partly open.

"WHAT would you say about playing the leading role in this picture, instead of the extra job?" Joe said suddenly.

Charlie ran his tongue over his lips and said: "You mean that, Joe?"

"Yes, I mean it. I have a hunch, that's all. I believe there are literally thousands of movie fans who will be darn' glad to see you back again. This fits you. You can walk away with this lead and we'll both make more money than we thought to."

Charlie crossed the room and sat down suddenly, as though his legs were giving out.

"That's good news, Joe," he said slowly. "Mighty good news. I guess I'll call up Emma." He was smiling, but his hand shook.

"Here's the phone," Joe said with a chuckle, and Charlie reached for it.

And that, ladies and gents, is why I said in the beginning that you can't tell anything about the movies or prophesy which way the jumping bean will jump next. At this very moment, Charlie Baron is working hard for Joe Shendel and will appear in the leading part when the new Amashend Picture is released to the public. And do I hope and pray me nightly to heaven that the picture goes with a bang and that Charlie clicks again! I sure do.

Because when Charlie clicks, I eat.... You see, I've been his stand-in for sixteen years come Micklemas.

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You Have to Have the Cards

Continued from page 17

up one of the three years of varsity competition permitted in the Big Ten, by playing with the Oregon freshman team against the freshman teams of other universities, while Svendsen similarly used up one year by playing with the Oregon State freshman team.

This is a good place to write into the record, with emphasis, the fact that the foregoing interpretation of the Big Ten freshman rule in no way whatsoever can be construed as a reflection on the intent, honesty or integrity of the boys involved. They were one hundred per cent all right, in the idiom of the day.

Blocking the Blockers

Although missing those boys keenly, we smile bravely through our tears, remembering what Art Clarkson told the team last fall, when Minnesota owned the ball on Chicago's 19-yard line. The incident needs the ensuing preface: During the first part of the season, before he was injured, Clarkson had had a number of his long touchdown runs recalled because a Minnesota man had been caught offside. Against the North Dakota Aggies, for instance, Art picked up a punt fumbled by Lund and ran 60 yards to a touchdown, but the ball was called back by the referee. This happened on four or five other occasions. In the Chicago game, with the ball on the 19-yard line, the Minnesota quarter called for a gallop around end by Clarkson. Art must have felt another touchdown run coming on, for he "told off" the team in the huddle.

"Listen, you apes," he said, "don't hold, don't clip and don't get offside. I want this one to count."

Whereupon he ran wide around the flank to a touchdown. When he had crossed the goal, he stood in the end zone, watching the officials intently, plainly expecting one of them to recall the play. The play was not recalled, for Art's teammates had all been little gentlemen.

Earlier I said that I would show how Harry Kipke built up a defense which stopped our running attack cold throughout the first half. Without the usual Michigan strength at his command, Kipke was forced to abandon the 6-2-2-1 defense which has become almost standard practice in college football.

He retained the 6-man line, but with important changes in the placing and spacing of the secondary.

Diagram No. 2 on page 17 shows this unique defensive formation.

When Minnesota shifted to the right, the Michigan left end played wide, waiting. The left tackle also played wide, with the hole between him and the man on his right quickly plugged, if necessary, by the Wolverine fullback, Sweet, after a swift diagnosis as the play developed. Sweet was stationed just back of the line of scrimmage. The other up man in the secondary played almost on the line of scrimmage.

This formation messed up our blocking assignments—and our boys kept overlooking Sweet, big as he was.

Why didn't we shoot passes during that first half with this setup crying for forwards? Why did we wait until the opening of the second half when Pug Lund promptly passed to put us in scoring position, then ran to the touchdown which fired the latent scoring power of the team?

The reason we didn't pass earlier was that we weren't in position to do so. The blocking of one of our early punts put us in the hole and kept us back in the kicking zone. The scheme by which Willis Ward, Michigan's end, blocked that punt is certainly worth showing here. (It is given in detail in Diagram 3, page 17.)

This dastardly maneuver was perfectly timed, perfectly executed. Gauging to a fraction of a second the snap of the ball from center, Ward left his position at right end and cut back behind his own linemen toward the middle of the line. He was directly behind his own right guard and moving fast as the ball was snapped. The moment our center spiraled the ball, the Michigan center pulled him to one side as the Michigan right guard bumped our left guard in the opposite direction. Through the hole thus made, Ward sped right up the middle, blocking the ball as it left Lund's foot. A Wolverine recovered the ball and got to the five-yard line. At that point our boys held for downs and took over the ball—but that stratagem of Kipke's almost netted his team a score. Yes, football is forever advancing. Keen minds are constantly devising new tactics and revamping the old ways.

There has been quite a hue and cry about the approaching degeneration of football as a result of the widening use of the lateral pass. Like most other teams, we used lateral pass plays frequently last fall, and still find them effective. Undoubtedly, the increasing use of laterals has opened up the game. But there is reassurance for alarmists in the fact that plenty of man power is still required to get the ball carrier past the line of scrimmage. If two or three men lag behind, or to one side, to take laterals, who is going to do the blocking?

Pittsburgh used a lateral pass play with great effect last season and we were only one of the many victims of it. It was a sound play—based on Weinstock breaking through the line, then lateraling the ball to Mike Nicksick. Pitt scored with it against us, even though I scouted the Panthers beforehand, against Southern California, and saw them continually setting the stage for this play.

No Setups in the Conference

Diagram 4 on page 17, shows the play in detail. Weinstock crashed over his own left guard, and as Alfonse closed in to help nail him, the big Pitt fullback tossed the ball laterally to Nicksick, who had floated wide around left end. Nicksick sprinted 64 yards to our goal line.

Thereupon we did a bit of teeth-gnashing, for we had worked on a play, almost identical, during spring practice—then had put it in the bag, where it lay dusty and forgotten, until Pitt jolted our memories. Thereafter, we found it effective against some of our natural enemies, the inhabitants of the Western Conference.

Considerable emphasis in foregoing paragraphs has been placed on the Pittsburgh game, because the Panthers were the strongest team we met in 1934. But I would not have you believe that we did not encounter plenty of trouble right in our own back yard: with Iowa, Michigan, Indiana, Chicago and Wisconsin. There are no setups in the conference.

Chicago's game little squad creased our foreheads by making a long march into our territory at the start of the game. So far as I am concerned, Jay Berwanger belongs high on the list of all-time great halfbacks. I'd put Duane

(Continued on page 74)

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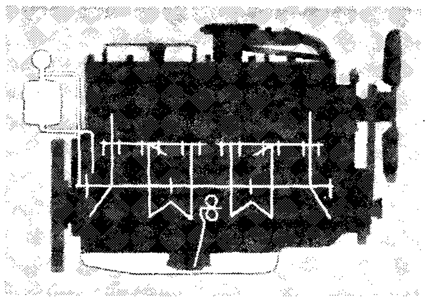

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You Have to Have the Cards

Continued from page 72

Purvis of Purdue and Dick Heekin of Ohio State also well up on that list. And keep an eye on Cardwell of Nebraska, a sophomore last year and a comer.

At that, you've got to hand it to Bob Zuppke of Illinois. Throughout the season, football observers and scouts told me that Bob had taken a bunch of boys without the size, speed and natural ability for football greatness and had developed a tremendously resourceful, spectacular and cagey little team.

Yes, the going has always been rough in the conference and 1934 was no exception. The best line we encountered in our own circuit was Wisconsin's front wall.

Our final victory over these Badgers, and the manner in which the boys attained it, brought home to the staff the realization that in our squad we had the stuff of which coaches' dreams are made—boys with hearts of champions, paced by a champion, Pug Lund.

We went into that game expecting to win and, paradoxically, fearing the worst. We knew that Dr. Spears would shoot the works—and when he does that, the opposition is in for a bad afternoon!

When a team or an individual has a championship within its grasp, there is no describing the inward foreboding that, at the critical point, everything may go wrong. But in our fearing, we reckoned without the magnificent competitive spirit of Pug Lund. Not many minutes after the opening kickoff, Pug, running harder than I have ever seen him run, behind demoniac blocking by the team, had scored twice.

Thereafter, the Badger line, led by Pacetti, played terrific football. On crack after crack at the line, we couldn't make a dent. Our fourth-quarter touchdowns were made either via the airways, or after passes had placed Minnesota in scoring position.

Oddly enough, a substitute tackle, Dick Smith, scored one touchdown after receipt of a forward pass—and later ran to the Wisconsin one-yard line after nabbing another throw.

The stratagem which made the tackle eligible to receive the pass was designed for Widseth, a fast man. But Smith, a 225-pounder, had replaced Widseth when the play was called. As the team came out of the huddle, Smith dropped into an end position.

The play was masked, at the start, as a wide end run. As it began, Smith ran downfield toward the Wisconsin secondary, as he had done on previous plays. His assignment then, however, had been to block. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the Wisconsin backs, on this occasion, got out of Smith's way. At any rate, he was well beyond them when the forward pass was thrown to him, over the heads of the defenders, and he lumbered on across the goal line. A few minutes later, on the same play, he came within three feet of scoring again.

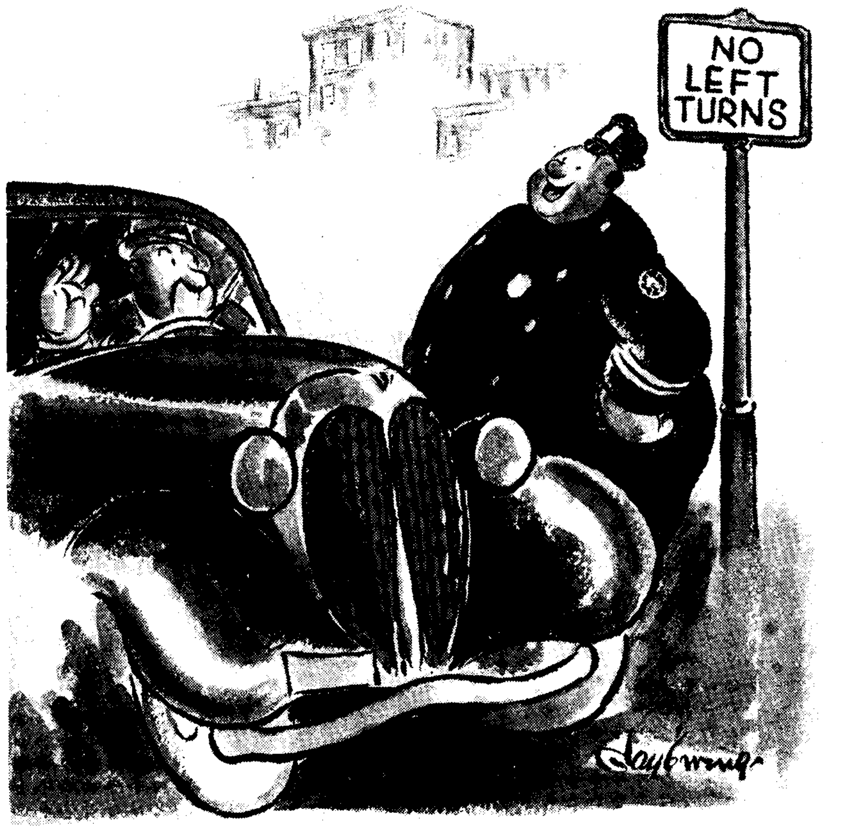
Championships Are Transient

In the dressing-room, afterward, Smith remarked that it was too bad that Frank Larson, veteran end and a brilliant pass receiver, was a senior. Larson bit and asked why.

Whereupon Smith told him airily, "If you were coming back next year, Frank, I'd be glad to give you some tips on catching passes."

Watching those skylarking kids, I realized that the conference championship was ours at last. Naturally I was exultant, inwardly. But in the back of my mind was the knowledge that championships are transient and that other seasons were ahead.

As you read this, our Minnesota team will probably be taking it on the chin. Not often is football talent dealt so generously as it was to us in 1934. Perhaps we've proved that we can hand it out. I suspect that we will prove that we can take it, too, when the time comes, because we've had plenty of experience.



"Tha-a-a-at's right! Now then, which is your *left* hand?" JAY IRVING

Deepwater Island

Continued from page 21

"I suppose you mean," Karen said, "that this half-caste girl, this cousin of mine, as you say—"

"It matters a lot to you, doesn't it," Dick said bitterly, "exactly who this girl is? I would rather ask a woman what she thinks and feels, than who she is."

"And so," Karen said, with something like a tone of despair, "if a brown woman, or a black woman, can let herself go more fully than I can, your answer is—"

"Karen," Dick said, "if ever any woman has to ask herself if she loves a man, the answer is 'No.' "

THE stubborn silence that fell between them then was broken—very gratefully for them both—by the impetuous projection of Inyashi between them. It always seemed that whatever Inyashi did was high-pressured and sudden.

"Captain Dick, a vessel is coming in; she's three points off the quarter now. I think it may be the boat you look for. Hard to tell yet, from just the lights."

The two at the taffrail, swinging their eyes to the left, could now see on the horizon a speck of light that showed winking in the rise and fall of the sea—the high running-lights of a ship quartering in from beyond.

"All right," Dick said. "When we've anchored, I'll go out and pilot her in."

When Inyashi had moved away, Dick and Karen stood silent for a little while. When Karen spoke it was apparent that she was steadier, better poised than he.

"Can't you be fair to me?" she said. "Can't you be honest? If you and I can't be frank and honest with each other, who in the world can?"

"Honest?"

"You haven't always been honest with me, Dick. If you had told me at the first that Garrett Waterson was alive—"

"More honest, I think, than you with me."

"I can't imagine what you mean."

"You've played your hand alone—or else with John Colt; never with me. I've protected you in situations that you tried to conceal from me altogether."

"Protected? What situations?"

"What would have happened to your claim on Alakoa if you had been held on suspicion of murder?"

KAREN'S astonished eyes jerked to his face.

"Murder?" she gasped. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"What do you think my brothers would have done if they had found out that you were with James Wayne when he died?"

"But—but—"

"Oh, I know that you didn't mean to harm him. Even without the—call it excitement of seeing you, I dare say he wouldn't have lasted another twenty-four hours. But you know how Willard and Ernest would have seized upon the fact that you were with him—and sought to conceal it. The investigation would have been an ugly and uncomfortable thing."

"I with him?" Karen repeated incredulously. "Why, Dick—"

"You see," Dick said, "you're not honest with me even yet. Who did you think picked up the broken lei? Tsura? Dear God! I'll never smell ginger flowers again without remembering—"

"Lei? What lei?"

"The lei I gave you, that I brought to your room the night my uncle died. The lei that you wore when you went to see him. The lei that broke, and still lay scattered all over the floor when I found him sitting there, dead."

"You mean — you mean — you've thought all this time—"

"I picked up the lei; I opened the window, and let the wind sweep away the smell of ginger flowers, and said nothing. I even respected your own silence and said nothing to you."

"I think," Karen said, "I could have forgiven anything in the world but that. This is too much, Dick."

"You see," Dick said, "I believed in you—I believed in you as I haven't believed in anything since I can remember. God help me, I believe in you yet! But I can't any longer believe that you are for me."

"No," Karen said, her voice strange and shaky, "not for you. Never for you again."

"Again? Hell, you never were!"

"When you came for me, and I ran away with you from the Seal, I belonged to you as much as I'll ever belong to anybody. More, perhaps. Even when your—when Lilua turned up in your cabin, in that savage, half-naked rig, I was disgusted and hurt, but I would have got over it, I think. Only—I didn't know you then."

"You think you know me now?"

"As well as I ever care to, Dick."

WHEN the Holokai was anchored again in Alakoa's little bay, Dick Wayne had Karen rowed back to the Seal, from which he had taken her such a little while before. They had been gone less than two hours, yet the circumstances under which he had brought her to the Holokai from the Seal seemed so far away that they might have existed in another world.

As she left the Holokai he offered her a steadying hand, to help her into the small boat, but she stepped down lightly without his help, hardly glancing at him. They had nothing to say to each other as she left.

The Holokai's boat had hardly left her side when Alakoa's shore launch put out from the dock, bringing the doctor for whom Dick had radioed. The same Japanese physician who had attended James Wayne came aboard the Holokai briskly, looking as gravely worried as his round moon of a face would permit. Dick took him below at once.

Lilua was resting more quietly, now, under the detachedly watchful eyes of the Chinese mess boy and the Filipino cook.

"This girl has been stabbed," Dick told Dr. Shimazu shortly. "Very little has been done. Don't leave her until she can properly be moved."

The Japanese, evidently interested by the notion that Dick might have stabbed the girl himself, gave Dick Wayne a shrewd and curious look, but without learning anything; and Dick went on deck.

Garrett Waterson's vessel was standing in by now. Already the mournful blasts of her whistle were calling for a pilot. Dick Wayne dropped overside into the launch, drove it out of the bay in a short cut through the boil of the breakers, and went aboard the Sarah. A stocky Norwegian with a curly brown beard—his name was Stahlquist—met him at the rail and paced beside Dick as he went to the wheel.

"Might as well kick her on in," Stahlquist said gloomily. "The Old Man's in another fever siege; wouldn't know you probably even if you could get him awake."

"How long's he been sick?"

"It comes off and on. You know how he is. He'll be all right when he wakes

(Continued on page 76)

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(*Continued from page* 75)

up. Probably be four or five hours; then he'll be himself again for a while, and raising hell. I don't know what we're coming to."

Dick took the wheel, signaled his engines, and snaked the Sarah in through the coral. He anchored her between the Holokai and the Seal.

"You're in for it," Stahlquist encouraged him. "All the way up, the Old Man's been raving and cussing at you for putting out with the Holokai without orders. It's been a break for the rest of us—he's mad all the time anyway, and you give him someone else to blame. It's a relief to have him sick enough so he isn't stumping around all over this lobster crate the whole time."

"When he wakes up," Dick said, "tell him to keep his shirt on. There isn't anything here to get in a hurry about; not now."

"You better stay here and tell him yourself. He'll be hollering his head off for you as soon as—"

"Let him. Tell him I said hollering was good for him—develops his lungs."

DICK WAYNE went back to the Holokai. On her deck he stood for a few moments, looking across the Seal and fumbling in his pockets for his pipe, which had become mislaid. He was still standing there when Inyashi came trotting to him.

"How's the Hawaiian girl who was hurt?" Dick asked at once.

"I think she is still—all right."

"Is she quiet now?"

"Most of the time. When she is not quiet, she is calling for this Hokano. The doctor gave her a shot of something, I think."

"Have somebody cut Hokano's wrists and ankles loose and bring him to me."

"Captain, that is dangerous. That man will try to kill you, I think."

"Do as I say, anyway."

"Yes, sir." Then, as Inyashi started away, he faltered and turned back. "Captain Dick, while you were gone the Seal sent to ask for a pilot three times. They want to go out now, they think."

"They want to go out? Why, then, John Colt must have gone aboard."

"Oh, yes, sir, half an hour ago. I thought you knew that."

"Well—did you give them somebody?"

"No, Tonga."

"No?"

"YOU see, you see, Captain, I thought I better wait and see what you would say."

"The little fool will ram aground if he tries to go out alone, the way the tide sets now."

"Yes. That Ramey is a bad pilot, and no seaman. But I think he won't go out alone. He scared himself coming in by daylight; he won't like it at night. I still think he won't go out, if no pilot is sent."

Dick looked at his Japanese henchman peculiarly. Inyashi almost never offered a suggestion of any kind; but certainly he was, in his own way, advancing an idea now.

"You see," Inyashi said, uneasy under Dick's stare, "if we send no pilot, Mr. Colt and Miss Waterson will have to stay here."

A whole lifetime spent in the Islands had never fully accustomed Dick to the manner in which everyone managed to know everyone else's business. Just now it unexpectedly appeared that Inyashi not only knew all the ramifications of Dick's affairs, but had his own conception of what was good for Dick.

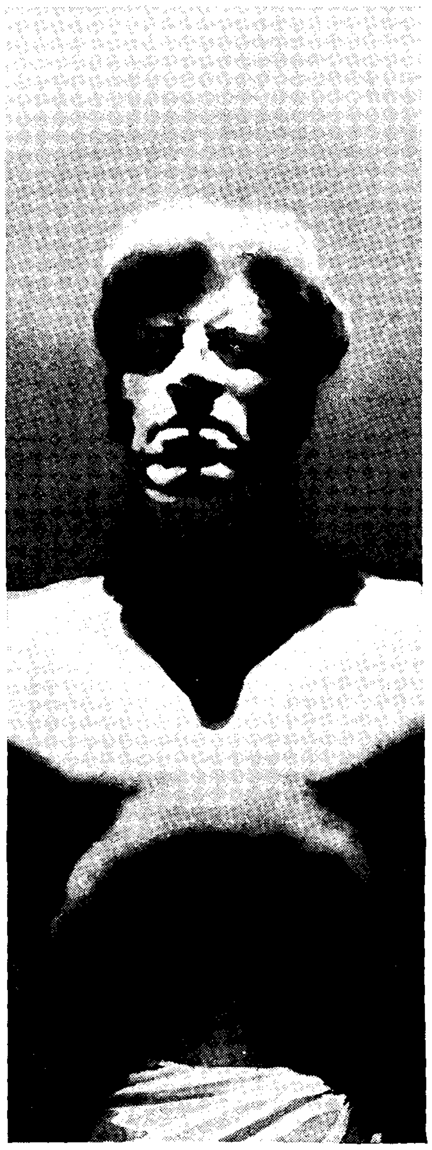
"What Mr. Colt and Miss Waterson do is their own business," Dick said unappreciatively.

"There's still time to send them a pilot, Captain Dick. Either Menehune or Kamaku could pilot those shoals in their sleep. We can send them a man, if we want."

"Yes," Dick said, so uncertainly that it was Inyashi's turn to stare, "we can—if we want."

"If Ramey goes alone he will pile up his boat."

"Pile her up," Dick repeated dimly. "Yes, that is exactly what he will do. Well, maybe that would be the best thing. Maybe that would be the best thing for us all. There wouldn't be any danger to anybody, I wouldn't think."



Each of them held onto a wrist of the huge Hokano

"No danger," Inyashi agreed eagerly. But I think Ramey will not try."

"It's Colt who is deciding what to do. And maybe what Colt does is being decided by—somebody else."

"Sometimes," Inyashi said cautiously, "what people do in a hurry, when they are mad, is a big mistake."

"Inyashi, are you arguing with me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, get out of here, and do as you were told. Wait! Send a man ashore. Tell him to pass the word on the beach that I'll knock the head off the man who pilots the Seal at any price. Ramey will get no pilot from the Holokai—and, by God, we'll see that he gets none from Alakoa!"

"Captain, I have done that."

"You've already passed the word on the beach?"

"Yes, Tonga; I thought I better take a chance."

"Good," Dick said. "Good enough! Now, go cut Hokano loose."

DICK went below, still listlessly hunting for his pipe. He was feeling empty and sunk. He poured himself half a tumbler of Scotch, drank it off and, deciding this had been a good idea, poured himself another. Dr. Shimazu came into the main cabin from the little stateroom in the stern.

"This girl is lucky," he said. "The knife seems to have turned and saved the lung. If it had not turned she would have been killed; as it is, she is not."

"Where's the luck in that?" Dick asked sourly. "Can't you even wish a poor Hawaiian girl well?"

"The girl is principally suffering from shock," Dr. Shimazu explained. "These Polynesians have a special temperament of their own; sometimes they are nervously excitable."

"*There's* a headlong conclusion for you!" Dick grumbled.

"I beg your pardon?"

"A man runs amok, and stabs his sweetheart, and struggles with four men for the privilege of drowning himself, and has to be subdued by beaning him with an oar; so now you tell me you think he must have been nervous!"

"I was speaking of the girl," Dr. Shimazu said mildly. "Her present condition may best be described as—"

He stopped, and stared blankly at the companionway. Two rugged-looking Kanaka seamen had appeared, each of them holding onto a wrist of the huge Hokano. As soon as they had cleared the ladder, one of them twisted Hokano's arm up behind him in an effective hammerlock; and thus they stood waiting. Hokano's face was expressionless and his eyes dead. There were deep lines where the sennit had bound his ankles and wrists.

DICK WAYNE'S voice was harsh and level. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said. "Don't you know how to teach that woman of yours a lesson without half killing her? You get on in there to her, and see if you can get her quiet."

"Mr. Wayne!" Dr. Shimazu expostulated. "Is this wise? Is this therapeutic? I might—"

"Let him go, you."

Hokano flung Dick Wayne one wild, uninterpretable glance, then, moving unsteadily, he walked back to Dick's stateroom and disappeared.

"This is a terrible risk," Dr. Shimazu said.

"You better go back in there and sit

(*Continued on page* 79)

RIGHT NOW *Your Grocer has* A BIG PINEAPPLE BARGAIN *for you*

IT'S THE *Large* [NO. 2½] CAN OF SLICED HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Lay in your winter's supply at present prices . . . and let the large can help you serve more Pineapple treats like these—at real savings, all season long

This outline shows exact size of the large No. 2½ can

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"Happy Holiday" carols the plum pudding astride two equally festive Pineapple slices

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Novelty in taste and color—two slices snuggling beneath a fluffy mantle of whipped cream and diced gelatine

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With cheese—any kind. So good you'll forget it's a "health salad"

Nothing better—nothing simpler. Every tiny juice cell fairly bursting with tropic goodness

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Domestic Economists, Household Editors, Consumer Advisers, Women's Clubs, etc., in their efforts to help American housewives get the most for their money, have repeatedly pointed out the frequent opportunities for economizing by buying food in large containers.

The Pineapple Producers Cooperative Association heartily endorses this economy recommendation, and calls special attention to the savings offered by the large (No. 2½) can of Sliced Pineapple at present prices. (Net weight 1 lb., 14 oz.—8 large slices.)

YOU'VE seen it happen before, on other foods. A favorable season—a good supply. Result: a chance for the thrifty housewife to stock up and save money.

That's today's *Pineapple* news in a nutshell. Right now your grocer is offering you a real bargain *in the large (No. 2½) can of Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple*—the can with the 8 big, juicy slices. That means a bonus of extra fruit for your money—extra opportunity to put healthful and appetizing variety into your cool-weather meals.

More Value—More Variety

With the winter's supply tucked away—think how many more Pineapple treats you will be able to serve—right at the time of the year when heavier meals need a plentiful fruit "balance." And where can you find a fruit that offers greater variety and zest for any meal of the day, any day of the year? Just take a look at the appetite-teasers pictured on this page. Any one of them you can make without a recipe—almost without effort. Yet these offer only the merest suggestion of endless possibilities—just enough to give your imagination a good start.

In fact, you almost *never* need to serve Pineapple the same way twice. Salads. Desserts. Grilled with meats. *Special* recipes built around Pineapple. *Regular* everyday dishes changed to gustatory triumphs—with a slice or two of Pineapple. And always—without a minute's work—these convenient slices *right from the can.* Menu monotony flies out the window when Canned Hawaiian Pineapple comes in the door—especially when aided by the dozens of bright ideas found in our free new recipe book.

Even if yours *is* a small family, you still can take advantage of the big-can savings. Those 3 or 4 extra slices you don't eat today—put them into the refrigerator, and tomorrow serve them up as a totally different dish. That's how to make your refrigerator pay for itself.

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Reasons aplenty for serving Pineapple—*any time.* But right now while the supply of the large (No. 2½) can of Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple is still sufficient to make these money-saving prices available—*now* is the time to lay in that winter's supply—and look ahead to treating your family to more Pineapple treats all winter long.

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It's this Year's News in Sportswear...

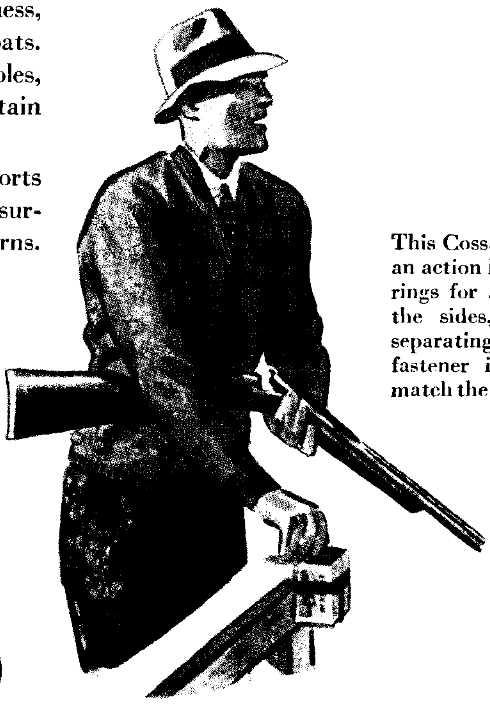
THE KNITTED SPORTS COAT *tailored with* THE TALON SLIDE FASTENER

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

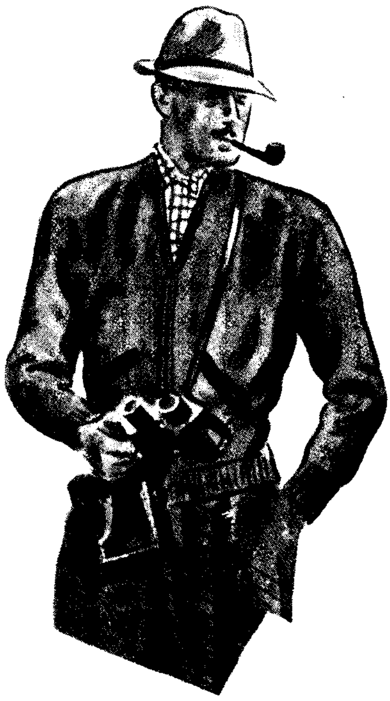
Here's an attractive new garment, with all the smartness of an odd coat made by a custom tailor. It's a practical sweater for active sports, and for spectator wear as well.

The trim, seamlike Talon closing makes possible the smartness, convenience and versatility of these new knitted sports coats. It eliminates buttons. It does away with torn buttonholes, frayed edges, all untidiness. These new knitted coats maintain their good looks through constant wear.

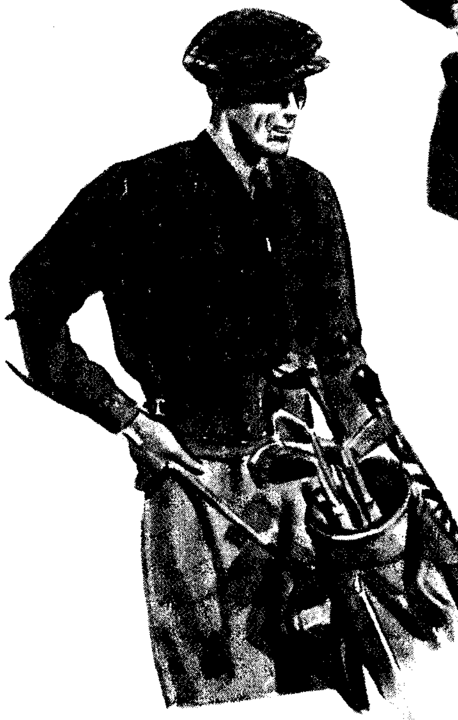
The smaller, separating Talon fastener, developed for sports garments, is rustless, washes and dry-cleans perfectly and survives hardest usage. Often it is in color to match sweater yarns.



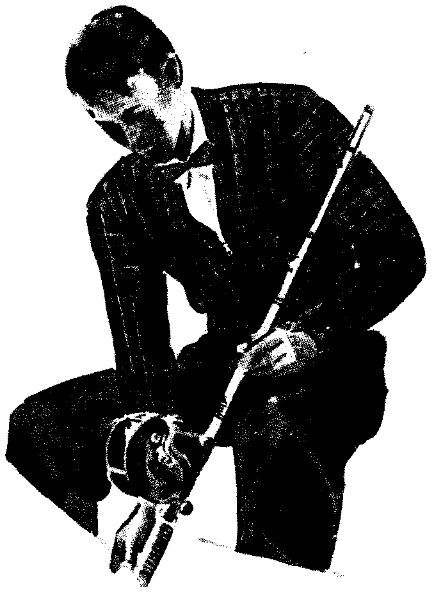
This Cossack jacket has an action back, tabs and rings for adjustment at the sides, and a new separating Talon slide fastener in a color to match the sweater fabric.



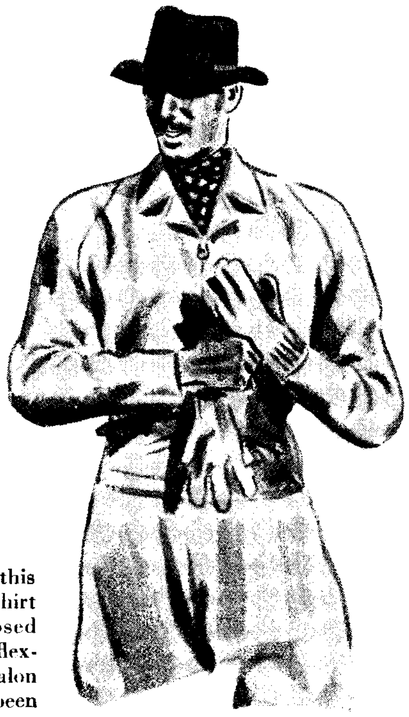
Raglan shoulders, a shirred back, and leather-bound slash pockets distinguish this coat sweater equipped with one of the new separating Talon sweater fasteners.



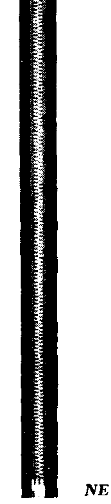
The popular twin sweater set — of pure worsted jersey. The outer coat is the Cossack type with a pleated back, and a small separating Talon slide fastener.



Made of fine zephyr yarn, this coat sweater with pleated back, half belt and four tucks below yoke, has a colored separating Talon fastener, specially designed for sweaters.



The coat sweater of this twin set features a shirt collar, and enclosed lapels to which the flexible, separating Talon slide fastener has been ingeniously applied.



HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNA. *NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE • PORTLAND*

Deepwater Island

Continued from page 76

in the corner, in case she needs any more medical attention," Dick told him. "But outside of that, leave 'em alone. Don't you know yet that it takes a Kanaka to handle a Kanaka?"

"She's had about all that type of handling she can stand," Shimazu retorted; but he obeyed.

Dick drank his whisky and went on deck. What he wanted was to be quiet, and alone in the dark, like any animal which has been hurt and yet doesn't dare let its wounds be seen. But it seemed that in this night there was no quiet to be had. Dick Wayne had no more than walked to the rail of the Holokai when the Seal's boat was alongside, and there was a great clamoring for Captain Wayne—this time from Ramey himself.

"Well—what the hell is it now?"

"Look, Tonga," the one-eyed Ramey whimpered, "how about giving a guy a lift here, in a bad fix? How the hell am I supposed to get out of this Godforsaken hole? How am I supposed to know where the channel is, in a black night like this? What's the matter with giving a guy a hand?"

"Just what is it you want, Ramey?" Dick asked, knowing well enough.

"Half the boys you've got aboard your tub are Alakoa Kanakas. What's the matter with lending me one to steer me out of here before these people practically scalp me, by God? These people want to get going. I tell you, these people are raising hell because I don't jerk my anchor up. What the devil do you expect me to do, if you haven't the common decency to lend a man a—?"

"Colt burning you up?"

"Well, what if he is? Can you blame him if he wants to get his sweetie out of this lousy sink? All I'm asking is—"

"Tell you what you do," Dick said. "You tell Colt to take a flying jump into the bay. After he's jumped in the bay, tell him to rub himself thoroughly with a rough towel, and put on dry clothes. Explain to him that it's very foolish to stand around all wet."

"Damn it, can't you even lend a man—"

"I'm not lending you anything. You're going to keep the Seal exactly where she is until it's light enough for you to sound your way out. Even then you may pile her up—and you know it! It suits me to have you and your customers stay exactly where you are; and if you have any sense you'll stay right there until I'm ready to have you go."

"I TELL you, Tonga, these people—"

"Steal a bottle of whisky and go hide on shore. I'll give you no pilot tonight!"

"By God, then," Ramey jabbered, "I'll pilot her out myself! I'll run your damn' channel! I'll run your damn' shoals! There's no coral in the Pacific that can stop me, by God! I've piloted—"

"You won't pilot this," Dick told him. "The tide has changed on you, Ramey; you'll never find the way without someone to tell you where you are. Go ahead and pile up your boat; when you've piled her up I'll take your people off. But the Seal will never get out of this bay tonight."

"I'll get a Kanaka pilot off the beach!"

"You've already tried that—or you wouldn't be coming to me."

A storm of blasphemous vituperation from Ramey's boat assured Dick that what he had guessed was true: Ramey had already failed to find a pilot ashore. Weary of argument, weary of Ramey, very much tired out with everything that was going on around him, Dick left the rail and went to the other side of his ship. For a little while the Seal's skipper still disrupted the night. But, since he answered no more, even these at last died away; and the bay of Alakoa was silent except for the clink and thug of oarlocks as the Seal's boat went home.

Dick grinned sardonically at the anchor lights of the Seal; but it was not the boat he was thinking about. "At least," he said aloud, "I know exactly where she is; and where she will stay, this one night more."

"What, Captain?" It was the ubiquitous Inyashi.

"Get the hell out of here," Dick growled. "I'm busy, can't you see? I'm plotting a course—or—or something."

"Yes, Tonga. Please excuse. . . ."

PRESENTLY Dr. Shimazu came on deck and talked to Dick Wayne.

"I think she's all right now," he said. "You go look for yourself."

"The knife wound—?" Dick asked.

"The wound isn't going to amount to anything, I hope. But you come with me and look, so I can go home."

Dick went below with Dr. Shimazu, and hesitantly made his way into the little stateroom in the stern where he usually slept.

Hokano was stretched out face down upon the bunk beside Lilua, his face upon his arms; and Lilua had turned a little so that she could hide her face in Hokano's shoulder. When Dick had stood there for a moment, Lilua lifted her head and looked at Dick without expression.

At first he thought that she was unable to see him; but in a few minutes he decided that she did. She was simply looking at him with complete impersonality, like a cat; or perhaps simply like a girl looking at someone who doesn't mean anything to her any more. Soon Lilua lowered her head again, returning her face to Hokano's shoulder; and it was perfectly evident that Dick was instantly gone from her mind.

"I guess you were right," Dr. Shimazu said. "It takes a Kanaka to fix a Kanaka—providing they don't kill each other first."

"Of course I was right," Dick said. "Can she be moved ashore now?"

"I think so; yes."

"Inyashi! See that the girl is moved ashore—carefully—and taken home."

"Yes, Tonga."

"Maybe," Dr. Shimazu suggested, "I can go home now?"

"*Your night* is only starting," Dick answered; "I've got other work for you now."

Dick called away the shoreboat again and, with Shimazu, went aboard the Sarah.

Garrett Waterson's cabin, as they entered it now, was a strange mess. It differed from all other cabins in that it was full of more charts than most people have ever seen. There were charts all over the wall, overlapping each other in reefs and pads—and a great number of these had been drafted by Dick Wayne. There was even a chart nailed to the bottom of the deck above Garrett Waterson's bunk, where he could read it as he lay in bed. Hardly anyone ever got into this room; certainly, since Garrett Waterson had first taken possession, no one had ever cleaned it up. Old shoes, and sea boots, and miscellaneous clothing were piled about or hung upon nails. But all this litter could mean nothing in this room. The charts were everything here.

Everything, that is, except the man. The ancient figure in the bunk had been a man of huge frame once. Fever had carved his face very close to the bone, taking away much of his substance. Yet neither old age nor wasting fever could ever make this man appear ascetic—he simply never had been made on ascetic lines. Everything about him had been built in the beginning to be big and vital. There was something arresting, even terrible, about this big frame which had been built to a vitality for which the fuel was now gone.

And there was no doubt about the fuel being gone. A faint surprise showed in the eyes of Dr. Shimazu as he perceived that Garrett Waterson was still definitely alive. Little but the bony structure of the frame itself now remained to show what Garrett Waterson had been. First inspection found no sign of life in the face, or in the big skeletonized form under the blankets.

After a minute, though, they saw the gleam of the living eyes. In Garrett Waterson's eyes still lived the embattled flame which had driven this man always to wild, extravagant and uncompromising things.

Garrett Waterson spoke huskily to Tonga Dick. "You're a knockout, you little squirt, you are," he said. "What's the idea?"

Perhaps no one else in the warm seas had ever been able to dominate Tonga Dick as Garrett Waterson could. Shimazu was amazed to hear Dick speak hesitatingly.

"Well," Dick said, without much effect, "I thought I ought to come back here."

Garrett Waterson's voice roared hollowly: "What the hell else should we do but come back? Do you have to duck out with our only fast ship?"

"Didn't know you meant to come."

THIS time the effect was galvanic. The old skeleton form that had seemed dead whipped up on one elbow with a dreadful, inappropriate energy. Garrett Waterson's voice came like the ghostly shell of a roar that once would have blown a mains'l down.

"Who are *you*, you insufferable pup, to say what we are going to do?"

"Sorry, sir."

"Damn your sorriness," Garrett Waterson said in a diminished voice. He eased himself back until he lay as lifeless as before. "And damn you," he added.

"Okay," Dick said. "Damn me. What then?"

"Where is this girl?" Waterson demanded.

"Well," Dick began, "the fact is—"

"What's she like?" Garrett hurried him.

"Well," Dick began again, "she weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds, with kind of blue eyes, and—"

"Blond and sallow," Garrett Waterson said bitterly. "Flat-chested, too, I suppose, with an abused look about her. Self-righteous, holier-than-thou. Preaching half the time. Wears starchy clothes. Oh, I knew it!"

The outburst winded the old man, and the silence that followed gave Dick time to consider. He supposed that Garrett Waterson was assigning to Karen the attributes he had chosen to recognize in the family into which his son had married. Or, perhaps, the old man's resentment had been inspired by something even more unhappy than that. Perhaps he was remembering, even yet, that the death of Karen's grandmother

(Continued on page 80)

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THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
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better because you chew it

(Continued from page 79)

had been (unscientifically) ascribed to a broken heart. Certainly nothing that Garrett Waterson had ever been or done had met with her approval, or been entirely understood.

"No," Dick said. "She isn't like that. There isn't anything like that about her at all."

Garrett Waterson rolled questioning eyes upon Dick and waited.

"She has blue eyes, like I said, but she has black hair; and she's the color of a gardenia, and she doesn't ever tan at all. There's no preaching about her—for all I know there isn't even any morality. And she's more alive than anything you ever set eyes on yet."

There was a silence again. "So that's the way the wind sets," Garrett Waterson said at last. "Well, I guess that's the worst of all."

"Hell," said Dick, "doesn't anything ever please you?"

"From what you say," Garrett Waterson said, "the girl takes after me. What worse luck could you have than that, I'd like to know?"

There was something ridiculous in the suggestion that Karen Waterson "took after" this gnarled and huge old man; yet Dick could see that in both there was a certain essential spirit that was the same.

The old man seemed to rest for a moment, and Dr. Shimazu took the opportunity to attempt a counting of Waterson's pulse. Waterson made an irascible resistance. "Get this Jap's hands off of me! Who do you think—?"

"You'll either let him examine you," Dick said, "or I'll walk out on you altogether, and you'll probably never so much as set eyes on this girl!"

There was anger in old Waterson's eyes, but he must have known his disadvantage. He attempted to ignore the situation by pretending not to notice Shimazu as the Japanese put a stethoscope to work.

"No wonder," Garrett Waterson said to Dick, "that she goes rattling all over the Pacific, trying to grab stuff that doesn't belong to her. If you take my advice you'll stay away from this girl! She isn't going to come to any good end. And neither will you, if you fool around with the likes of her!"

"That's a fine way," Dick said, "to talk about your own granddaughter."

"Don't you think," Garrett Waterson said savagely, "I know my own breed? She's no good, you mark my word! Or else what's she doing here, at this late date, trying to dig up old trouble?"

Old Waterson closed his eyes, exhausted again.

SHIMAZU looked at Dick queerly as he rolled up the tubes of his stethoscope; he came to the door and consulted with Dick in whispers.

"I'll take his temperature as soon as we're sure he's asleep," Shimazu said. "But even without that, I can tell you, this is a very weak man. He should have been in a hospital long ago—certainly he should never have tried to come here now. We're going to find out there's more than one kind of fever in this case. Blackwater certainly; and maybe something worse."

"Do you think he's in danger this time?"

Shimazu permitted himself a queer waxy smile. "At his age, and with so much wrong with him, there's no reason why he should be alive at all. His heart is very irregular, weak and slow. My advice is if you want anything from this man, get it soon. For all I can guarantee, he may never talk lucidly again."

"It's as bad as that, is it?"

Shimazu shrugged. "This is a worn-out machine. Yes," he added, returning to the understatement that he favored, "this man is sick."

They stood silent.

"I've got to get up," Garrett Waterson mumbled. "I've got to see James Wayne."

They ignored this, and the mumbling ceased. There were a few moments of complete silence.

Suddenly the still figure spoke in a surprisingly strong voice, a voice that seemed wrung from it by an unexplainable emotion. "I would have given my whole life—my whole life, and a lease on my soul in hell, just to see her—just to look at her one time!"

For some unknown reason Shimazu looked appalled.

"Then," Dick said, "you *shall!*" He turned to the ladder.

"It's no good," Shimazu said. "By the time you get her here, he'll never know her. Tomorrow maybe, if he is still alive—"

"Then she'll be here tomorrow, too," Dick promised. He went up the ladder like the jump of a marlin.

Then, as he came out of the companionway, he was instantly checked. Now that he was on the open deck he could hear, across the quiet waters of the bay, the clatter of the Seal's loose-jointed Diesel, and he could see the Seal's lights moving away from her anchorage. Captain Ramey had weighed his anchor and was putting to sea.

EVEN yet, behind the beach of Alakoa, continued the music and dancing which was an extension of the wake for the death of James Wayne; relaxing now into an emotional debacle which had forgotten the reason that began it. Consequently the crew of the Holokai, held on the vessel when they had expected to go ashore, was in resentful and surly mood.

Tonga Dick came aboard relaxed and smiling, and every move that he made was lazy. The easy droop of his whole figure would have seemed, at first glance, to be that of a man upon whom anybody could impose. And yet, as soon as he stepped aboard, a peculiar and unexplainable discipline came over the whole length of the Holokai. The crew forgot the doings behind the beach, and the drinking they had missed, and the girls they had missed; suddenly they wanted nothing except to be out of range of the inevitable explosion.

Tonga Dick didn't see any of that. He didn't notice the unaccustomed smartness with which deck Kanakas got out of his way. He was seeing nothing except the wavering lights of the Seal, probing out through a channel which no one aboard her knew.

The tall rollers that came across two thousand miles of Pacific were breaking low upon the coral reefs. No one could make his way through there who had not been born among those reefs—not as the tides lay now. Certainly Captain Ramey, bad navigator and weak pilot, could not find his way through. Dick watched the Seal swing perilously in the rip of the tide; he waited confidently, even hopefully, knowing what kind of rock was reaching for the Seal's plates. Presently, he believed, he would take the people off the foundering Seal, and put them back where they belonged—where he had told them to stay. He waited for the reel of the Seal's lights, the sick check of her motion which would mark the physical concussion between John Colt's will and the actualities of land and water.

There was a moment, suspended in hairbreadth contest, in which he knew the Seal could not live—that the one-eyed Ramey had made one mistake too many. Then, unaccountably, by a whim of the sea, the Seal shook off the reef through a course in which no vessel had ever succeeded yet—and was free in open water. Even the broken-toothed coral seemed to have failed Dick Wayne.

"Take your anchor up," Dick said. His voice was so low that Inyashi, waiting near as he was, had to ask him to repeat. "Weigh your anchor, and give me the Diesel! What *is* this? Doesn't anything I say ever stick any more?"

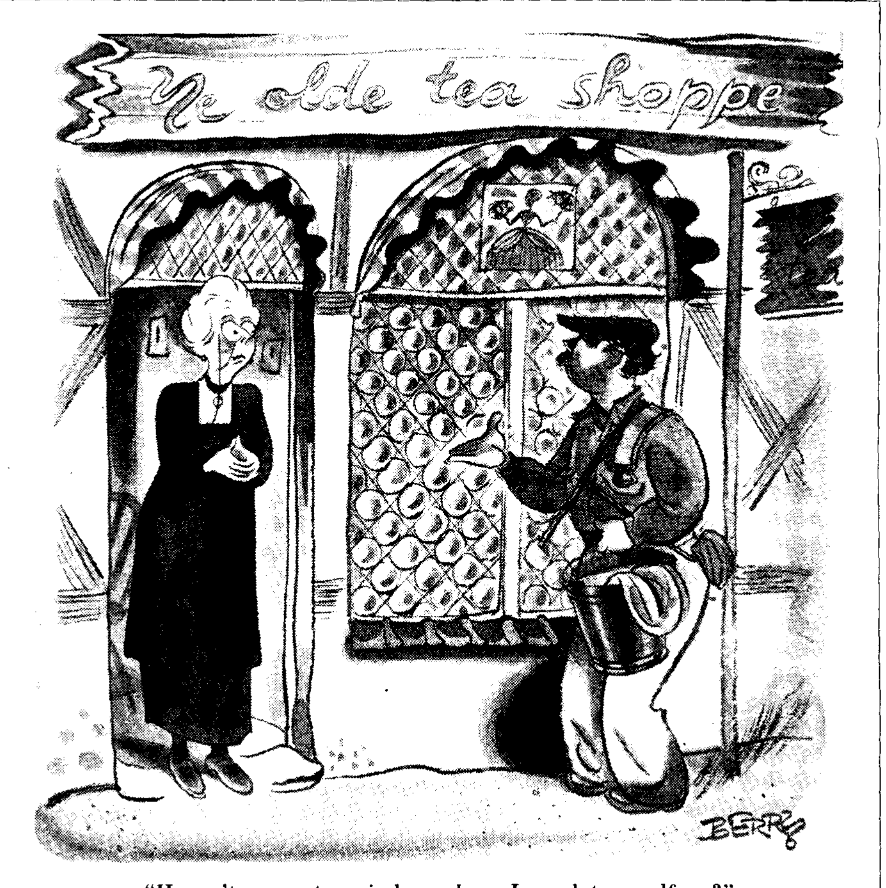
The Seal was in the open sea; but now the Holokai was coming out, brought by a shorter and easier way. When Dick Wayne had brought her through the treacherous and angling channel he set his hip against the wheel, letting the Holokai buck against the cross chop.

"Inyashi," Dick said, "that is our boat."

"Our boat, Captain?"

"I'm going aboard that boat and bring her back," Dick said.

(To be concluded next week)



"Haven't you got a window where I can let myself go?" MIKE BERRY

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CABINET!
WHAT NATURAL TONE!
I LIKE THIS DIAL
"WELL, YOU KNOW... There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson"

NO. 63 HIGH FIDELITY (*Shown above*). METAL TUBES. TRIPLE RANGE. Height, 39⅜ inches. Price $145

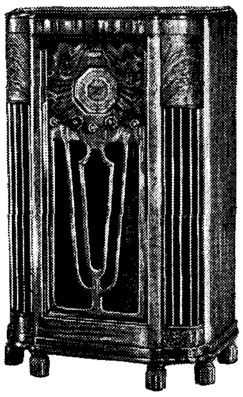
THERE IS always a thrill in your friends' delighted surprise when they first hear your new Stromberg-Carlson. Its faultless reproduction, its ease of tuning, its beauty, furnishes a new and enjoyable experience in radio.

Let your dealer show *you* the great variety of Stromberg-Carlson models to choose from. Ask him to let you hear one of the *seven* High Fidelity models (including several at popular prices), the marvelous tone of the compact table sets—or the "Clover-leaf" consoles with either glass or metal tubes.

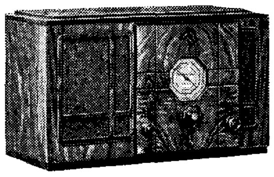
Stromberg-Carlson Radios are priced from $59.50 to $985 (Texas, Rockies and West slightly higher). To help you select exactly the radio you want, there is an illustrated booklet "How To Choose A Radio." It may be had, without charge, from Stromberg-Carlson authorized dealers listed in your classified telephone directory, or direct from the Company by mailing the attached coupon.

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MFG. CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Stromberg-Carlson



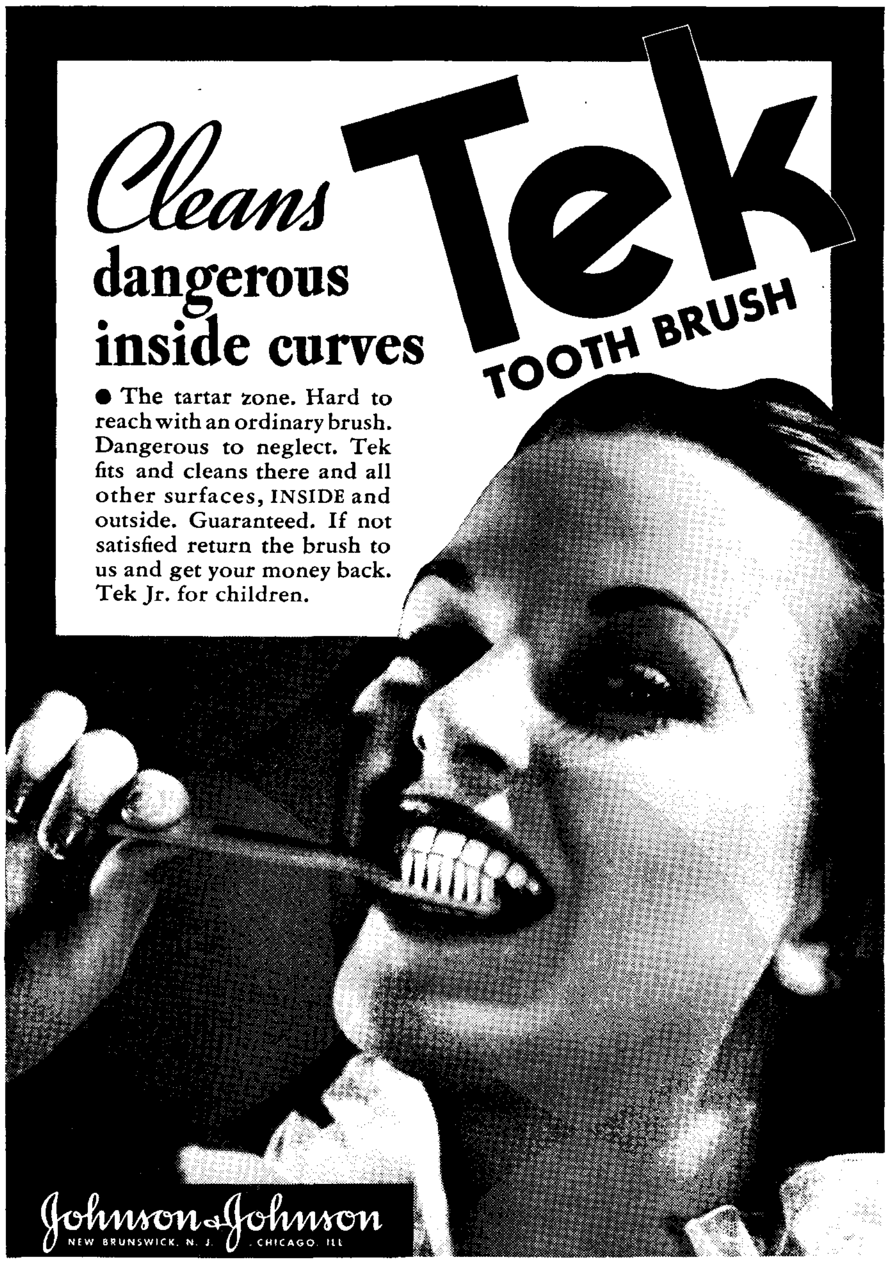
NO. 84 HIGH FIDELITY WITH THE EXCLUSIVE ACOUSTICAL LABYRINTH. METAL TUBES. FOUR RANGE. METER TUNING. SELECTORLITE DIAL. Height, 43½ inches. Price $275



NO. 61-H METAL TUBES, TRIPLE RANGE. Shelf or horizontal table model of unusual beauty. Height, 11 inches. Price . . . $67.50

NO. 58-T GLASS TUBES, TRIPLE RANGE. Similar chassis to No. 61-H but in a table upright. Height, 19 inches. Price $59.50

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MFG. CO.,
104 Carlson Road, Rochester, N. Y.
Send me the illustrated booklet "How to Choose a Radio."
Name
Street
City
State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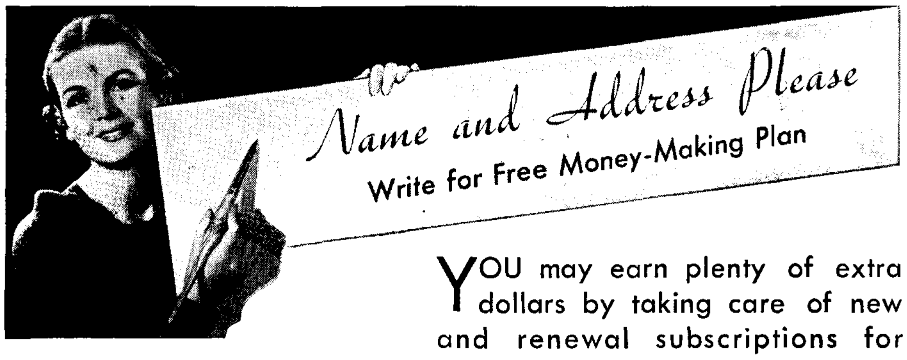
Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.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The Perfect Model

Continued from page 28

didn't ask about you—and Rothstein's!"

Half sitting on his desk, he shrugged. "Finished," he said. "But it was stupid work and cut too much into Saturdays and Sundays." His eyes, on her, narrowed. "I'll get Hale and McGregor instead of that outfit—you watch."

"But I am sorry about Rothstein's," she persisted, "and I can't tell you—"

He slipped from his seat on the desk. "Be around about nine," he said and left her.

For a moment she was vexed, then she smiled. He wasn't such a puzzling knight.

Next morning she arrived before nine; found him already in the office.

"Might as well take over that desk," he said, "and start in on this." He waved an all-inclusive hand at the cluttered room. "Except," he added, "my desk. I'll be in the back if you want me."

ANN cleared the desk for a base of operations and began her assault on confusion; collecting and sorting strange miscellany as best she could. From time to time Barry came in.

Each time, she noticed, he had in his hand a tiny camera that seemed mostly lens. He carried it carelessly but she thought, once or twice, that she heard a click—even when his hand was at his side.

He caught her curious glance at the camera. "I'm going to take pictures of you," he said, dropping into the chair at his desk. "In fact,"—glancing at the camera's record dial—"I've taken six." He smiled briefly at her surprise. "Shooting from the hip, as it were. But from now on I want you to know it—and that I'll be doing it continually. I want you to get as accustomed to this"—the little camera, staring at her from his lap, clicked impudently—"as to the ticking of a clock. Wait—I'll show you why."

After delving in a drawer of his desk he produced the prints of the orange frock—the two formal poses and the charmingly unconscious one—and handed them to her. "Do you see?"

The first two were pleasing enough but she gazed in delighted wonder at the third. Restraining exclamation and half a dozen questions she said quietly, "I do see."

Approval flickered in his glance. "Good," he said, but paused for a moment of doubt before he cocked his heels on the desk and went on. "Those prints, you might say, are a philosophy of photography. Lots of things can be done with a camera—more accurately, or cheaper, or quicker than some other way. And doing them is a good enough trade," he conceded. "But—with a fast lens, fast film and a person unaware—a camera will catch movement, expressions, that are—well, impossible for any pencil or any brush." He paused. "And that's—interesting."

For an instant light lived in the cool gray eyes, then they dropped to regard a pair of hypo-spattered shoe tips—he treated good clothes like dungarees—and he went on, evenly: "Unawareness is the point. Poses are all right but the camera is always there. You always get a picture of a person in some way conscious of a camera. That's interesting"—he chuckled maliciously,—"sometimes. But I've never taken a conscious picture yet that I'd give a nickel for—and I doubt if I ever will. Eyes staring out of a point interest me not at all." He hauled his feet down from the desk. "You forget the camera—and I'll get some—pictures."

It wasn't hard, she discovered, for his scrutiny of her was as objective as the round stare and click of the little camera. He asked no questions of her and said nothing about himself.

But the mail, telephone calls, occasional visitors, all told her bits about him. He had been to Harvard but had a most catholic assortment of male friends. No females appeared or telephoned. His father plus some unknown quantity of family were in Boston. Wealth was evident there but Barry with the studio was clearly on his own. All these items Ann approved.

In her first week she reduced to order the prints and negatives of the studio's regular work—bread-and-butter jobs he called them. They were disappointingly commonplace except for countless, unbelievably accurate negatives of his target practice—his endless shooting from the hip, at a small white cross.

But the next files opened her eyes wide. They were stuffed with prints, magazines and more prints; prints clipped to advertisements, prints penciled with names of products' companies. Most of these bore in addition the name "Hale and McGregor," who, she learned, were an advertising firm with a vastly impressive list of accounts. This was the work Barry wanted to do.

She found figures alive, moving and still moving, and each picture struck with the same impact—a captured instant of reality. And whether they were penciled "Raincoats" or "Cigarettes," the thrust was inescapable. They were flashing pictures, true and swift as a rapier; as if some genie had gone with Barry about New York, waited with him and at the one flying instant had whispered to him—"Now!"

Ann had never seen such prints. It was right that his scrutiny should be assured, so cool, so competent. But these shrewd pictures had a steely brilliance; they were skillful thrusts of a knight in armor and left her somehow unsatisfied.

And of her he took pictures endlessly, until she reached the point where she could go about affairs that he suggested without a thought of any camera. Never did he pose her, she moved and he watched—until he saw a picture.

ONE morning he slipped the print of the orange frock into an envelope and took it out with him. He came back with two dresses for her to model.

That was the beginning. Pictures of Ann, charming, alive, sold. He caught her grace in motion, achieved the tantalizing allure of loveliness glimpsed in passing, in another instant gone.

And from the beginning he was shrewd. He gave her pictures a real and a scarcity value; set prices for them high; calmly pushed them higher and higher.

With them he increased Ann's modeling fees; to her, beyond any cold reason. But coolly he said, "A dozen places would give you a good job now. You might be tempted"—which was absurd—"and I want you here"—which she found strangely exciting.

Barry worked tremendously now and more help became a necessity. Izzy appeared—Izzy with eighteen years, the eyes of a violinist, and a dusty thirst for photography. Within a week he had become Barry's avid disciple, Ann's openly adoring slave and had gathered unto himself all of the bread-and-butter work.

Barry promptly turned his energy toward Hale and McGregor. His mind filled with schemes, sprouted ideas on which he often worked with Ann. All his keen intelligence was focused intensely on getting work from that firm.

But with it all he seemed to become colder and Ann's heart grew heavy. She knew now that she was in love with him, but never did the eyes that studied her so closely look down into hers. Only on Saturdays when noon approached did she see a different light in them and on a Monday morning she might find disorder in the darkroom and see in his eyes something still glowing.

She was sure he took pictures but, strangely, she had found none of them. A feeling came and grew that she must find them and one Saturday, after he had gone, she came back to the studio and invaded his desk.

IN ITS lowest drawer her search ended. She found pictures, and as she looked through them she flushed; it was, somehow, as though she were reading letters.

They told of search for beauty and the finding of it—in a young mother's face, in a tired street asleep in misty dawn. She took up each lovely print and studied it. In these faces his art had been swift to catch, not movement, fleeting grace, but feeling, poignant, deep; the quick heartbeat of youth, alive and loving; the slow pulse of age and the peace of a twilight sky.

She put them away at last and sat at his desk for a long time, and when she left she was lonelier than ever she had been in New York. All through Sunday she wondered where his search would take him, in what face he would find that which he sought.

On Monday morning her head ached. She opened the office door to the ringing of the telephone, took an unimportant message for Barry. She found him in the darkroom, absorbed in the exposure of an enlargement. He did not look up and she knew this was a Sunday picture. Quietly she got up on a stool.

He cut the exposure and slipped the sheet into the developer. Slowly, gently, he stroked it as if conjuring the image to appear. And slowly it came, vague, faint shadows that took form, deepened. To her, and she sensed to him, that was poignant, stirring; the first print from a new negative—the birth of a picture.

He lifted the print to the fixing tray and after a minute turned on a brighter light.

There, seated in a doorway, was an old, scathed Irishman, a time clock at his feet, knotted fingers around a thick staff. In days achingly gone that shell had held a great boiling broth of a man and never, thought Ann, had she seen remembering eyes so tragic.

Out of a long moment's silence Barry spoke.

"Could man be drunk forever," he quoted softly, "On liquor, love or fights—"

She had not heard his voice like that before. Her heart answered, "Lief should I rouse o' mornings— And lief lie down o' nights." Desperately she wanted to look up at him, and could not.

"Better get some more of this Charcoal Black—it's good." His voice came cool and even. "A dozen eleven—fourteen—Grade D."

The spell was broken—but there had been a spell—and she had seen and she had heard— In tones as level as his she delivered the telephone message and went back to the office. Her eyes were bright.

Bright, but by noon her head seemed determined to split. She went home and a painstaking cold kept her there for the rest of the week.

SHE was quite herself, and happy when she came back the next Monday. Barry had telephoned daily. Most businesslike—but he had telephoned.

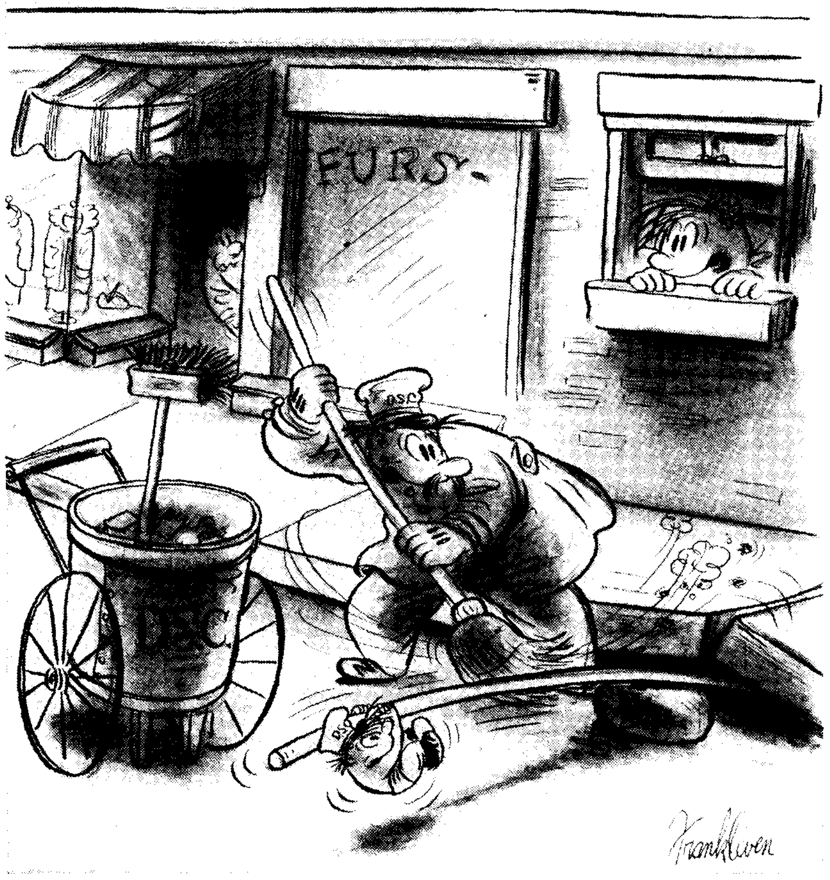
Izzy, worshipful, greeted her entrance: "Gee, it's good to see you back, Miss Wayne!" he exclaimed. "S'been

(*Continued on page 84*)

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"What would the mayor say if he caught you two sweeping under the sidewalk?"

Do You Ever Wonder

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use Is SAFE?

Ask Your Doctor and Find Out

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparation

THE person to ask, whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the relief of headaches is SAFE to use regularly, is your family doctor.

Ask him particularly about Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN, and go by what he says.

He will tell you, we are sure, that millions of people take it, year in and year out, without ill effect.

He will tell you, too, that *before the discovery* of Bayer Aspirin, most "pain" remedies were advised against, by doctors, as upsetting to the stomach. And often; as bad for the heart. Which is food for thought; especially if you seek *safe* relief as well as quick relief.

BAYER ASPIRIN combines these two factors — quick relief and gentle relief in a scientifically proved way.

"Quick relief" because scientists rate it among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and the pains of rheumatism, neuritis and neuralgia. And *safe* relief, because the experience of millions of users has proved it safe for the average person to use regularly.

You can get it at any drug store — at a new and radically reduced price — 15¢ a box — simply by asking for it by its full name "BAYER ASPIRIN." Make it a point to do this — to ask for Genuine Bayer Aspirin and to see that you get it. There is no longer any reason — thanks to Bayer's present low price — to accept an unknown preparation in its place.

Price of

Genuine Bayer Aspirin

Reduced to 15¢

(Continued from page 83)

awful around here without you—honest. An' the boss—he's out now—has been crabbin' around—you wouldn't know him."

Ann felt a sudden thrill. "I know," she said, "several things were upset—"

But when Barry came in, his brief greeting and inquiry as to her health carried no hint of past or present excitement. He tossed a large envelope on his desk and dropped into the chair. "Been over to Hale and McGregor's again," he announced, examining his stained finger tips—the stain annoyed Ann; he had fine hands. "I wish I could get in to see McGregor," he went on. "I think I could talk to him. But I never get past Hale. He's their business-getter—and doesn't seem interested in anything else. Friendly and all that, but—" He picked up a magazine, riffled its back pages and stopped at a cigarette advertisement. "We could beat that."

Ann looked at his lean face. Disappointment, barely perceptible, was there.

"I know it," she said, "and any others in there."

They sat silent for minutes. "An idea," said Ann suddenly. She leaned forward, eyes sparkling. "Let's take that magazine—or some other—and make up a page of yours to match each one of theirs—and paste it in—right opposite. Then do the magazine up very importantly—with seals and everything—and send it over—special messenger—to be placed in Mr. McGregor's hands. Not to keep—but to be brought right back."

Barry glanced at her, then stared out the window. "We'll do that," he said abruptly and looked at her again, his eyes lighting. He reached for his hat. "And I know the magazine we want." Characteristically, he was off—to get it.

The smile Ann gave to Izzy when she left that night almost stopped his heart entirely.

At her room was a long letter from Laura. The dress shop was going to be Laura's own at last and she wanted Ann with her—for hats. Deliverance from New York—back home, and with clever, marvelous Laura! A year, six months ago, she would have shouted, wept with joy and now—how glad she was it hadn't come—then.

She sat down to answer it, wrote a little, stopped and sat a long while thinking. Then she got up and stuck Laura's letter in the lower corner of her mirror.

BARRY, as she knew he would, chose to array his work beside the best that he could find. Three pages he prepared, of pictures alive and as swiftly sure to their marks as arrows. Opposite their rivals they were deadly. He selected a few other prints, mostly of Ann, put them in a separate envelope, with a notation on each.

Ann typed a brief note requesting nothing but the return of the packet by the messenger, who would wait. She wrapped the whole with meticulous care, sealing the heavy paper with an impressive quantity of blue wax.

When it was done, Barry telephoned for a messenger—"a hard-boiled little mick, if you've got one."

They had and he arrived, listened to his instructions with outthrust chin. "Buddy," he addressed Barry with convincing irreverence, "old man McGregor will get this. Then I'll bring it back."

In an hour Mr. McGregor telephoned; asked Barry to call off his Irish terrier. He would like to hold the pictures and would like to see Barry and the young woman who was his model at ten the next morning. Barry's eyes glinted as he told Ann the news.

For the occasion Barry went so far as to have his clothes freshly pressed. Ann arrayed herself with care and it was a sparkling, utterly charming young lady who accompanied Barry to the offices of Hale and McGregor.

They were received by both of those gentlemen. Mr. McGregor, in his grizzled fifties, won Ann immediately; there were humor and kindliness in his blue eyes. Mr. Hale she promptly classified and as promptly disliked. Big, handsome, faultlessly tailored, he was one of those sage young bachelors whose lives from preparatory school on are devoted to the care and cultivation of contacts—everywhere—not overlooking the better floor shows.

From the beginning, she noted, Barry and Mr. McGregor talked the same language. Mr. Hale, after a little perfunctory heed to their discussion, shifted his gallant attention to her. She guessed shrewdly that, except for his precious contacts, Mr. Hale's delicately figured shirt was stuffed—as far as the functioning of Hale and McGregor was concerned. But, summoning an almost forgotten art, she was duly and charmingly impressed by his magnificence—so much so that at parting his expression of hope that they would meet again had in it the ring of definite intent.

The whole affair was gloriously successful.

SUMMONS from Hale and McGregor came promptly and Barry returned from their office with a grin and a little flat box.

He tossed the box on the table. "They want you for the cigarettes and Bouvard Co. I'll be back in a minute." He went on through to the darkroom.

The Bouvard Co.! Quickly Ann opened the little box. In it, slyly silken, were dainty vestments such as the froggy Mr. Rothstein had brought to her. She shut the box as Barry's footsteps sounded.

He sat down at his desk, pulled out a drawer and cocked his heels on it. "Aroma cigarettes and the Bouvard Co." Leaning back he regarded cheerfully the cornice of the building opposite. "You'll be known to millions of people soon," he remarked. "For the cigarettes we can't beat that lazy one of you beside the lamp and we won't try. I don't like this Bouvard business, though—"

Ann's heart leaped.

He went on, "They want just a stock pose. We could do far better—but McGregor wasn't there and I couldn't talk Hale out of it. I didn't want to argue too much at this stage of the game."

ANN watched him silently. A smile came to his lips. "I told you," he said jubilantly, "that we'd get Hale and McGregor in place of old Rothstein—what?"

She looked away from him. Then making her curiosity casual she asked lightly, "How did you happen to hit that young Rothstein, anyway?"

Barry stretched. "Oh—I didn't know who he was. He broke a brand-new lamp for me and eight dollars was eight dollars in those days."

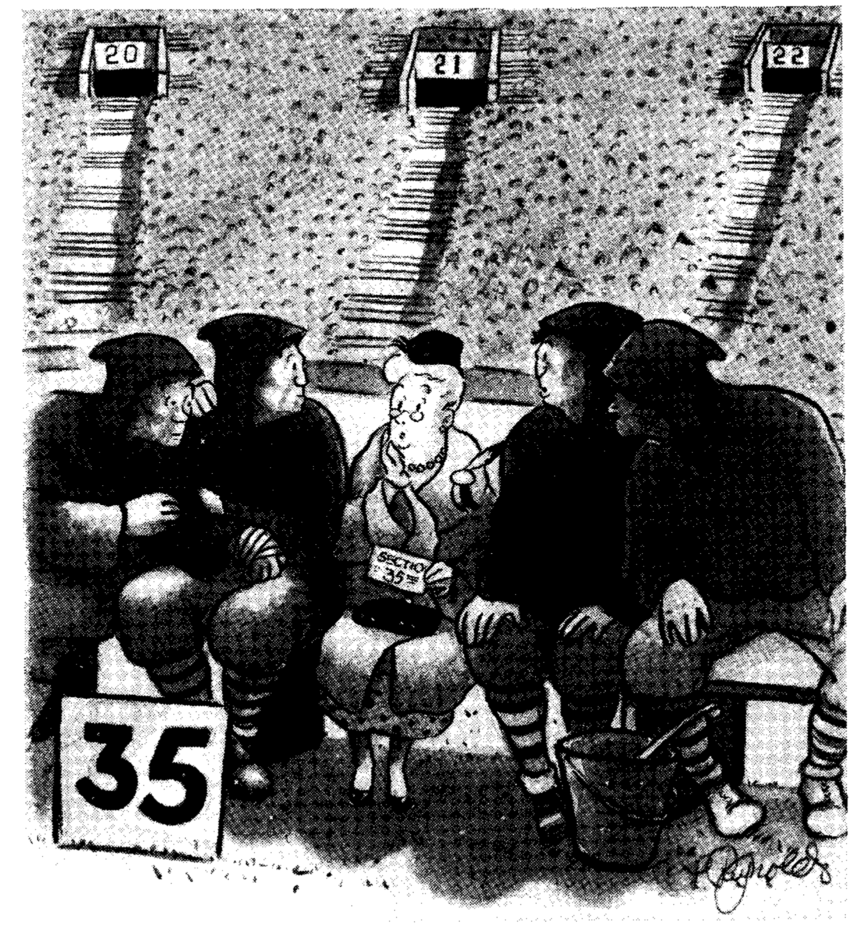
"I don't blame you," she said after a moment—but her voice was thin.

A scarce-heeded rain caught her before she got home that night. In her room she took off wet things mechanically; crept into the refuge of her blue robe. It had been glorious extravagance, that robe, blue and soft and beautiful, but tonight its silken touch seemed cold. She sat on her bed and, elbows on knees, stared at her hands; the backs of them, the palms. Barry was not a puzzle; had never been a puzzle except of her own imagining.

She arose and went dully over to the mirror; stared at Laura's letter, then looked up. She slipped the robe from her shoulders for a moment, then gathered it about her again, quickly— Millions of people, he had said.

In days of her need the Bouvard pose would have been another plain, honest thing, hard to do, to be done gratefully. Now she was far, blessedly far, from need—through Barry. Barry, cool,

(Continued on page 86)



"Oh, dear! There's so many people an' seats an' numbers an' sections, I—I just got confused!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

X-RAY REVEALS—
NO FLAWS
NO FISSURES
NO STONES
NO GRAVEL
in Drinkless KAYWOODIE
—only pipe that's X-RAYED

Is a pipe good all the way through, if it looks good on the surface? Not by a long shot. X-Ray reveals many things inside the briar, in some pipes, that you can't see with the naked eye . . . flaws, fissures, knots, pits, resin and stones, under the pretty surface of many a pipe! X-Ray sees to it that Kaywoodie is clear-grained and sweet-smoking all the way through. You are sure of a perfect bowl—if it's Kaywoodie.

Drinkless KAYWOODIE $3.50
7775—Overall Size—6½ in.
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Super GRAIN $5
—Roots from Virgin Territory — Greece

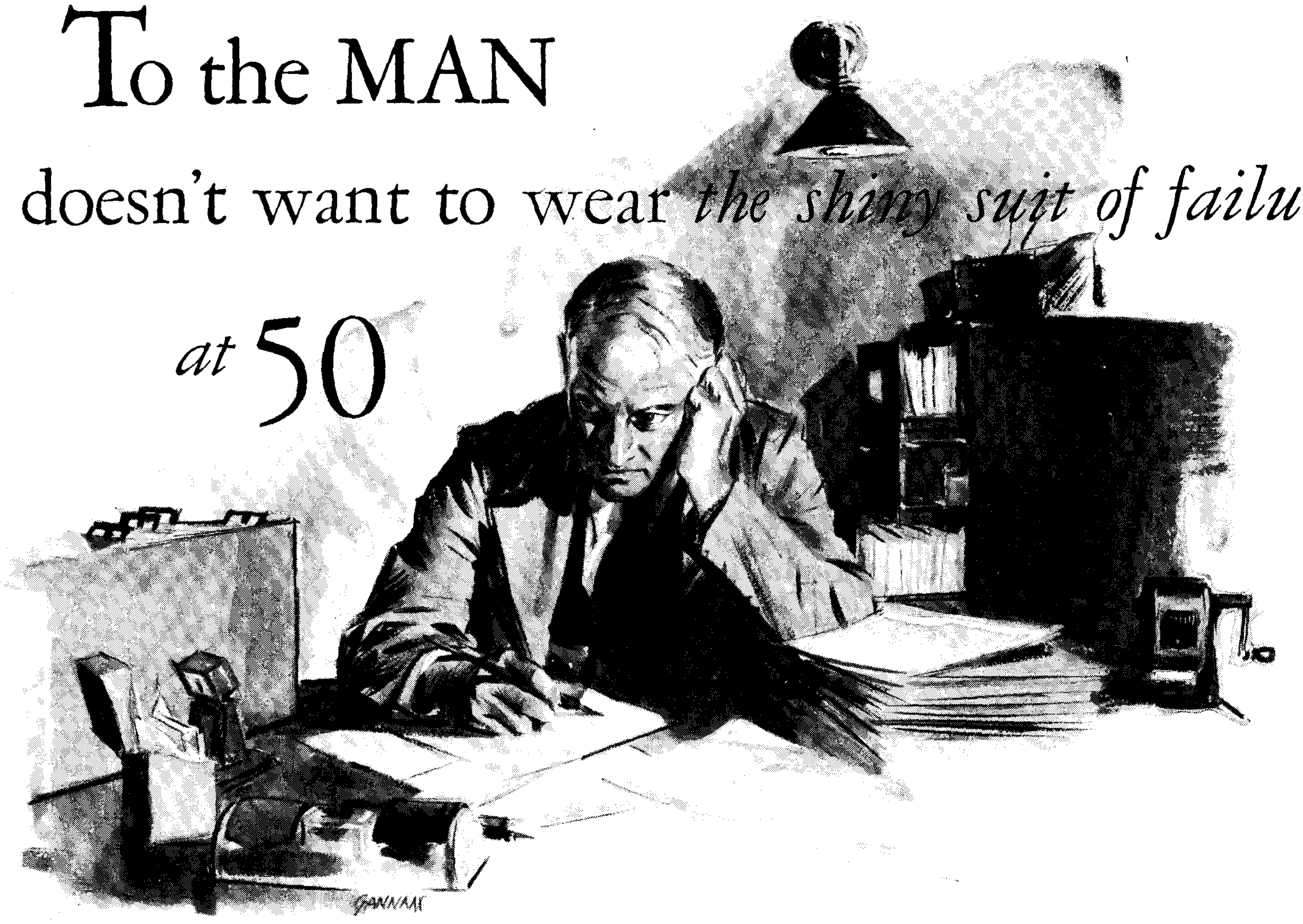
JUST 4 OUT OF EACH 100 Briar Bowls Meet the Kaywoodie Standard

96 out of every 100 pipe bowls fail to fulfill these Kaywoodie "musts": (a) it must be sound solid briar (b) it must smoke cooler than average (c) it must be dry, "drinkless" (d) it must be proved, by X-Ray—A Kaywoodie makes such a difference, because there *is* such a difference in pipes.

Send 10¢ for Actual X-Ray Picture, Catalog, and Specimen of $5 Super-Grain Kaywoodie Briar

Dept. C3, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc. Estab. 1851
Empire State Building New York City

To the MAN who doesn't want to wear *the shiny suit of failure* at 50



• *in just fifteen minutes a day you can lift yourself above other men who fritter away their time on trivialities*

EVERY day thousands of men reach the age of fifty—look back regretfully over the years—and wonder. Wonder why other men with whom they started at scratch, have so far outdistanced them. To you men in your twenties, your thirties, your forties—don't wait too long to get the answer to the question: *why do some men forge ahead while others just plod along year after year in shallow grooves?*

The answer is *not* that some men are so much smarter. The answer is *not* that some men are college educated. The answer is in the man himself—in you, for instance—and your *answer* to the question is: *are you willing to apply yourself for just fifteen minutes a day so that you can become bigger and broader than your fellows?*

Knowledge is Power

Look at the successful men you know. When they stride into a room you instantly feel their presence. When they speak they are listened to with respect—for their words and opinions and judgments are worth while. These men weren't born that way. They have *acquired* poise and breadth and confidence. While others were wasting their time, filling their minds with trivialities, they were gathering the essence from the imperishable writings of the ages—taking the thoughts and teachings, the wit and wisdom of the world's most preeminent thinkers from centuries back, and using them in their daily lives—*to outstrip other men!*

Dr. Eliot shows you the way

For a busy man to search out these books of wisdom would be a long and tedious task. And it's a task which Dr. Eliot has performed for you. This renowned American teacher has assembled them for you in his famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books, the Harvard Classics. 418 masterpieces. 302 immortal authors. The greatest set of books ever conceived for education, inspiration and entertainment.

In fact, you need no other library than Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books. For it puts within arm's reach all the subjects which have challenged man's mental powers throughout the ages. Books that help you discover new worlds and forgotten old ones. Books that let you "listen" to the great philosophers—let you "see" the birth of great political, religious and economic movements. Books that put you in the front seat of romance, war and adventure. A university education you couldn't buy for thousands of dollars.

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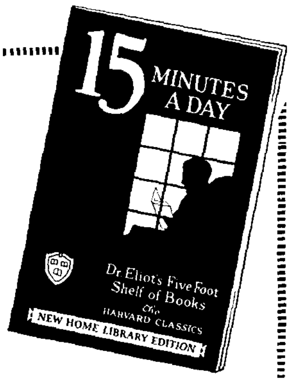


The Perfect Model

Continued from page 84

shrewd, fair, had put that robe around her. And this picture meant much more to him than— She looked into the mirror again, long and steadily, then closed her eyes. For Barry, fair and shrewd and cold, she would take off the robe—and then—she would answer Laura's letter.

HE WAS out in the morning when Mr. Hale telephoned. Mr. Hale wanted the pictures the next day; it was urgent. He suggested pleasantly that Barry bring them—with her—to Lesparre's and they could all have lunch there. Ann said that she would deliver the message.

It was afternoon before Barry came in. "H'm," he said, "we'll have to move. Let's see—we both have appointments in the morning. You'd better go direct from Weymouth's to Lesparre's and I'll meet you there. You can entertain Hale if I'm late. Now—let's get busy."

When Ann came out in the blue robe, two lights were glaring in front of the black screen in the studio. Behind them Barry was deep in a chair, his elbows on its arms, sighting the camera that hid his face.

She walked before the lights and faced him. "Ready?" she asked quietly.

"Right."

The robe fell from a slender figure of youth, grave, lovely in calm pride.

There came a click, and a cool, unhurried "That's all."

Ann retrieved the robe and Barry went on into the darkroom. She dressed quickly and did not see him before she left. Oddly the thought came and persisted that she had looked straight at the camera—and Barry hated that. She hoped her heart had not been in her eyes.

That night she went to a movie and, unseeing, sat through it twice.

AT LESPARRE'S Mr. Hale rose from a chair near the door and greeted her effusively. Mr. Mitchell, it seemed, had not arrived; a table was waiting—should they go in and start a cocktail? . . .

Ann saw Barry coming, quickly finished the second cocktail and looked up at him. Two envelopes under his arm, he was smiling cheerfully. Suddenly the support of the Martinis failed her and she snatched her eyes from him.

"We've started, you see," said Mr. Hale jovially, "but you can have your drink instanter—name it."

Barry sat down, chose a Martini, and deposited the two envelopes in the seat of the vacant chair.

Mr. Hale expanded with the next cocktail and took charge of the conversation. Almost ignoring Barry throughout the meal, he told Ann scandalous little tales of rotogravure figures from Long Island and Westchester, with impressive omission of surnames. Ann kept her eyes from Barry, tried to show bright interest, tried to keep from flushing under Mr. Hale's wandering, appreciative regard.

When the table was cleared he smiled at her warmly. "Now," he said, "I'm sure I'm going to see some charming pictures." He laid his hand on hers, pressed it gently.

Barry looked at him for a long moment, then suddenly put down the envelope he'd opened and picked up the other. He handed it to Mr. Hale. "Here," he said curtly.

As Mr. Hale drew out the print, Ann forced herself to look. It was the dizzying ironworker. Mr. Hale gazed at it in some surprise. "Good," he said. "Excellent. We can probably use that later, but now—"

"That is all I have ready for you today," said Barry coolly.

"But the Bouvard job—"

"Tomorrow," stated Barry. "And I'll get a model with a charming figure for you," he added acidly.

Mr. Hale regarded Barry severely. "Surely you realize, Mr. Mitchell, in considering your work we understood that Miss Wayne—"

"Miss Wayne is no longer posing for me," Barry broke in.

Ann looked at him, startled. Mr. Hale caught the look and his laugh was short, incredulous. Quickly he captured the other envelope. A half-glimpse inside confirmed his suspicions and he began to withdraw the print. "Why, this is—"

"Put that down." Barry's command was low, as vibrant with warning as the gathering rise of a fire siren. His hand, carrying under it a spoon, moved to the edge of the table, and as his knuckles whitened Ann saw the bowl of the spoon tip up pertly.

Her eyes, wide, flew to Barry's. Gone was that cool, shrewd light in his—they were candent and unreckoning. In answer to the threat in them she saw Mr. Hale stiffen, swell. He was a big young man.

She did not know what had happened, but here was a prickling certainty—an impetuous young knight yclept Barry would do battle unless the large Mr. Hale put down that envelope.

Mr. Hale drew on a cloak of dignity. "Mr. Mitchell," he began heavily, "again—do you realize—"

"Perfectly," snapped Barry. "Put that down."

Fascinated, Ann watched Mr. Hale's fingers open. Wrapping his dignity about him, he arose—with neither envelope. Barry's hopes lay flat upon the table. For a moment Mr. Hale paused, majestic, but Barry's mouth remained a stubborn line.

Then, as from ringside a fleeting opening is seen, Ann saw uncertainty in that pause, a bit of the stuffing in that delicately figured shirt. No fist could have whipped over a lowered guard more cleanly than her light voice crossed that table.

"You forgot this," she said sweetly, handing him the ironworker and his envelope.

His eyes dropped under her glinting regard and, like a petulant child's, his hand came out.

Relentless, she smiled still more sweetly. "And tell Mr. McGregor, please, that Mr. Mitchell will call him in the morning."

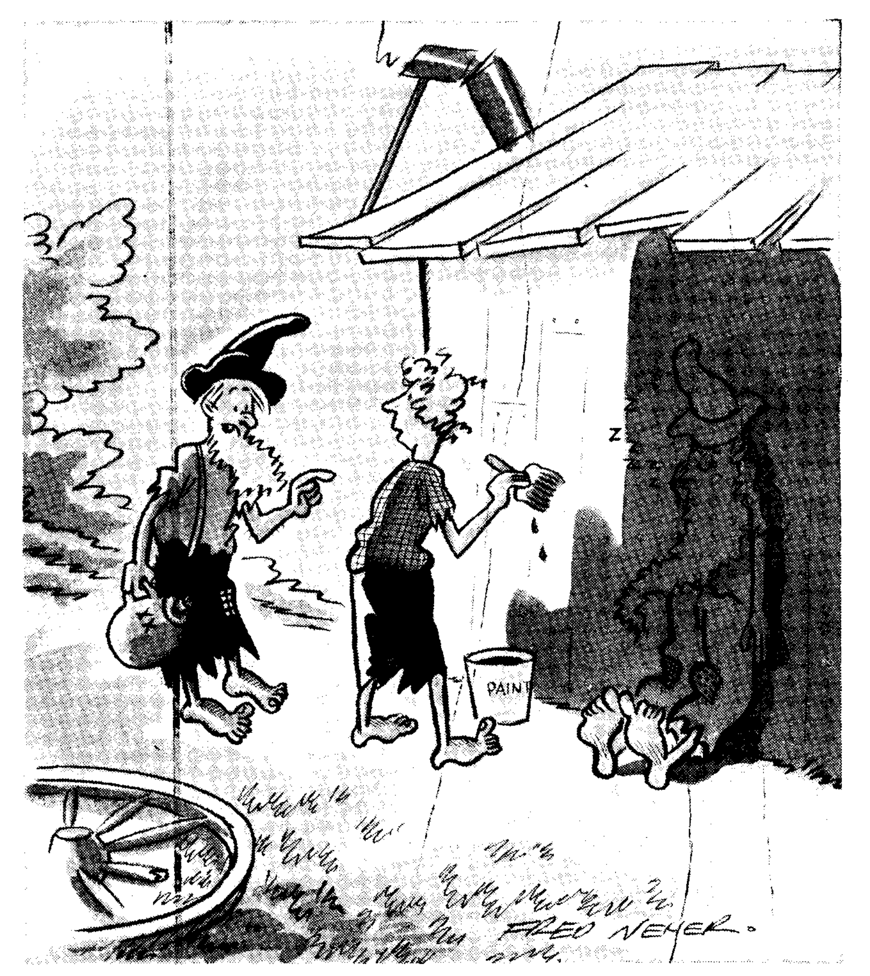
SHE watched him wheel and stalk away, and turned to Barry. His eyes met hers for an instant, then fell.

Awkwardly he pushed the other envelope across the table to her. "There's the Bouvard picture—and I'll give you the negative. I saw him look at you," he went on unsteadily, "and I saw your eyes." He stopped, painfully. "They were like that in the print, too."

His stained fingers plowed through his hair. "You see, I made the print—and there in the darkroom your eyes looked out at me, and"—these words were not coming easily—"I can't take any more pictures of you."

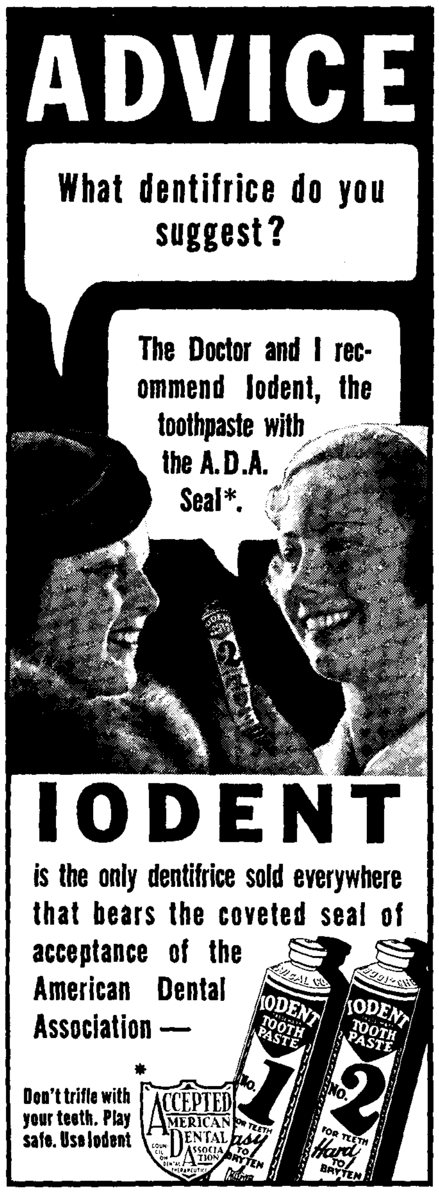
His eyes lifted at last, miserably. They looked not at hers, but deep into them. Then slowly they widened. "Unless," wonderingly he spoke, "unless you'd come with me—some Sunday. I'd like to get a picture—of you—"

Even as he spoke he knew it was hopeless. Her eyes would never look into a lens—that way.



"It looks good now, but that place will look funny when Paw moves away"

FRED NEHER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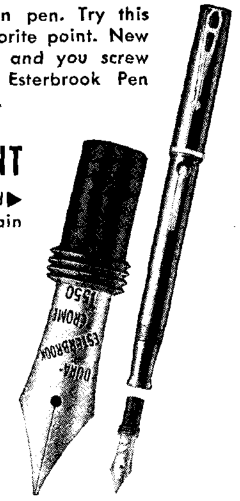

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FOR THE
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Play by Play

Continued from page 20

"We're up in Minneapolis with a show and I'm staying at a hotel—one buck a day, room and meals—and I am practically starving to death. That's when I meet Al Lewis. Al is a comedian and he thinks by getting in with me he'll be making friends with Cliff and other big shots, and I think Al is a big comedian and by getting in with him I'll get in with the big shots and get along a little faster. So he takes me down and blows me to a big dinner at the Burtis Hotel. It costs twenty-five cents and it's some meal.

"So Al makes up to me and I make up to him and pretty soon we find out that neither of us knows enough big shots to wad your eye, so we decide to go into business together. Al has seven hundred dollars and we put it into a vaudeville act called the London Fire Brigade, and there probably hasn't been a bigger flop in the history of the Western Hemisphere. Almost before we start, we're cleaned. So Al goes out on the road as a comedian, with an act called the New Leader, and I stay behind and try to look like a vaudeville producer.

The Show that Flopped

"About this time Aaron Hoffman comes along with a sketch called Straight, but we are severely short of funds and I borrow one hundred dollars from Bobby North, the comedian, and the firm of Lewis and Gordon is on its way. We make money on Straight and put it into Hoffman's stage show, Welcome, Stranger, which makes more money, and then we get dibbing into everything along Broadway. We get in with Sam Harris and have money in Nervous Wreck, Secrets and Rain, among others. Lots of money, see, and about that time we lose our shirts. What show? The stock market.

"We have to make a decision, Al and me. I get an offer from the Orpheum Circuit and want to take it. Al wants to stick it out. He says he isn't an organization man. Well, I take the Orpheum job and after a year or so they get a new president, who used to be in the leather business, and he says, 'Gordon, I don't think you're very happy here; I don't think you like organization work.' I thought I was liking it all right but when the thing was put in that way I recognized my mistake, so I gave them back a contract which had a year more to run. Do I go back with Al Lewis? No, I don't, because Al in the meantime has gone with Fox Films, doing organization work. The Orpheum Circuit was all right, though, because I made enough money to pay my stock-market losses. I'm an honest man. All I have to do now is start making a living all over again.

"I borrow money from Dr. Giannini and put on Three's a Crowd. Then I borrow some more and put on Band-wagon. Then I borrow some more and put on The Cat and the Fiddle. In the middle of all this somewhere I enjoy a nervous breakdown. But don't get the idea I borrow the money because the shows don't make money. They all make money. . . . All but one, by Sidney Howard and Robert Littell, which we tried out on the road and didn't bring in last year. If you'll pardon me now, I'll call up my broker and see how much I've lost today. . . ."

In the early fall of this year Mr. Gordon was engaged in trying to give away the $150,000 production which had served The Great Waltz during its New York run. Since it had been built for the huge Center Theater in Radio City, it was no good for the road production.

"Velours, satins, decors, everything," said Mr. Gordon. "Just come on up and take it away. Otherwise I have to spend three thousand dollars to have it dragged out on Long Island and burned."

No takers.

The Great Waltz is now touring the country with two new sets of scenery; one for the engagement being played, and one going on ahead to the next town to be set up. When the show was in rehearsal nobody had faith in it but Gordon. The Center Theater was so large, everybody said, that you couldn't hear the jokes beyond the tenth row or the songs beyond the fifteenth. You might as well be playing in the middle of Pike County, Pennsylvania. Gordon was in the deal with the Rockefeller and Radio City interests but he stood to lose plenty. In the face of it all, he conducted himself on the theory that no Gordon production had any business being a failure.

The Great Waltz had a cast of two hundred and a stage-hand crew of ninety, and the New York critics were not enthusiastic about it, but it played out the season to crowded houses.

"The fifty-five centers and dollar-tens did it," says Gordon. "We got people who hadn't seen a stage show in fifteen years."

What really got him back in the legitimate show business after his Orpheum Circuit experience was his old curse of being a vaudeville agent. Vaudeville itself was so dead that there was no sense in going back to that, but when he looked around at show business he found that Brady and Wiman were making no preparations for the use of Clifton Webb, Fred Allen and Libby Holman, who had been such a success in the First Little Show. The idea of good actors running around loose was too much for Gordon. He advised Marcus Heiman of the Erlanger office to sign them up.

"Sign them up yourself," said Mr. Heiman. "What do I want them for?"

So Gordon went to work with a few of his old cronies, went through a series of the delirious maneuvers which Broadway always delights in when arranging such matters and finally ended with their contracts in his pocket. It was only then that he realized he was in the same fix as Brady and Wiman.

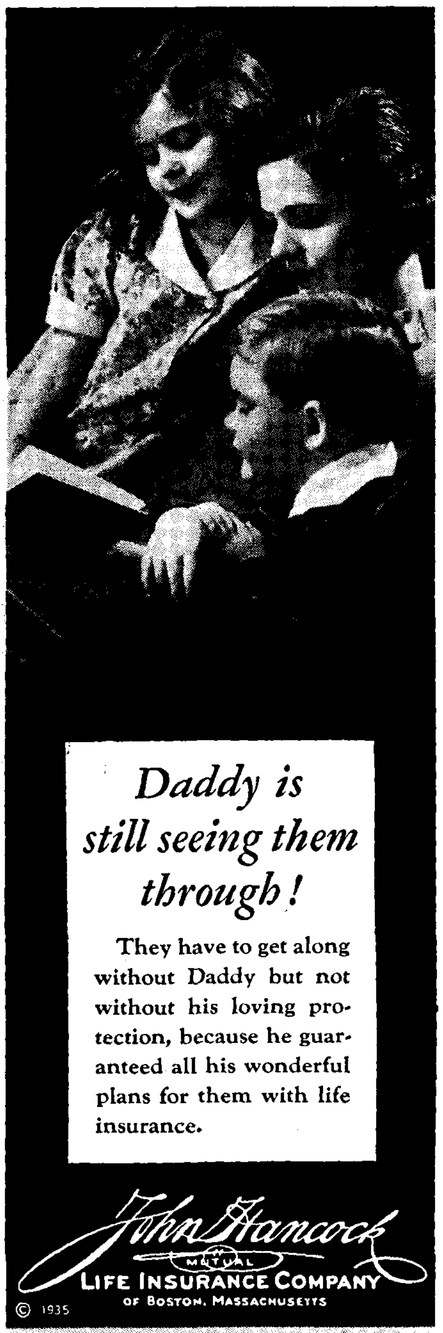
"Sure," said his caustic friends. "You got 'em; now what are you going to do with them?"

There was nothing to do but go ahead and get a show for them. He hired Howard Dietz to do the book and got Hassard Short to stage it and Albertina Rasch to think up intricate dance steps. It turned out to be Three's a Crowd, a great success.

The Critics Can Be Wrong

With The Cat and the Fiddle and Roberta, Gordon inaugurated his system of giving his shows a break even when the critics didn't think they deserved it. Roberta, particularly, had a hard time. In Philadelphia, where it opened, it was terrible. The notices in New York were mild when not frankly discouraging. But Gordon based his hopes on one fact: Variety, the theatrical trade paper, said it was going to catch on because the women would love it. To a man reared in the theatrical tradition of Variety, this was almost a royal command. The show had cost $140,000 and was losing five thousand dollars a week more on running expenses, but Gordon hung on

(Continued on page 88)



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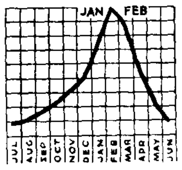

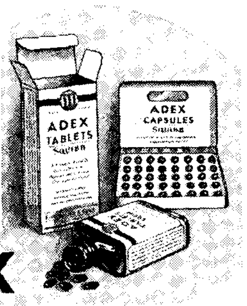

ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
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(*Continued from page* 87)

until the women would start loving it. Variety said they would, and Variety, so far as Gordon was concerned, was never wrong.

"If this love match doesn't soon come off," said the Gordon office staff sourly, "we're out in the street."

They began loving it soon after the Jerome Kern song hit, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, began to be played by every orchestra in the country with two strings of catgut and a saxophone.

On the personal side, Gordon wears high shoes, plays a middling game of golf, will bet you on anything from the state of the weather to the death age of Napoleon and has a depraved taste for sitting in the visitors' galleries of the House and the Senate in Washington listening to long-winded speeches. He will sit engrossed through roll calls lasting an hour, through debates about the change of the word "and" in the fourth line of the fifth page of an amendment, and through orations which fill the legislative hall with such density of stupidity that even veteran observers are befogged and overcome.

Gordon was born on Delancey Street in the Lower East Side of New York and is not ashamed of it. He is a short, compact man who wears thick-lensed glasses and clothes of conservative cut. The one theatrical failure he never speaks of—and in fact doesn't consider a failure—is Spring Song. It was written by the Spewacks and was close to Gordon's affections because it was about an East Side family who had the same dreams and frustrations of his own youth. Like many another boy from such surroundings, Gordon has excellent artistic taste. His productions have been marked with distinction, never having been lavish at the expense of discrimination. Bandwagon, in which Fred and Adele Astaire danced so delightfully, had sets by Albert Johnson which were marvels of ingenuity and beauty.

He once had the pleasure of telling Noel Coward that one of his London productions was on the Gorgonzola side, and for that Coward made him his American producer for Design for Living. The first thing Gordon knew about the arrangement was when he saw it in the papers, Noel, in his quaint English fashion, taking this way of showing that the English also have a sense of humor. There is still standing an arrangement by which Coward and Gordon may buy into each other's productions.

Gordon had his nervous breakdown after Bandwagon.

"He used to wander around in the balconies like a woman hunting for a stray glove," say the people in his office.

He is known for his devotion to his wife and is not a Broadway boy in the night-club sense. He gets to bed early, leaves his home on Sixty-seventh Street around eight o'clock every morning and has his breakfast with his mother, who lives on 147th Street. On his way downtown he picks up his secretary, Anna McQuade, and starts dictating to her. He has the reputation of being very considerate in his correspondence, reserving his insults for people who understand he doesn't mean them.

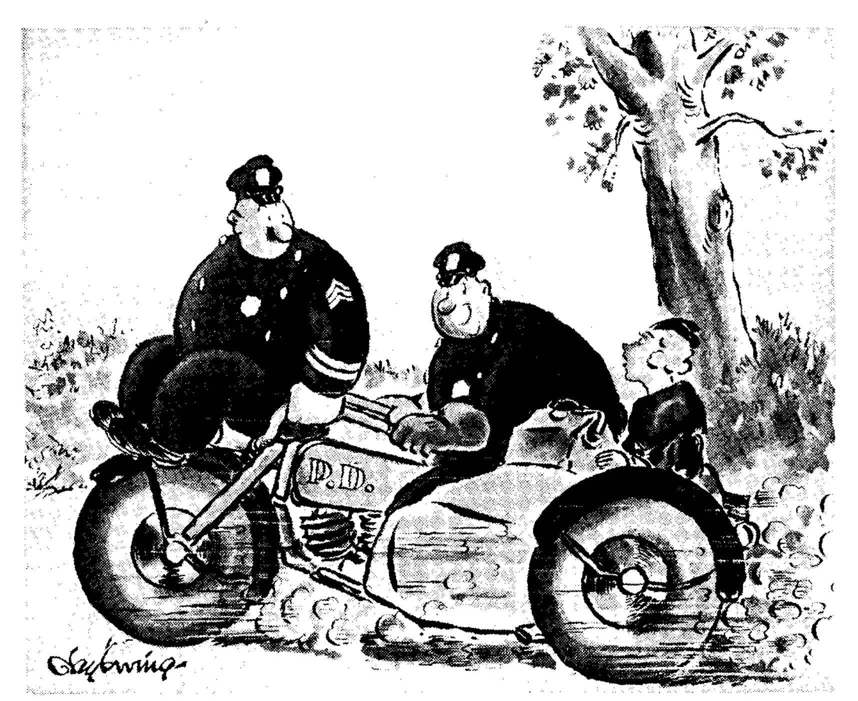
All in a Day's Work

The journey downtown isn't all comfort and ease, however, because his assistant, Al Cohen, is also his betting expert, and between dictating to Miss McQuade and being dictated to by Al, who leans back from the front seat and tells him what a fool he is if he doesn't have something down on Red Rain, the parade to work is troubled. When he gets there he goes at top speed all day, giving three-minute machine-gun interviews, arranging for production with all the carelessness of a man buying a work shirt (he once said "Yes" on a $75,000 deal, going up in the elevator), and using all the phones at once in attempts to buy so many stocks that his next liquidation will be tremendous.

At the moment of going to press, Gordon was occupied with finding a cast for Helen Jerome's dramatization of Pride and Prejudice. He wanted Helen Hayes for the part, but she was wanted as well by Gilbert Miller for Victoria Regina, a play about the late Queen. In the hope of swaying Miss Hayes in his favor, Gordon asked the assistance of Moss Hart, who wired the lady as follows: "Max Gordon has asked me to tell you that I like Pride and Prejudice. I like Pride and Prejudice." Whereupon Miss Hayes signed up with Mr. Miller.

On Broadway there are two schools of thought about the matter: (a) very amusing indeed, (b) Mr. Hart had done Mr. Gordon a sufficient disservice with the book for The Great Waltz.

When seen, Mr. Gordon was neither hurt nor amused. Instead, he was standing by his desk with the phone to his ear. He was saying: "How is Federal Power? . . . How is Consolidated Gas? . . . How is Anaconda? . . ."



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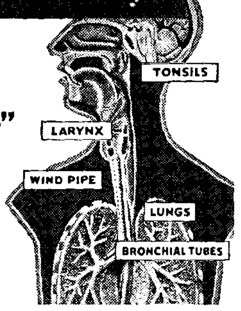

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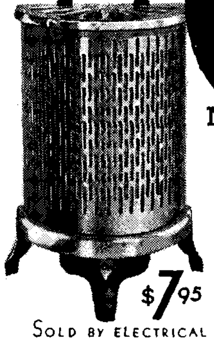

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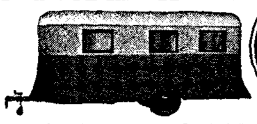

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The Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 18

"What orders?" Calhoun demanded.

"You had orders to fair catch—but you had to show them what a great runner you were. Well, you showed 'em. Another thing: when you left here you were broke. Where did you get the money to get drunk?"

"Where do you think?"

"You took it from Tony."

Cal sneered. "What if I did? Think I fell for that preaching of yours? All you're afraid of is I might cut into your little racket. Well, I did. What of it?"

"Well, if I was the cause of losing a ball game, I don't think I'd take money from my own fellow students—"

"Hey—wait a minute, you!"

"YOU heard me. You lost this game. To get some of Tony's dough you tipped him off about my injury; he told the gamblers and they told the other team; that got me out of the game. Then you have to show off and you refuse to follow orders; you can't take it and you fumble; your fumbles lost the game."

Cal snarled. "That's your story. Now listen to mine. Think I fell for that gag about you not takin' his dough? You get it, all right—that screwy brother was the payoff man. You got plenty. Know who lost the game? You and that fake leg injury— Oh, you're a cute guy all right."

Clark was on his feet: "What do you mean?"

"I mean nobody has ever seen that knee except you and the trainer—you can walk on it now, can't you—"

Clark started after him. "I'll show you."

"Come on," Cal shouted. "I'm wise to you, you lousy coal miner. So you're not after her dough, either, are you? I saw you tonight. How was she?"

Clark, rushing, took a left swing to the side of the head; but he got inside and drove Cal back. They grunted and swung and glared hate.

They fell against a desk. Clark pinned his opponent's arms behind him and started twisting Cal's right wrist.

"I'll show you a coal-mine trick, you big yellow—"

Cal struggled, kicked and pitched, swore and grunted. They rolled off the desk and fell to the floor. Clark retained his hold and Cal yelled in pain as his twisted arm hit the floor.

"You'll break that arm—"

"And you'll be the first guy who ever made All-America with one arm—"

Fear entered Cal's eyes. He went limp and smiled.

"Okay. You win this round. Guess I was drunk."

Clark released him. Cal rubbed his right arm, flexed the fingers and was satisfied. He smiled.

"Keep it in the room?"

Clark nodded. He could not smile so quickly.

ON FRIDAY morning, the day before the game with Knickerbocker, the Atlantic squad of players, coaches and managers, forty-two in all, motored to the capacious country club which had become a popular headquarters for teams visiting New York City. The site in the Westchester Hills was considered ideal by coaches. It had adequate facilities for practice and was sufficiently removed from the town's distractions.

After lunch, served in a private dining-room, the boys were free to wander through the buildings and about the grounds. At two o'clock they were in the locker-rooms, where they found equipment ready just as they had left it at home after the final practice there the preceding day. They deposited valuables in sealed envelopes with student managers and by two-thirty were on the polo field, at the service of photographers from the metropolitan newspapers.

There were team pictures, groups of linemen and backs, individual shots of the stars, notably Cal Calhoun, Clark Jenkins and Captain Tom Vavra, the potential All-Americas. Vavra was posed snapping the ball, Calhoun running and receiving passes, Jenkins kicking or passing. Later, whenever any of these stood out in a big game, the newspapers would have pictures of them doing their specialties.

At three o'clock all the players were assembled and sent through the customary drill designed to polish up preparations and to limber their muscles. The real work had been done in the privacy of the home field, and there was nothing to hide from the few hundred spectators, mostly alumni and students, who lined the field.

The boys went through their routines grimly. A beaten team does not show lively emotion before a critical audience. Before they might smile again in public, the necessity was upon them to vindicate themselves with a victory.

When the voice of Coach Gates finally relaxed them from formal obedience with "All right—everybody in," they broke formation and were then free to greet friends or relatives.

Cal Calhoun, best-known and best-looking of the athletes, was surrounded by a small group of smart women and slick men—a fact which was to be noted in a Monday morning gossip column which would paragraph that Cal Calhoun, ace runner of Atlantic, who scored both touchdowns against Knickerbocker, was bucking the line with Lois Montgomery, art-dabbling socialite, who had thrown many another All-America for a loss in her time. Miss Montgomery would not like the last three words.

CLARK JENKINS, claimed by his brother and Tony Scotti, was quickly introduced to two thin gentlemen whose clothing seemed glued to their small bodies and whose features could have been drawn with a few quick, dark, sharp iron lines. They listened as hard as they looked when Clark, replying to Tony's rapid questions, said his leg was all right and that the team was ready to go.

A photographer leveled his camera at the group but the thin strangers muttered to each other, scowled and turned away. Tony pursued, seeking to bring them back, but they cut him off with clipped words and went on until they were lost in the crowd. Pete followed Tony.

Clark went on alone. Near the locker-room Margaret Bailey called to him and he knew, even before she introduced them, that the man with her was her father.

He was about forty-five, was in good physical condition and had the tanned ruddiness of the outdoor life upon him. Clark estimated that Jim Bailey could still take good care of himself in a fight.

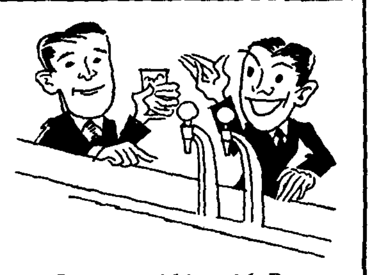
Bailey's handclasp was firm, his voice low, lazy and pleasant, his manner urbane and friendly. But Margaret had inherited her direct eyes from her dad. Clark knew that he was undergoing a swift and honest appraisal from a man who made few mistakes about men.

Spike Adams, piloting a slim, tall man of about thirty-eight, approached. Clark knew, from Spike's manner, that

(Continued on page 90)

"LE'ME DIE IN PEACE..
I've got a head full of hornets"

John Simpson would have traded his head for a plugged nickel when his friend Bill Bradford dropped in. "No visitors allowed," he croaked. "My stomach's like a merry-go-round and a buzz saw's working on my nerves."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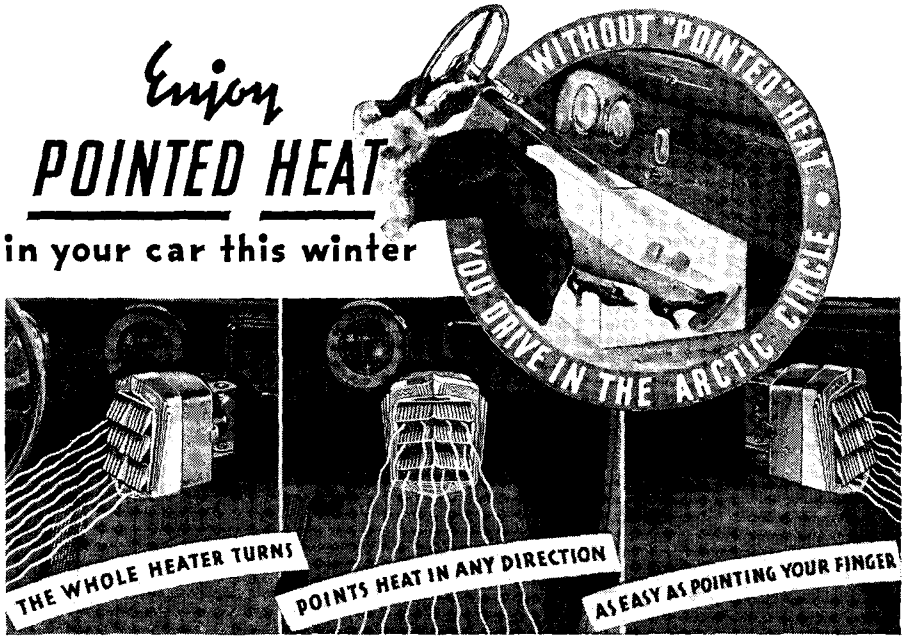
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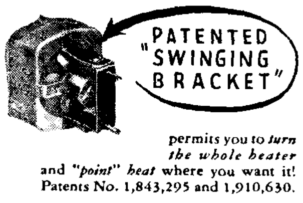

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

(Continued from page 89)

this was a newspaperman of importance and one to whom he must be extremely courteous.

The tall young man was Brad Anthony. He wanted to talk to Clark—just, he explained pleasantly, the usual questions. Again Clark felt himself under keen scrutiny.

Anthony and Bailey were old friends. Clark surmised that they had known each other about the race track. The sports writer said: "I didn't know you were a football bug, Jim."

"I'm not a bug—but my two youngsters are students at Atlantic."

"I thought you might have been here on unofficial business."

Bailey was puzzled. Anthony drew him to one side and the two men talked quietly.

"Did you see," Anthony inquired, "what I saw today?"

"We were late," Bailey replied. "What is it?"

"Two old pals of yours were here—Harlow and Dawson."

"Hmm. Moving in?"

"I'm just wondering myself. Thought you might know." Anthony hesitated. "How well do you know Clark Jenkins?"

"Just met him."

"Well, I don't want to talk out of turn, Jim—"

"It's all right, Brad."

"Well, Harlow and Dawson came up here today with a brother of Jenkins."

Bailey glanced at Clark Jenkins. "You don't think—"

"I don't know, Jim, only what I've told you. I'm just going to try and find out. If you hear anything, give me a buzz."

They returned to the young people. Anthony smiled at Clark. "Well, shall we go in? It won't take long."

Jim Bailey stood with his daughter and watched them go. His practiced eye noted Clark's broad shoulders, bull neck, tapered waist, strong legs and the shape of the back of his head.

MARGARET said to her father: "What do you think is most impressive about him?"

"His eyes, I would say."

"Right."

They turned toward the hotel. Bailey said:

"I'm interested in this young man."

"So am I."

"How, Margaret?"

"Not romantically, if that's what you mean. I'm studying football now and he is my microscope."

"I see. How did you meet him?"

"Through his mother. She reminded me of what you say about your mother. Maybe that's why she attracted me."

"What kind of a boy is he?"

"Just about as you saw him. His mother thinks he's perfect."

"Why?"

"He looks out for her and his father, a cripple. Sends money home and practically supports them."

Jim Bailey's eyes narrowed. "Where does he get the money?"

She smiled. "Don't you really know, Dad?"

"I suppose he gets some help from the school but surely not enough to—"

"He gets eighty dollars a month, his room, tuition and books; pays his food, clothes and spending money out of the eighty."

"Did he tell you that?"

"He admitted he gets paid—but I got the figures somewhere."

"That doesn't leave much to send home."

"No."

"But he practically supports his parents, you say?"

"His mother says he does."

"Quite a thing this football is coming to be, Margaret."

"That's why I'm studying it."

Jim Bailey, sitting at dinner, in a quiet corner of the main dining-room, was struck by the fact that his daughter's face was essentially the same as when he had first seen it in the anteroom of a hospital, just as dawn was throwing its first feeble light upon the housetops below.

Now, in a soft white dress, with her dark hair brushed firmly back against her head, eyes soft with some unaccustomed peace, she looked again something like the little bundle which was all that the other Margaret had left of herself.

He said: "Jerry seems to be behaving himself. Hasn't even bothered me for money."

Her eyes lit with concern. "I want to talk to you about that. He hasn't needed any. He won on the game last week."

"But the team lost—"

"He bet on Midwest."

Jim Bailey frowned. "Isn't it sort of against the code to bet against the home team?"

"Yes—but that isn't important. He bet because he thought the game was fixed."

Her father was alert. "Was it?"

"No—but the gamblers did have inside information about Clark's leg being hurt. I'm afraid there might be a scandal sometime and that Jerry will be mixed up in it."

"Who was Clark?"

"Clark Jenkins."

"Wait a minute. The gamblers had inside information that Jenkins was hurt; as I remember it, after he left the game his team collapsed. Is that right?"

"Yes—but he had nothing to do with it."

"What makes you so positive?"

"The way he played—and then I asked him about it."

"You must have been suspicious."

"Jerry put the idea into my head; then I knew about his brother—"

"Yes—what about his brother? I'd like to know about him."

"Well, if he were educated he'd be just about like our Jerry—and you can't blame Clark for what his brother does."

HER father smiled a little. "I'm afraid I'm to blame for Jerry. Tell me about this brother."

"He's harmless enough. The dangerous one is Tony Scotti. He's a gambler who bets on football games. He put Clark in school in the first place. It was he who found out about Clark's leg and then he told the gamblers. So the game wasn't fixed—they were just betting that we couldn't win without Clark."

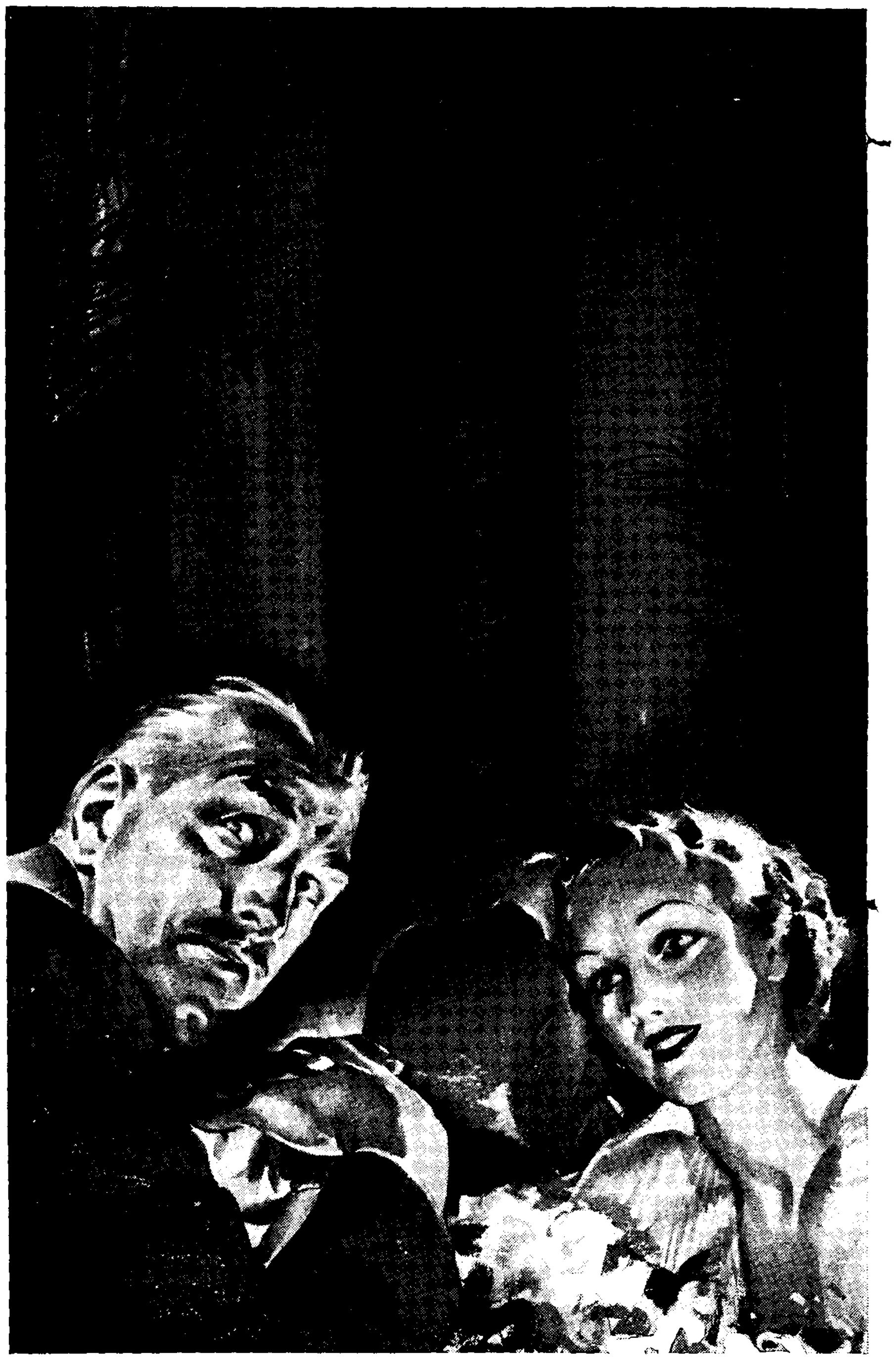
"And who told Tony?"

"I don't know. Clark said he didn't."

"Did Clark tell anybody? Perhaps his brother—"

She smiled. "I was the only one Clark told—he said that the coach suspected me at first—"

Her father laughed. "But why did he tell you?"



Margaret said, "Well?" Her father frowned. "He's in a spot"

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She explained.

"Suppose," her father asked, "that you tell me all about this boy and what you know of the last week's game."

He listened as she talked; he tried to estimate how much of her interest was due to her passion for investigation and how much to an attraction to Jenkins. He attempted to judge the boy as she told the story.

When she had finished he had Clark Jenkins paged. Clark appeared.

Jim Bailey, noting their reactions, was relieved. If there was anything deeper than a college acquaintance between these two, neither of them had, as yet, become aware of it.

He asked: "Did Anthony ask you a lot of questions?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose I've heard them before—but I wonder what he asks football players."

Clark grinned. "Oh, the usual thing. Wanted to know where I was born, about my family, how I came to college, what my ambitions were, what I thought of offense, defense—"

Bailey nodded. "Did he mention two men named Harlow and Dawson?"

"Yes. I wondered why. I don't know them. Do you?"

Jim Bailey searched the boy's steady eyes. "Yes. They were here this afternoon with your brother, I believe. Did he ask you about your brother?"

Clark nodded. "My brother, father and mother, how much money I sent home—but I think those are personal questions and I didn't give him any information."

"Did Anthony ask you about Tony?"

"No." Clark glanced at Margaret. She said: "I've told Dad all about what happened last week, Clark. He's interested." She smiled at her father. "I think Dad has the same idea I had—that you might be mixed up with the gamblers."

CLARK flushed but he did not flinch. He turned to Jim Bailey. The older man spoke kindly. "Margaret is always impatient, my boy, but now that she has put the matter before the house, we can discuss it. You see, I've had considerable experience with these matters on the race track."

"I'll be glad to tell you anything I know."

"Fine. Harlow and Dawson are gamblers, sure-thing players. I had them barred from the tracks. They've been implicated in baseball, hockey and fight deals for years. They always want the edge—and they don't care how they get it or whom they hurt."

"Yes, sir." Clark's smoldering gaze was steady.

"Wherever they are seen, those who know them grow suspicious of the circumstances. Today, Brad Anthony saw them here with your brother. That places you under definite suspicion. From what Margaret has told me about last week's game, there is a question about that and you, unfortunately, were in the middle of it."

"I know that, sir."

"Brad Anthony is honest and fair—but he wouldn't spare his grandmother if he could hang her with a news beat. He was trying to trap you in that interview—you're certain you didn't tell him anything, innocent enough, that might strengthen his circumstantial case?"

"I don't think so."

"I'm afraid if he knew about Tony he would shoot the works now. It's fortunate that he doesn't seem to have heard of him. Do you know how Tony found out that you were hurt last week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you mind telling me?"

Clark hesitated. "I'd rather not."

Jim Bailey glanced at his daughter. She said: "Please, Clark, Dad is trying to help you. You'd better tell him everything."

"It's nothing, except that I don't want to bring another person's name into it." There was finality in his tones.

Jim Bailey said: "I want to believe in you, Jenkins, because Margaret does. I also want to get at these gamblers if I can."

"If you have any suggestions, sir—"

"I think it is imperative that Anthony does not meet Tony or learn about him. If you could keep him away—"

"I'll try."

Clark stood up. "I want to thank you for your interest."

Jim Bailey shook his hand firmly. He grasped Clark's right forearm with his left hand, a gesture of friendship and support.

"It's tough enough trying to climb without being dragged down by somebody else. I know something about that. Keep your eyes open."

After he had gone, Margaret said: "Well?"

Her father frowned. "He's in a spot."

CLARK heard noises in the coach's suite. He knew that it was the usual gathering of the skipper's friends the night before the game. There would be men who had played on the team with him years before, sports writers and important alumni. Sometimes Tony was there. They thought Tony amusing, laughed at his crudities of speech, manners and ideas. He had become a familiar figure in the inner circle of Atlantic athletics. Tony was "you know, that windy guy that sends us all those good halfbacks."

Joe Gates was sitting on the bed with diagrammed sheets before him. "Hello, Clark—glad you came up. A little something new here. Like to have you look it over."

The coach explained the new maneuver—something that the other team might try on the first kickoff.

When he had finished, he smiled and said: "Okay. What is it—more tickets?"

"No, thanks, Coach. Is Tony in there?"

"He went back to town, didn't he? I asked him to have dinner with the squad. I suppose he had to run in to get his bets down."

"Is Brad Anthony here?"

"Yes. He's inside. Told me he had a nice talk with you."

"Yes." Clark's eyes were serious. The coach noted it. He said: "What's on your mind, Clark? Spill it."

"It's about Tony."

"What about him?"

"I wonder if it's a good thing to have him hanging around with the squad the way he does."

"Oh, he's all right. Gives us some laughs. Digs up men like you. All he asks is a bench ticket or a free meal now and then—something to make him feel important. He's harmless enough."

"He's a gambler."

"Yes, but everybody bets on football games."

"Did you know the sure-thing gamblers were cutting in?"

"They can't touch anybody in football."

Clark hesitated. The skipper's eyes narrowed and he waited. Clark said: "Did you know two of them were up here today?"

"They were?"

"Tony brought them up."

"Wait a minute." Gates spoke slowly. "Are you trying to tell me they tried to get at you—or somebody else?"

"No."

"Then what's it all about? Why didn't

(Continued on page 92)

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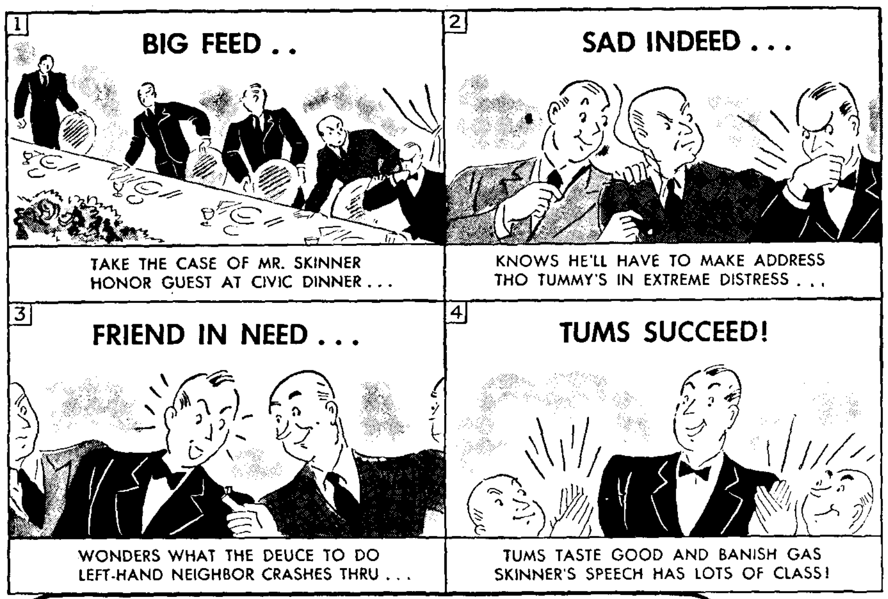
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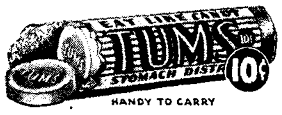

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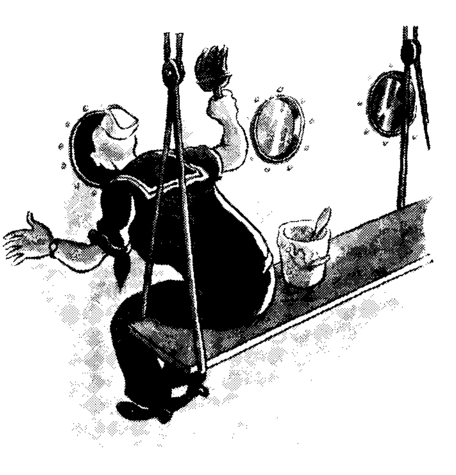

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(Continued from page 91)

you tell me so I could have had them tossed out on their ears?"

"I didn't know until tonight."

"Tony tell you?"

"No. He introduced them to me but I didn't know who they were."

"Who knows about this?"

"Brad Anthony."

Gates whistled softly. "Did he tell you?"

"No—but he was trying to trick me into saying something about them. He told Mr. Bailey and Bailey sort of warned me."

Gates walked about. "That dumb Tony should know better than to do a thing like that. Well, it's a *good* thing we found it out before they had a chance to do something."

"They have had a chance. They knew I had a bad leg last week. They told Midwest."

Coach Gates turned angrily. "Then they cost us the Rose Bowl and a national title! The chiseling ——! How did they find out?"

"Tony told them." Clark faced glaring anger.

"Who told Tony—you?"

The boy flushed. "No, I guess he just picked it up."

The coach's wrath was taking possession of him. "A hell of a fine mess. How much of this does Anthony know?"

"I don't know. He knows my brother Pete was with these fellows but he doesn't seem to know about Tony yet. That's why I asked—"

"Sure. Well, he'll never see him around here again. Smart guy, huh? Just a clown—and the first chance he gets to sell us out he runs for it. You tell that brother of yours to stay away, too. If Anthony ever—say, does he know what happened last week?"

"I don't think so. He might guess, though."

Gates walked about the room.

Clark waited.

After a while Gates stopped before him, put his arm about the boy's shoulder. "Sorry if I blew up a bit, Clark. It isn't your fault we have mugs like Tony around this racket. I should have seen a thing like this coming. Have you said anything to Tony?"

"I tried to explain to him why I couldn't take any of the money he won on Midwest—"

"Huh! Wouldn't that be a nice one for Anthony? What a headline! Atlantic star takes money from gamblers on game he lost. That would blow football sky high. Would you know those two mugs again if you saw them?"

"I think so."

"The next time you see them around, give me the word and I'll have some of the boys give them a ride they won't forget. Is Bailey still around?"

"I just left him in the dining-room."

"Wait." He got Bailey on the wire and asked him to come up.

Jim Bailey smiled when he saw Clark. "I was hoping you'd do this."

Gates exploded: "Looks like the rats are trying to move in on us, Mr. Bailey." He turned to Clark. "Better get your sleep, kid. We'll handle this."

AFTER Clark had left, they discussed the situation. Bailey pointed out that, so far, the "boys" had done nothing more than take advantage of inside information. That seemed to have been all they had attempted today. As Tony had been the link, the first thing to do was to shut the gates on him.

"I'll toss him out on his ear myself the next time I see that oily face of his."

Bailey hesitated. "I'm not sure of my facts in football, Mr. Gates, but if my impression is correct, you are somewhat obligated to Tony—"

"Yes, Mr. Bailey, we are. I'm sorry to have to admit it, but the way football works now we almost have to have contact with fellows like him—not many quite so crude but you'll find a Tony of some kind in every big football program if you look for him."

"Now, if you slammed the door in his face and he became resentful, does he possess any information which a man like Anthony, for instance, might use?"

"Plenty. I've been sap enough to write him letters. Y'see, the guy fooled me. I thought he was just a loyal, harmless clown."

"He probably is—until it becomes a matter of money. I would suggest that you handle him delicately. Don't incur his resentment—and keep him away from Anthony."

"Fine of you to take an interest, Mr. Bailey. I suppose the next thing to do is to soften up that Anthony. Wish he were the type you could get drunk."

"After all, Mr. Gates, you can't blame Brad. It's his job—and he's after the same thing we are, really."

"Yes. Brad's okay. He's fair. Trouble is, though, his way would make it pretty tough on everybody. You see, nobody has really done anything wrong, but people wouldn't believe it. I suppose the school and the game could stand it but it would just about ruin that kid."

Bailey hesitated. "You're satisfied about Jenkins?"

"Absolutely." The skipper laughed. "Did he tell you that I suspected your daughter of being a Midwest spy?"

THE team turned in a two-touchdown triumph with an almost flawless demonstration of power and cleverness.

Knickerbocker never had a chance. Captain Vavra and his fellow linemen, aided by an alert pass defense, bottled up the opposing offense all day. Sustained marches of sixty-five and seventy-five yards, climaxed in each case by touchdown runs by the brilliant Cal Calhoun, had been more than enough. The clever toe of Clark Jenkins had done the rest.

The press, fervently echoed by proud alumni, wondered how this team had ever lost to Midwest. The answer was given, and readily accepted, that if Clark Jenkins had not been forced to leave the game at the end of the first half, the Midwest story would have had a more pleasant ending.

Clark sat with the squad during dinner at a long table just before the dais. There he listened to the fervid oratory of the speakers. When these had finally exhausted themselves and their auditors, there came a bevy of beautiful girls, assembled by the New York alumni, to provide dancing partners for the heroes. The girls wore identifying ribbons and were aggressively receptive to romance with heroes.

Clark searched the tables until he found Margaret and her father. There he also met Jerry, a quizzical and annoying young man, a girl named Flora, who was with Jerry, and a good-looking boy who had been dancing with Margaret. Clark guessed that David Crawford was a friend whom Margaret knew at home—perhaps the real boy friend.

Clark danced with Margaret. He found her easy and pleasant to dance with. When she looked at him her eyes were clear blue with bright flashes in them. He did not look too closely into her eyes or, consciously, at her face.

He had not realized she was so pretty or so feminine. She seemed almost a different girl. He supposed this was because they had always talked about serious things at school. This was different, somehow, and they both felt it.

He danced with Flora, flowery as her name, a thin little stem with a small, freshly tinted bud of a face. She seemed such a child in his arms that he thought he might lift her from the floor with only a slight effort, using the hand he held at her back. It was a big hand. Idly, he stretched it out to see if the space from the little finger to the thumb was wide as her back. Not quite. They were such little women, these rich girls. He supposed Flora was rich, just as he assumed that David was.

David was tall, with good shoulders and a strong face. He had an air about him, manly but confident. He seemed to feel among women about the same as Clark felt on the field. David was out of Yale two years. He hadn't played football. He seemed to be a good guy.

Clark listened and said little, although they were very pleasant. He could feel kindness from all but Jerry. Jerry was a young punk who was not dry behind the ears; he would like to be funny but he wasn't sure how to begin. Clark knew how to handle punks—knew so well that Jerry didn't even annoy him. When he looked at punks like Jerry, he always wondered whether it would take one or two hands to break them in two pieces; sometimes he unconsciously closed his big fists. The punks seemed to get it.

Jerry wasn't much at the table. When he was not dancing he was visiting about. He was drinking quite a lot but he could stand his liquor—probably from long practice. David drank some but it didn't affect him. Clark watched the way David did little things, said little things. David had learned those things as naturally as he had learned to eat. They fitted him like his clothes. Clark, during a lecture on painting, had heard that the work of the old masters was distinguished by little things hidden in the paintings but put there as faithfully as the eyes.

The Davids were like that. Those things had been put there by many painters.

Clark Jenkins was sitting at the table with the family of a millionaire. They were proud to have him tonight because he could do things with those big hands and shoulders and feet.

He had built up his muscles while those little things were being painted on David.

Clark's mother hadn't had time for fancy details. In her mind, her spirit, the essence of her, she was gentle and cultured. She had taught him homely virtues and some she had given him unconsciously. The things that were good, beautiful and true were hers.

But her time had been taken up, and his father's too, with the vital things. His father had gone into the earth itself to dig out the necessities which kept them alive. His mother did all the rest—prepared the food, dropped it into their mouths, made clothes with her hands and with her hands put the clothes on their backs.

So that was the difference between him and David. Take them back close to the earth, to the raw fighting, he would survive—or he felt he would; but in this other world of culture and manners, David had the edge. All this had been proved today. Clark had stood out in the rough stuff on the field. David was excelling in this softer, polite part of life.

The football stuff was temporary, artificial; when it was finished Clark would have to sink or swim in David's sphere—and there David had the edge.

THERE was one way to beat an edge—fight it.

Clark felt he would do that—it was all he knew.

But there were intangible barriers which could not be cut away, as a hill of coal, or battered away, as an enemy tackler.

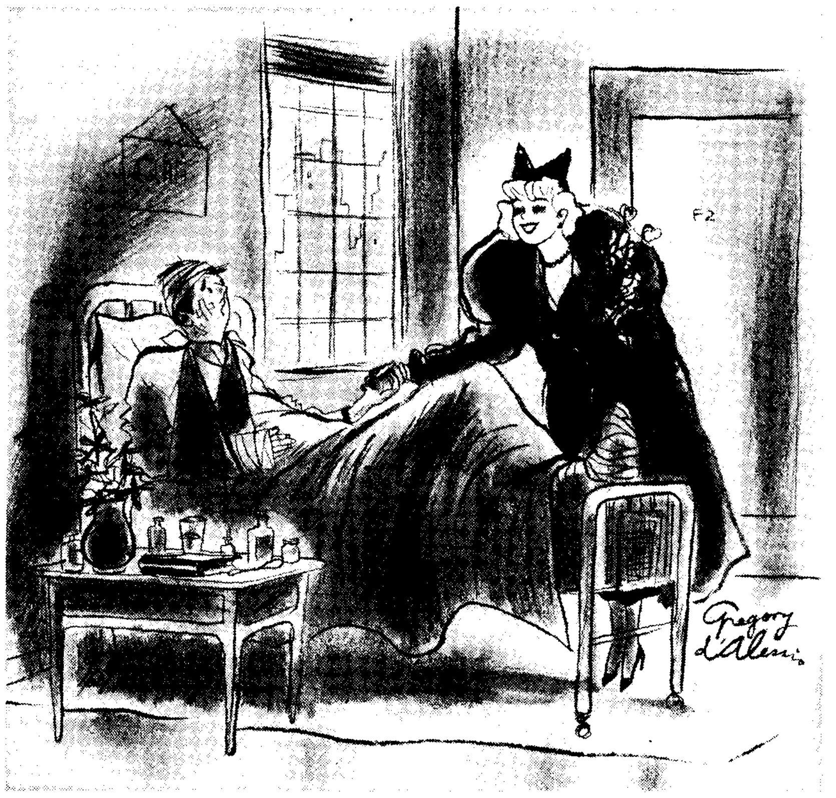
The others were dancing. Jim Bailey was asking about Tony. Clark assured:

"I didn't see him today. I suppose the skipper started the freezing out. I hope he has gone home."

Another thing about climbing up the mountains was that there were people who clung to you; people like Tony. Tony in the college atmosphere was as out of place as if Clark had worn his mining clothes here and were sitting on the floor with heavy boots, grimy shirt and pants, peaked cap and carbide lamp, eating out of his dinner bucket.

He didn't like to kick people like Tony off; but if he didn't, people like Tony would drag him down again; and if he came tumbling down, the people back home would laugh, would taunt his mother—and his father, lying ill, might never come out of one of his spells.

(To be continued next week)



"You don't know what a relief it is to find you here—
I thought you didn't call because you were tired of me"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Florsheim Shoes are built for the man with an eye for good looks, an appreciation for good comfort and a sixth sense for good value — for he who wants the lowest shoe cost per day of wear. The PICCADILLY, *S-608, in black Norwegian Calf; also in brown, S-609.*

$8.75 AND $10

The FLORSHEIM *Shoe*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Manufacturers • Chicago

MINIMUM AGE

15 MONTHS

—NO WONDER IT'S GOOD!

Smoothest WHISKEY AT THE PRICE!

Compare!

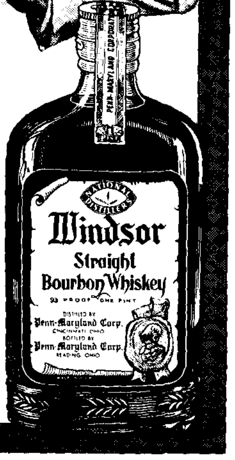
NATIONAL DISTILLERS

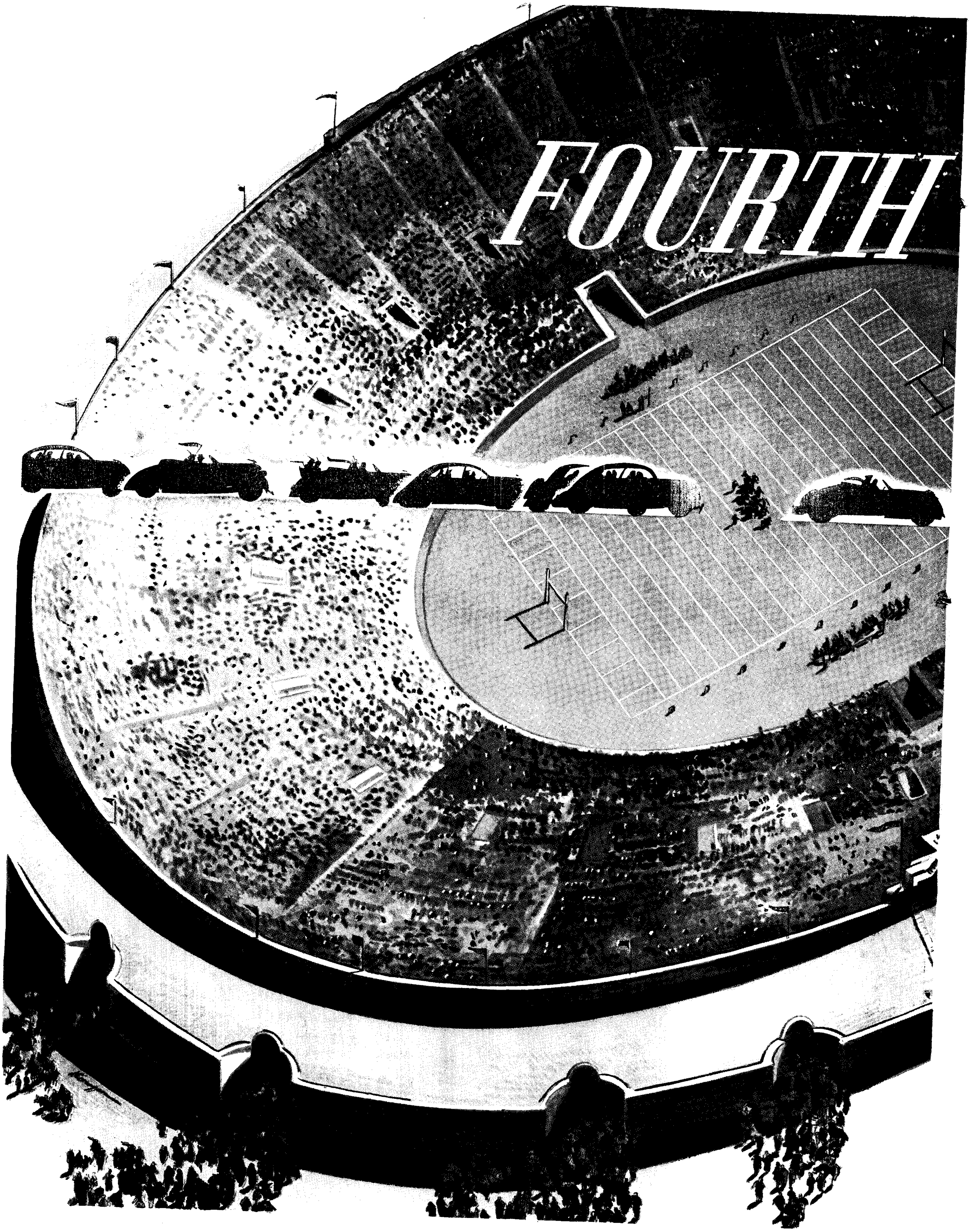
Try this sensational National Distillers value! Only the tremendous resources of America's greatest distilling organization could give you so fine a Bourbon at so low a price. Try a bottle! Compare!

WINDSOR

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Penn-Maryland Corp., *A Division of* National Distillers, N. Y. C.




FOURTH

DOWN! AND 200 MILES TO GO

WHO are these people you see driving 200 miles to a football game . . . who think no more of traveling 400 miles to cheer a derby winner than walking 'round the corner for a pack of cigarettes?

They're that eager segment of America with an appetite for *action.* And their enthusiasm is just as ready for the new product, the better way, the daring idea.

Every week, Collier's packs 2,400,000 of these going, doing people (and their families) into a single stadium. Collier's *gives* them action. Stories that get off to a fast start and thunder down the stretch. Punch-packed articles that don't wear 16-ounce gloves. Editorials that call the plays as they see them—without bias or fear.

Here is *proof* that Collier's clicks with active people who are going places. In a survey conducted at the San Diego Exposition, Indianapolis Speedway, National Open Golf Championship, Forbes Field, Newark Airport, a Princeton Track Meet—at 17 such events, Collier's was voted first by a 26 per cent margin over the weekly that was second choice. Mighty revealing. Because the same eager urge that sends these men and women with unlimited wants, clicking through turnstiles, sends them into stores and display rooms.

And that's what makes these Collier's readers the *active,* the *won't-wait* market. The market where more and more, advertising reaches its goal by quick, ground-gaining forward-passing rather than by laborious line-bucking. The reason why the advertising linage scoreboard shows a bigger gain for Collier's in 1935 than for any other weekly.

Collier's

The Active Market

Read every week by more than 2,400,000 Active-Minded Families

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY • 250 Park Avenue, New York • PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION • THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • THE COUNTRY HOME

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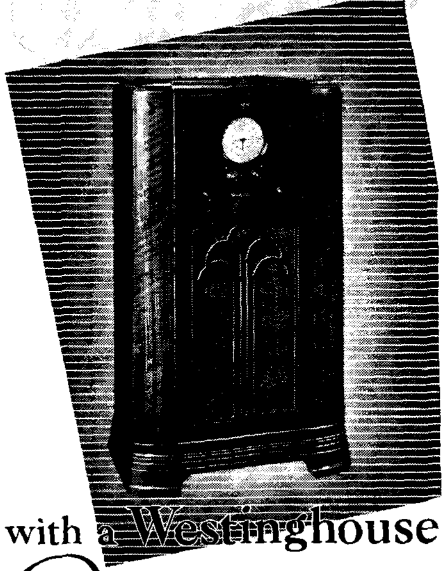
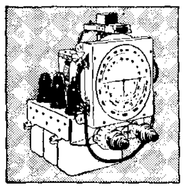
Look! Listen!

THE WORLD IS YOURS



with a Westinghouse *Precision* Radio

Here's world reception at its finest . . . in a beautiful radio you'll be proud to own, proud to tune in for your guests. *Precision* control in the new Westinghouse puts an end to embarrassing interference . . . reception-ruining noise and distortion. For a winter of marvelous radio enjoyment, insist on seeing and hearing the Westinghouse. . .

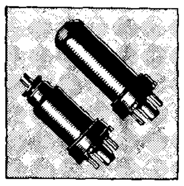


. . . with radio's newest development

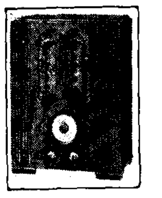
THE PRECISION TUNER

An amazing control unit that automatically rules out the variables that distort tone, introduce noise and affect exact dial settings. Makes possible reception with true precision on every broadcast band.

. . . with the new **ALL-METAL TUBES**



Westinghouse has the new metal tubes, . . . just as it has *every* worth-while improvement in radio design and construction.



See the **"MIGHTY MIDGET"**

5 Tube Super—2 Band

Only **$19.95**

Other models from $25.00 to $139.50. Prices slightly higher west of Rockies.

Westinghouse *Precision Radio*

Soak the Poor Motorist

Continued from page 13

because it is limited to regulation only of those which cross state lines, which, in turn, means one out of every one hundred trucks that ride the roads.

But all this overlooks two important aspects of the business. First, motor transport is an infant. It has scarcely begun its career. There can be little doubt that its interstate operations will sooner or later be enormous. Second, while federal regulation is being pressed, regulation by the states is the incessant concern of railroad lobbies. With the present trend it will not be long before the entire motor transport industry is encompassed by a comprehensive regulatory system.

Bearing the Burden

The railroads would like the same rates established for trucks as for railroad haulage. They would like to see the same labor and hour regulations applied to trucks as to railroads. They want what they call the full-crew law applied to trucks, stipulating the number of men who must work on trucks. They want routes made rigid, thus curtailing the flexibility of the truck.

If these rules are put into effect drastically it is inevitable that all the individual truck owners will be forced out of business. And if this happens and the whole business falls into the hands of a few large groups, it is believed to be inevitable that these larger trucking units will fall into the hands of the railroads and that we will see duplicated in the transportation industry what happened in the utility industry when the electric companies and gas companies were permitted to unite.

There is a provision in the new law which has all the appearance of having been put in to facilitate this very thing. It is a surprising thing to see Congress, at the very moment when it is fighting the holding company in the utility field, actually making generous provision for the holding company in the growing motor transport business before it arrives. The law (Sec. 213) provides that two or more motor carriers may unite or merge, but that any person not a motor carrier may also acquire control of one or more such carriers by buying its stock or *for a railroad, express or water company to consolidate, merge with or acquire control of any motor carrier by purchase, lease or contract to operate its properties.*

What will be the future of motor transport if it is permitted to drop thus easily and with the aid of government regulation into the hands of the one powerful interest in the country which is interested in curbing its growth?

The new law also provides that common carrier bus and truck concerns cannot set up new routes without first obtaining a permit from the I. C. C. And to do this it must establish that the new route is justified by convenience or necessity.

The plain objective of this provision —justifiable as it sounds on its face— is to permit the I. C. C. to refuse certificates of necessity and convenience to proposed bus lines in competition with railroad routes. In other words, it is going to be very important, at the very start of this new policy, to learn whether the I. C. C. is going to adopt a policy which will tend to establish transportation monopolies—curbing not merely competition between motor transport and railroads but between trucks and other trucks.

A further drive is to be made to increase taxes, first on all automobiles and secondly on trucks and buses in particular. The theory behind this drive is based on the complaint of the railroads that they must pay for the expensive roadbeds on which they run while the automobiles run on roadbeds built by the government as public highways.

It is surprising the extent to which it is supposed that the automobiles enjoy the privilege of traveling on magnificent public roads built without cost to them. Of course nothing could be further from the truth.

Let us take the last big year of road building—1931. That year the states spent $1,091,000,000 for roads and the local communities spent $851,787,000—a grand total of $1,942,787,000.

But much of this was spent on city streets. And a very large part was spent on dirt roads used by farmers with their horses and wagons—roads which have to be built and maintained aside from the automobile.

Besides this, the whole bill was not paid in cash. The various state and local governments borrowed about half a billion dollars of this. So that the actual amount spent out of taxes was about $1,300,000,000.

But the various state, federal and local governments collected from automobiles that year in taxes of all sorts about $948,700,000, or a large part of the cost of building and maintaining all sorts of roads.

This year and last year, of course, the amount spent on roads was enormously less. But the tax collected from cars goes on higher than ever.

The states, for instance, spent $696,000,000 on roads. They got a lot of money from the federal government. But they spent out of taxes $586,000,000. Of this amount they collected all but $50,000,000 directly from motorists.

But will anyone contend that motors ought to pay the whole cost of highways? No one ever thought of assessing the whole cost of roads upon the horse and buggy and wagon. Roads perform all sorts of services to all sorts of interests.

First of all, they add countless billions of dollars of value to the lands through which they run. Secondly, they are essential to social intercourse and have, therefore, a social and cultural value wholly apart from the vehicles which use them. They are needed for police and fire protection. They are essential to the railroads, themselves What would become of railroads that went through a roadless country? It is absurd to talk of laying the whole cost of public roads upon autoists.

Without a Monopoly

It is an interesting fact that business men never tire of damning the government for interfering in business, as they call it. It is a pretty well authenticated historical fact that almost all of these so-called interferences in business by the government have been undertaken at the demand of business itself. The early experiments in railroad regulation were forced by business groups from all over the country which demanded protection from the roads. In the end the Interstate Commerce Law was adopted to protect business from the exactions of the roads. Railroads had become monopolies. The individual shipper was helpless at their hands. Furthermore, at that time the roads had fallen into the hands of groups of financial adventurers who used them for stock schemes, or to build up special businesses in which they were interested or to favor growing corporations in which they had an interest. The business or community or individual thus discriminated against was wholly at their mercy. Regulation was demanded in order to keep the roads from raising rates and practicing discrimination.

In the case of the motor transport industry, however, there is no monopoly. Hundreds of thousands of individually owned trucks and buses are on the roads. They supply an active competition which, within limits, is a regulator of rates. The railroads want the motor industry regulated, not to protect the country against increasing rates but in order to force the buses and trucks to raise rates as high as railroad rates.

The truck has made its successes through its more economical operation. For instance, in the 1930-31 season about 600,000 bales of cotton were brought into New Orleans by truck. The railroads saw this but supposed it was just a flash in the pan—an experiment which would be abandoned. But instead, next year the trucks brought in 1,404,724 bales, or sixty-six out of every one hundred bales that arrived.

Where the Trouble Lies

If the roads could have had the kind of regulation they wanted they would have urged a commission to force trucks to raise their rates. Instead they decreased their own rates from $3.50 to $1.50 a bale from points in Arkansas and Texas and the public got the benefit.

The truck is a new form of transport. When the railroads were new they enjoyed an endless succession of favors at the hands of the state. Countless hundreds of millions of public monies were paid out to them in subsidies and in public subscriptions to stock. The canals wanted them crushed. But they demanded encouragement and assistance and got it. Now they demand that the new and growing trucking and bus industry be crushed. These industries have no right to ask public subsidies. But they have a right to ask not to be hampered by the railroads.

America today is suffering from a good many industries which have become outmoded, which have not kept up with the procession, or which cannot move because they are hopelessly crushed under a weight of debt which destroys their credit and makes further progress impossible This is the plight of many of the railroads. Their trouble does not lie in the competition of the buses and trucks, but in their impossible top-heavy capital structures—loaded as they are with billions of dollars of bonds, the interest on which is devouring the roads. They are enabled to run today—many of them—because of the hundreds of millions of dollars of public money poured into them by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

The automobile industry is peculiarly free from these handicaps—its debt is negligible, its product is sold on short-term payments which are quickly liquidated. It recognizes obsolescence and thus supplies an endless stream of fresh products which keeps millions of men at work while railroad equipment and locomotive plants are almost entirely idle. This country cannot afford to reduce its automobile industry to the level of the railroad industry. This does not mean that the automobile should not be taxed and subjected to regulation. But that regulating should be in the interest of the public and not in the interest of a competing enterprise.

Politicians ignore it—
Brain trusters scorn it—

Business men take it for granted!

FOR the last five years, Federal and State agencies have tried to relieve unemployment by "made-work". Ways and means of creating jobs have challenged the ingenuity of those in government who believe that a job is better than a dole. But how were jobs created before the depression came?

The ABC of Economics

As an advertising agency, it has been our privilege to see the inside of the American economic system during the past 60 years and more. We have sat in the councils of management. We have studied the problems of sales and have translated the virtues of a product into our most compelling appeals in order to sell our customers' goods. And then what happened?

As sales increased, jobs were created. As volume grew, there were more jobs inside the plants whose products we helped to sell. More jobs, too, in the plants where raw materials were used. When the railroads shipped more goods, more freight cars were needed, more handlers employed. In distribution, jobbers and retailers in turn employed more sales people. All this has been an every day routine in the operation of the American economic system. Business Men take it for granted. Politicians ignore it. Brain Trusters scorn it.

America Builds from Within

But the American economic system has been built by jobs made from within and not from without. By jobs that resulted from ever greater sales ability and sales strength as spread throughout the nation by advertising — salesmanship-in-print.

In the past 70 years we have invested for clients, upwards of $500,000,000 in advertising — *$180,000,000 of it in the last five years of depression.* Billions in sales accrued to our clients as a result of investing this money. Employment for hundreds of thousands was thus created. A million retailers made their mark-up on millions of sales. Freight loadings swelled. Banks turned their money. Ships loaded their cargoes. And dividend checks got into the mail.

Salesmanship-in-Print Turns Dollars into Jobs

All these things happened because someone appealed successfully to the millions to buy. Because someone accelerated the quick exchange of goods with advertising, which Lord & Thomas defined 30 years ago as *Salesmanship-in-Print.*

True salesmanship-in-print is a great deal more than the mere writing of copy. It is a commercial concept as wide as the field of human imagination and emotion. It is the vital stuff of which commerce is made. And the men who can apply its principles with mastery and creative fire are few indeed. Yet they are here at Lord & Thomas—they have *always* been here. Men with the *feel* for ideas that *sell.* Men who know that advertising success, like all commercial success, depends on getting big men behind you: *Men Who Can Sell the Most for the Money.*

Jobs Made from Within

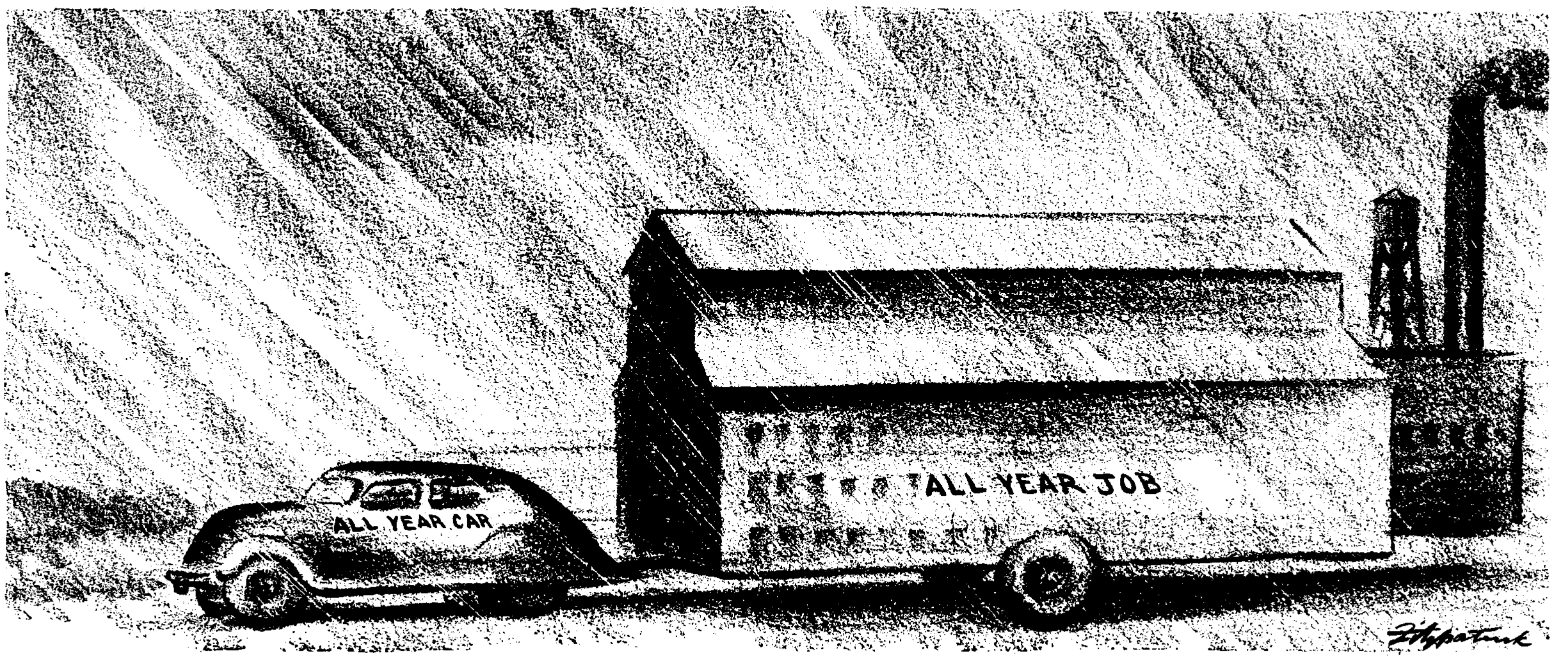
If America's recovery is to be real, it must, as always before, rest securely on jobs made from *within* American business. Politicians ignore this. Brain Trusters scorn it. But Business Men who win, take it for granted. And in giving irresistible buying Reasons-Why to the millions with money, salesmanship-in-print creates jobs for the other millions, which means a Real Recovery.

LORD & THOMAS • *advertising*

There are Lord & Thomas offices in New York; Chicago; Los Angeles; San Francisco; Toronto; Paris; London.
Each office is a complete advertising agency, self-contained; collaborating with other Lord & Thomas offices to the client's interest

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



Jobs Are Always in Season

THE period during which the government assumed the obligation of providing jobs or giving support to the unemployed is inevitably drawing to its end. On his Western trip President Roosevelt expressed the Administration's opinion when he said: "We have come to the point where private industry must bear the principal responsibility of keeping the processes of greater employment moving forward with accelerated speed."

The responsibility of providing employment is not one which American industry wishes to evade. Nothing has happened in recent years to make public work preferable to private jobs. We have not become a socialistic people. Neither employers nor employees see a better future for themselves in continued public work.

Providing jobs for all who want work is, however, an undertaking never before seriously considered by the government or the private industry of any nation.

Providing employment for forty to fifty million Americans has been the incidental by-product of the plans, activities and needs of countless individuals intent only upon their personal concerns. Up to 1930 the total number of jobs found in this fashion was sufficient to keep the country generally prosperous.

During the past five years, however, we have come to have less faith in the haphazard accomplishment of our national purposes. We have learned that if millions were workless and without funds, the government would expend billions on relief. So we are driven to consider a responsibility which previously we could ignore.

Alert managers of industry are now facing the problem with fresh zeal and interest. The automotive industry, which was one of the first to enjoy the benefits of recovery, is a pioneer in the new effort to make employment steady.

The purpose of holding the automobile shows this month instead of in midwinter is to encourage fall buying of motorcars. It is necessary to spread buying if factories are to level out employment.

Like many other enterprises, the manufacture of motorcars became a seasonal industry because of the buying habits of the public. Long years ago the automobile was in fact a fair-weather pleasure car. The early cars and the roads of twenty-five years ago were not designed for winter use.

Those conditions changed long ago. All over the United States and throughout most of Canada roads are kept open throughout the twelve months. Cars are planned for all-weather use. Perhaps the most important service is rendered in winter. Certainly the automobile is not restricted to any season.

Every important public consideration, accordingly, reinforces the desire of the manufacturers to stabilize employment by spreading manufacturing and selling throughout the year.

Many other industries have at various times and in different ways sought to stabilize employment.

Long before 1929 conspicuous manufacturers in various industries sought to eliminate seasonal unemployment. Different methods were invented and notable success was attained by some corporations. The Dennison Manufacturing Company of Framingham, Mass., was a pioneer in reducing unemployment. Procter and Gamble devised a famous plan for guaranteed employment. The General Electric Company made notable progress. Others also accomplished much in their various territories.

Unemployment insurance when actually established by the federal government and the states, if wisely administered, will stimulate the effort to provide steady jobs and to avoid unemployment. As workmen's compensation laws have been a powerful influence in the campaign for industrial safety, so insurance can be used to prevent unemployment.

Certainly the present possibilities of industrial progress and accomplishment are limitless. There never was a time in history when our productive capacity was fully employed. The Brookings Institution reported that even at the top of the 1929 boom only eighty per cent of our productive capacity was being used.

We know how technically to expand our productive forces indefinitely beyond the 1929 level. Never at any previous time have the minds of inventors and scientists been more active and fertile. New and better ways of performing familiar tasks, new ways of producing new commodities, cheaper methods of creating larger supply, all these are within reach.

The key problem is how to use these new capacities profitably. There is no gain in producing more than a market will buy at fair prices. So manufacturers, merchants, government officials, economists—in short, all who unflinchingly face the facts—arrive at the same point. Provide more and steadier employment and so create a larger consuming power.

The next great obligation is to find employment for the largest possible number of people at the most generous wages practicable.

The task is hard because never before has it been attempted on so vast a scale. Its accomplishment will challenge the most fruitful thinking of which we are capable.

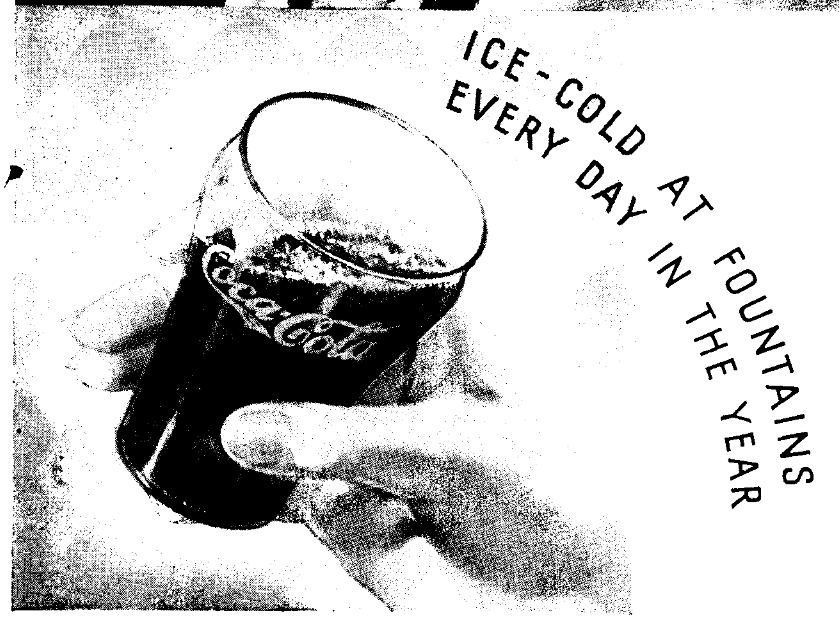
That the leaders of the automotive industry have had the vision and the wisdom to enlist in this great campaign is encouraging. It is a promise that the same ingenuity which has been so brilliantly successful in creating new facilities for transportation will be focused on this underlying social and economic problem which until recently was nobody's business because it was everybody's business. The motor industry alone cannot find all the answers, but by example it will undoubtedly stimulate others to further effort.

"It certainly is . . . *The pause that refreshes*"

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

Coca-Cola
Good Housekeeping Bureau

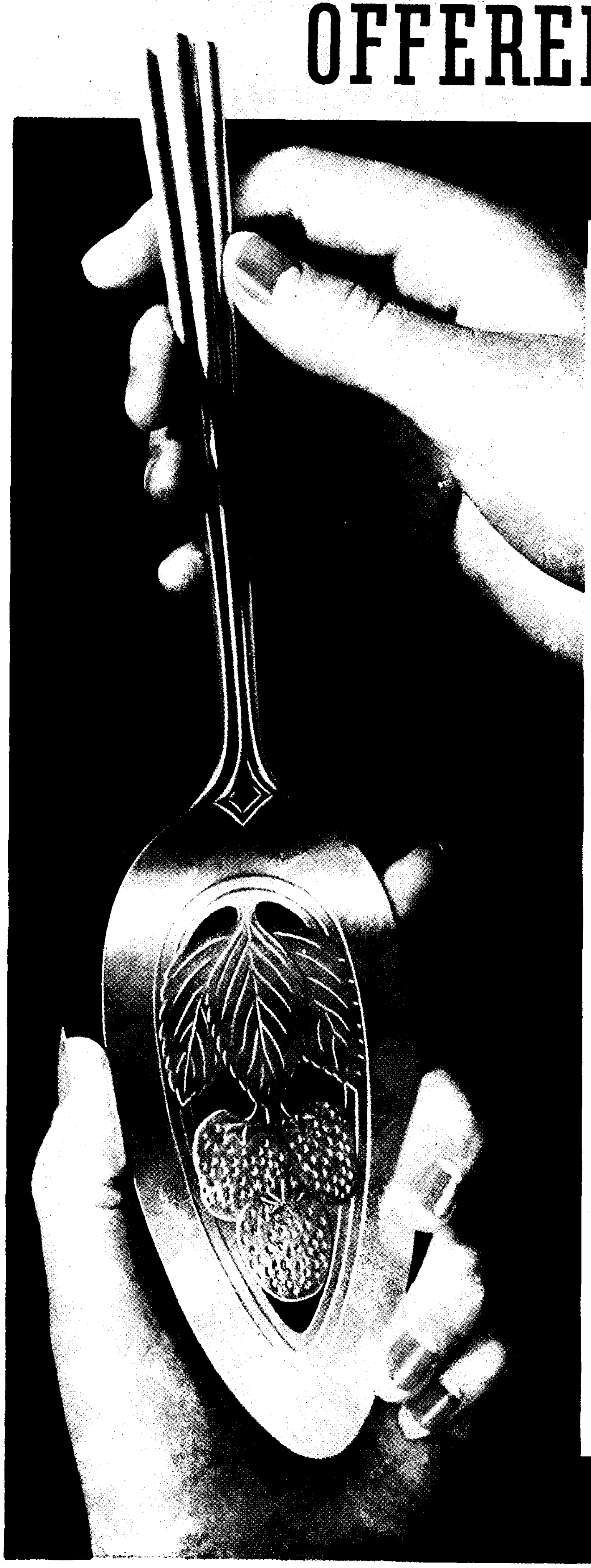
COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.


Coca-Cola
ICE-COLD AT FOUNTAINS EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

What to choose may be a problem when shopping. But not at the soda fountain. There the choice is ice-cold Coca-Cola . . . with its life and sparkle . . . delicious, tingling taste . . . energy-giving refreshment. And it's only 5¢. What a bargain.

Coca-Cola is pure, wholesome, energy-giving refreshment . . . containing no artificial flavor or coloring.

THE FINEST SILVERWARE VALUE OFFERED AS A PREMIUM!



Extremely heavy silver-plate Dessert Server, a true $1.50 retail value, for only 25c, with a purchase of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour!

(*Offer expires December 24th, 1935.*)

An entirely new, exclusive design, guaranteed by Wallace, famous silversmiths, to give satisfactory home service—not merely for a lifetime, but *forever!*

The value of $1.50 is certified, by both Wallace and Pillsbury, as being the lowest retail price you would have to pay for a server of equal value. Your money will be instantly and cheerfully refunded if you do not consider this Dessert Server worth $1.50. In all our shopping, we could find nothing even to compare with it for $2.00.

We should like to have you learn what a time-and-trouble-saver Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is, and what delicious, entirely different pancakes it makes. So, for a limited time, Pillsbury will send you this new Wallace Dessert Server, postpaid, for 25c plus the tops cut from two 1¼-pound packages of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, or Buckwheat Pancake Flour, or the top from one larger package (or the words "Self-Rising" cut from a sack).

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour saves you time and work.

Just stir in a little water or milk, and your batter is ready. The special blend of soft wheat, corn, rice and rye flours makes an entirely different kind of pancakes—lighter, more tender, more delicious, quickly digestible.

Your whole family will like them—and be proud of your new Dessert Server. Use it for cake, pie, shortcake, individual ice cream moulds, meat loaf, cold meats, etc. Its quality is equal in every way to its design and finish. Send for yours today—you can use and enjoy it for a lifetime! For convenience, use the coupon below.

(*Please send coin, not stamps.*)

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Department 3, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me, postpaid, one Genuine Wallace Luxor Silver-Plate Dessert Server. I enclose 25c and tops cut from two 1¼-pound packages of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—plain or buckwheat—(or top of one larger package, or words "Self-Rising" cut from a sack).

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....